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THE SAGAMORE

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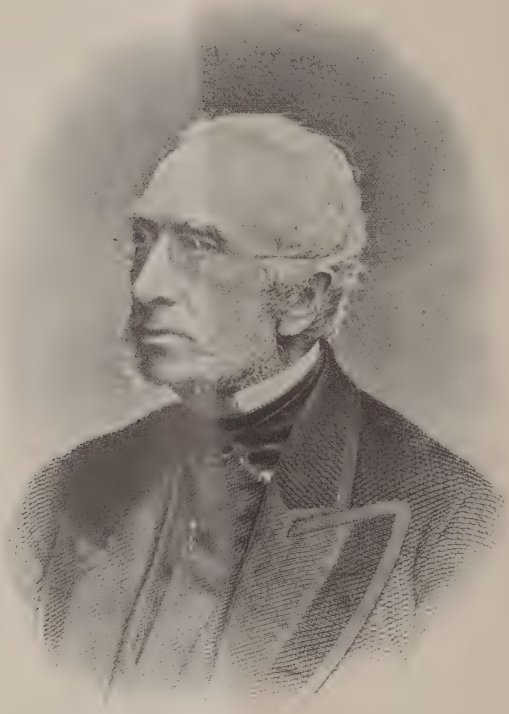

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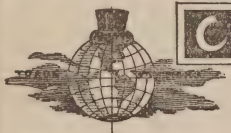

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 10 NOVEMBER, 1903 NUMBER 1

SOME PEOPLE AT A FOOTBALL GAME

WE were much amused at the actions and the remarks of some of the people who sat near us during the game yesterday. A gushing young lady a few rows ahead of us, whose ignorance of the game was simply colossal, uttered a steady stream of remarks such as, "I'm sure those players will catch cold if they pour water down their necks, when they are so warm," and "why don't that man with the whistle duck his head in the water, too?"

Two young men sat next to us who were evidently connected with the team, for they coached or criticized the players to themselves as though the men in the field were near enough to hear them. What they said was in marked contrast to the chatter of the talkative girl. One who was coaching the left end said, "Hang it, why in thunder don't Harry stop those cross-tackle plays like Pete does?" and "That blamed fullback's got to learn to charge quicker if he is going to back up the line decently; he don't get half his weight into it—now low and hard, you men in the line! on your toes, right guard!" and "wake up, left tackle you're off side!"

A very interesting character was a loudly dressed man who was smoking a bad cigar. He talked baseball during most of the game; and judging from his conversation he was one of the Boston Americans' most enthusiastic "Fans." He did n't seem to think much of football, and while the grand stand was on its toes cheering for a neat run, he told every one within a radius of a dozen yards, of the pretty catch Freddy Parent made in the Pittsburg series. He stubbornly refused during the entire game to get in the least excited; and he swore he would n't see another ball game of any sort, until the Americans played next spring.

The person whom we most admired was a girl who understood the game thoroughly, and who followed every play with intense interest.

Instead of remarking what nice hair the quarterback had, she admired the quarterback's tackling; she knew, on a long run, whether to give the runner the credit for it, or the interference. We were much pleased to note that the quiet girl who understood the game was much better looking than the young lady who attracted attention by cheering at the wrong time.

A rather doubtful enthusiast was an elderly woman who was evidently the mother of the halfback on one of the teams. She saw her son catch the kick-off and start to run it in, and she clapped her hands with pleasure; but she did not like it so well when a huge player dove for his legs, and there was a sigh of relief from her when he dodged him. Now he found two or three men in his way whom he could not avoid, so he hurdled, and staggered on a few yards, and then three or four men jumped on him. His mother was almost in tears by this time; but was somewhat reassured on seeing her son jump up and give his head-gear a push back into place and get on his toes in a second, ready for the next play.

There were dozens of other people whom we saw, who were as interesting as these. Any one who is ever in a large crowd and does not notice the people around him, misses a lot of fun.

A. G. K., 1905.

CANZONE D'AMORE

"THE *freshest Fresh* for a *junior* that ever *I* saw!" muttered Senior Anstruthers to Senior Hurst as Philip MacGregor approached them across the campus.

"I'm afraid you're right, Dex," replied Senior Hurst, "and I'm mighty sorry to have to think so, too, for that fellow made a first-rate impression on me when I first saw him. He seemed to be a gentleman."

"A snob!" growled Dexter Anstruthers beneath his breath, as MacGregor sauntered up with a disconsolate mien, switching impatiently at the turf with a slender cane.

"How do, Anstruthers! hello, Hurst!" he volunteered in an attempt at amiabilty; then, unheeding Anstruthers' affronted stare, he turned to walk back toward Fayerweather Hall with the two. After a few moments dead silence he suddenly burst out in disgusted tones, "Beastly old hole, Fayerweather!"

"No?" returned Anstruthers politely.

"Why the deuce my father's finances had to go to smash just in time to prevent my finishing at Yale, I don't know!"

"It was a misfortune!" agreed Anstruthers, earnestly.

"A rummy set of fellows you have here, I must say!" continued Philip, losing his self-control the faster, the more he became irritated at his lack of it — a lack resultant from a few sleepless nights of stormy rebellion against Fate. "Farmers and poor ministers' sons in all stages of genteel poverty!" At this unfortunate point he quite unconsciously glanced at Hurst's gray flannel blouse and bare neck.

Hurst laughed uneasily.

Anstruthers looked Philip squarely in the eye, and replied impressively, "Nevertheless, Mr. MacGregor, even the farmers' and poor ministers' sons will not appreciate your presence here until you can shout 'Old Dartmouth, loved and dear!' with the best of them."

"Indeed? We shall agree most amiably in that case," sneered Philip bitterly, as they ascended Fayerweather steps.

The three men traversed the long corridors in silence, with only a curt "good evening" as Philip left them at his room door.

Then Anstruthers broke silence. "See here Hurst," he said, "that junior — that *Fresh* — has got to be hazed. We 've got to come just as near smashing him up entirely as we can and not. Frighten him, make him make a fool of himself, give him a reputation of cowardice to live down — that will be philanthropical, don't you see, because it will lessen his conceit and improve his moral character."

"Nothing physical can touch him," replied Hurst, quietly; "I saw him in one of the practice games yesterday. Excitement was running pretty high, and MacGregor was doing some tall work on the line. In a down on his opponent's 5-yard line, that big, red-headed Sullivan deliberately tried to bring his boot-heel down on the back of MacGregor's neck. It was a close shave, I can tell you, but MacGregor just got up, looked the fellow steadily in the eye until he

shambled back to his place, and said nothing about it. I said something about it, though, after the game. We don't want any fellows on our team that are going to try slugging when they get a bit excited."

"He's too much of a society fellow to be much fussed by any such little stunt as proposing to a strange girl," mused Anstruthers.

"I'm afraid so, besides that's pretty old. Perhaps with new features brought in. If we can get down beneath the surface and really wound his feelings — — ah!"

"You have it?"

"I have it. You know Eugene Molineaux, that handsome little rogue that comes up to see me now and then from Manchester?"

"Ah-h!"

Three nights later, a dainty arrow piercing an artistic heart, and plentifully besprinkled with red ink, shot into Philip's room from the darkness outside. Upon the heart was this inscription:

Attend, uninvited, the Freshmen's reception tomorrow night, and offer yourself in marriage to a girl with black shoes with scarlet French heels.

Philip smiled and shrugged his shoulders rather contemptuously. He was heart-sick of this humdrum existence, so entirely different from the brilliant life in which his had been a brilliant part at Yale. After all, was it worth while to be even civil to these uncouth fellows in their dirty green sweaters? He had not thought it worth while to let them know that he belonged to D. K. E., lest he should be compelled to accept unwelcome attentions from his *fratres*.

Still, he must be just to them: a first-rate college spirit — a splendid college spirit lived every day of the year beneath the sweaters, and he must admit that, on the whole, they were first-rate good fellows, and of refined instincts, too, even if they had, for the time being, cast off the artificial restraints of social usage. Hurst was a splendid fellow and there were others like him. Might Philip not feel justly proud if he could gain the leadership, even here? At any rate he had been unwarrantably boorish to these fellows, and he must retrieve himself at whatever cost. He would make a beginning in the right direction by obeying this anonymous command and proposing to the young lady of the scarlet French heels.

He would not be insulting her, as she would of course be a party to the conspiracy.

The following evening found Philip, tall and distinguished looking in his Tuxedo and trig black tie, standing in the rich shadow of the fernery, and watching with some amusement, and perhaps just a touch of the old bitterness, the shifting crowd in the brilliant rooms, where dress suit and Tuxedo hobnobbed with business suits in all colors and all stages of bagginess.

There was a dearth of ladies; some professors' wives and daughters, and a handful of visiting friends. Philip noted them idly as they passed to and fro, chattering and laughing with Dartmouth acquaintances. A plump, pretty girl of seventeen or so in pale blue *mousseline de satin* stood directly in his line of vision, chatting with three young men and another girl. Philip noted the curve of her cheek and rounded throat, and how coquettishly she kept shrugging her plump shoulders beneath the half-disclosing lace that made a pretence of covering them.

Wearying of studying her after a moment, Philip glanced at her companion, a tall slim girl of a striking and unusual type. At first he scarcely knew whether his eye was pleased or not. He watched her, however, with growing interest. She seemed very young — scarcely more than eighteen — and her black *mousseline* gown with its vivid dash of scarlet from shoulder to belt, and the long sweep of skirt, were strangely incongruous, and yet royally becoming to her regal young beauty. Her features were strong — too strong, was Philip's mannish comment — and singularly pure; her hands were long and well-bred.

As Philip stood studying her critically, and still but half pleased, he forgot that she might observe his steady gaze, until suddenly she flung a haughty glance from wonderful dark eyes, and swung about so as no longer to face him. Philip noticed with admiration how long and lithe were her movements, and at the same instant caught a flash of scarlet from the filmy clouds of black lace at her feet. He walked rapidly away to find an usher.

"Miss Molineaux — may I? Mr. MacGregor."

The girl bowed with a slightly surprised and very frigid glance from beneath her long lashes.

The usher left them, and the girl in blue with her three satellites drifted easily away. The moment had arrived.

"May I speak to you privately for a moment, Miss Molineaux?" asked Philip, dignified and erect. If those fellows were hanging around to see him make a fool of himself they might wait a good while.

"To me?" replied the girl, hesitating; "why — certainly, Mr. MacGregor."

He led the way into the fernery. Then he turned and faced her, and, holding his head very high, and with a certain air of aloofness, said, "Miss Molineaux, I do not intend to insult you further than to ask you a single question which I have no right to ask you. *Will you marry me?*"

Miss Molineaux fell back a step, bruising the delicate green fronds behind her. Her eyes flashed and her frame quivered with a truly maidenly indignation which took Philip aback by suddenly revealing to him her entire ignorance of the affair.

"Who sent you to — say that to me?" she demanded in her clear boyish tones.

Philip's handsome head went higher. "I came of myself — to say that — and that only. Will you marry me, Miss Molineaux?"

The girl's indignant gaze relaxed. She scrutinized his haughty face pensively; a look of sombre amusement glimmered in the dusk of her eyes, and glowed brighter and brighter, intensified, it must be confessed, by just a glint of impudent mockery.

Philip's haughty composure melted little by little before that steady, mocking light. His eyes flashed one last defiance to hers, and then fell ignominiously. Sensations of awkwardness and embarrassment not experienced since his boyhood days brought the blood to his face in an unmanly rush. He was in an agony of shame and futile rage that stung and blinded him.

A rustle of acacia leaves, a breath of June fragrance, a very, very faint ripple of laughter, and Philip was alone, turning hot and cold with mortification and impotent rage.

As he turned away, he nearly stepped on something small, oblong, and white. He picked it up, and stared at it abstractedly for some time. At length intelligence dawned once more in his eyes; he observed that he was holding a tiny white *suède* case which opened to disclose a little mirror set about with wee torquoises, and, behind that, a bit of fragrant chamois at whose use he could only guess.

On the back of the mirror he succeeded in deciphering "Eugénie Molineaux, Manchester, N. H."

A curious smile dawned upon Philip's face, and he carried his find carefully home with him.

Of course he had to send it to its owner with an explanatory note which incidentally contained a handsome apology for his extreme rudeness.

Of course Miss Molineaux had to thank him for his care in returning her little belt case, and assured him that she was only sorry that his unintentional offence had been so unmercifully punished.

Philip perforce had to write her and assure her that she had been only too lenient with his rudeness that night, and hoped that sometime he might be at liberty to explain the matter to her.

Eugénie replied to say that when he did explain he might address his letter to the N. E. Conservatory, where she was now studying.

Philip replied with some rhapsodies on music, and after that letters came and went with remarkable rapidity for a month or so. Then photographs were exchanged, and Philip spent hours seated leaning his elbows on his study table and reading unutterable nothings in the wonderful dark eyes of a girl; a slender pure-faced girl whom he called his *Canzone d'Amore*, and whose mystical beauty and tenderness and sweet, sad wistfulness made her seem indeed a "song of love" incarnate. In his thoughts she was that; in her letters she was merely a sweet-souled, noble-hearted girl who was day by day unconsciously influencing his conduct more and more.

Hurst's keen eyes soon detected the change in Philip's manner, and divined what influence was at work within him; and he commented upon it to his room-mate in this way, "Look here, Dex, I'm not so sure but what MacGregor's going to be an addition to his class after all. I believe we have done him a good turn so far, but" and here he frowned anxiously, "he's a high-strung fellow, and, honestly, Dexter, I'm afraid of what the consequences may be when he finds out—"

At that very moment, the hour of Philip's "finding out" was at hand. He had come down on Thursday to Boston from Hanover, obstensibly to see the Harvard-Dartmouth game, but in reality to see Eugénie.

The gloomy old Conservatory parlor was not a happy place to receive friends, she had written, but if he wished so much to see her while he was in Boston, she usually rode alone in the Fenway on pleasant afternoons, and once in a while stopped for a moment at a small round summer-house on the left hand side of the Riverway about four o'clock.

Philip had often ridden on the Riverway when visiting friends in Brookline, and would be pleased to take a little run on Friday afternoon.

So it happened that promptly at four o'clock Philip's gray mare whinnied nervously at sight of a shaggy brown mustang tied in the shrubbery by the Riverway beneath a small round summer-house. Philip tied his own horse, and sprang eagerly up the banking, crashing through shrubs and brush. His fine face marked with some inner emotion, he strode up the steps into the pavilion. A tall, slim boy in riding coat and gaiters was standing there. He raised a pair of wonderful dark eyes to Philip's. A sudden horrible suspicion transfixed the half smile on Philip's lips.

"Eugénie?"

"Eugene Molineaux," said the boy, coming forward and extending a friendly hand. "Come, old man, don't feel so cut up about it. It was all the scheme of the fellows to haze you a little, you know; you must n't feel so cut up about it."

"Oh, it's all right," replied Philip with a strange smile.

Then after a long, long pause, and as if something hurt when he spoke, he added, "they have succeeded — in hazing me. They have — I think I will go now, if you will pardon —."

His face was drawn and haggard, and he shivered slightly as if the Indian summer warmth and color only emphasized cruelly, but could not warm into life, the chill, dreary bleakness of his soul. Slowly, slowly, he descended the bank, as one goes down out of the light and glory of day into blackness and eternal night. With clumsy fingers he untied his horse, turned around, and came face to face with — Eugénie.

"My sister, Eugénie, Mr. MacGregor," said the boy, who had followed him down, with a certain proud intonation which even roguish delight could not conceal.

"You 've never seen her, but it's she that's been writing to you, and it's her picture that you have. She heard about the joke I

helped the fellows play on you, and nothing would do but she must take a merciful hand in it. She would n't have appeared today, though, if you had seemed not to mind much."

But Philip heard never a word. He was rapt, listening to the music in the wonderful dark eyes of his *Canzone d'Amore*; wonderful, dark eyes, deep and vibrant with promise, whose song set the sweet heavy air quivering and throbbing with love. 1904.

STRINGING THE COWBOY

LAST summer I camped down in the heart of the San Juan country, in southern Colorado, with my friend Morton Walker and jolly Judge Thatcher. One evening toward dusk a very boyish looking cowboy strolled into camp and ate mess with us. After cleaning up we lay around the fire and told various experiences that we had had. After a neat story told by the cowboy, the Judge passed us the wink, and glancing sideways at our guest, told the following tale:—

"You remember that storm we had the day before yesterday? Well, I had a very peculiar experience during it. I had started out in the morning for a good day's fishing and I had taken as a lunch some ham sandwiches. After I had been fishing for about fifteen minutes and had caught five fine trout, the storm began. The rain and lightning were something awful, and as I did not want to get thoroughly soaked, I made a break for the shelter of some pines. As I went crashing through the underbrush I held my steel Bristol rod high over my head, in order not to get my line entangled. Suddenly a streak of lightning went down my steel rod and I fell unconscious. Coming to a few minutes later, I staggered to my feet, and looking down, saw that my basket had turned to a mass of glowing coals; and lying upon the fire were my fish beautifully browned, and beside them my sandwiches nicely toasted, with the ham done to a turn. But to show the eccentricity of electricity," and the Judge emphatically repeated it, "but to show the *eccentricity* of *electricity*, the fish-bones had been carefully bunched together to be used as toothpicks."

The cowboy eased up his six-shooter, pointed his finger at the Judge, and said, "*I'll bet that's a lie*!" The cowboy had bitten.

P. R. F. '04.

SEQUEL ALONE NOT VOUCHED FOR

DOWN the street dashed a small pony and governess cart with a train of urchins sweeping after. In the cart a bonne and a small girl were shrieking wildly. Apparently with the intention of hampering the small pony's progress, the bonne dropped the reins and seized the pony's long beautiful tail in a frantic clutch. The pony flourished his heels and the bonne fell out of the cart.

Along the street dashed the small pony and governess cart with a train of urchins sweeping after. In the cart the small girl was standing up, clinging to the whipstock and shrieking wildly. Up the street dashed the football game hero (specialty, B. H. S. cheers). His hat, that patriotic head-dress associated with so many heart-stirring *rah, rah, rah's*, slipped unheeded into the muddy embrace of the gutter. The football game hero seized the small pony bodily and dashed him to the ground. Then the football game hero seated himself upon the small pony's head, and mopped his brow. A catastrophe had been averted.

Sequel: By-and-by the football game hero arose and went home to a bountiful repast; but the small pony, alas! arose no more; the weight of circumstances had been too much for him.

A VISIT WITH SIR ROGER TO THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL.

MY good friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, on our recent trip to the States, being interested in the educational institutions of this country, desired that we should visit some public schools. Knowing the Brookline schools to be of some renown, I suggested that we should visit the Brookline High School. He readily complied, and so we went one day late in October. We arrived at the building just at recess time, when the grounds were covered with pupils. The good Knight showed great interest in the boys' games on the playground, and would, I think, have joined them if I had not restrained him. Just at this point, we were met by the master of the School, who offered to show us the building. When we were shown the basement, for the good Knight was loath to visit the

deserted portions of the building, he expressed great disapproval of the lunch counter as ruinous to the digestion, but after a long conversation on the merits of different foods, did not fail to buy a goodly amount to sample. By this time recess was over, and the pupils had returned to the floors above. As Sir Roger had expressed great interest in English history, we were now shown to a class in that subject where he did not hesitate to enter into the lesson, giving interesting anecdotes, correcting the pupils, and even the teacher for a slight error. We visited several recitations and peeped at a study period, where, in the midst of our conversation, Sir Roger suddenly called to a boy in the rear of the room to stop whispering and pay attention to his lesson. After this period he stopped the guilty youth in the hall and censured him more severely for his conduct and explained to him the uselessness of bad conduct. My good friend is an excellent Latin scholar, and in a recitation on this subject he showed great zeal in correcting and improving the recitations. In other studies of which he knew less he would nod his head approvingly at frequent times, but otherwise keep silent. Just as we were about to leave the building, we met a gentleman with whom Sir Roger discussed at some length the Shakspere question, for the Knight is a great Shaksperian scholar. Although they disagreed totally on this subject, Sir Roger appeared greatly pleased with the gentleman, and urged him to visit him at his home in Worcestershire if he ever came to England.

On our return from this visit Sir Roger expressed himself as much pleased with the school and resolved to introduce some reforms in his county schools. 1905.

Dear Ed:—

As you were wondering the other day why our school had so few money-making schemes for the support of the school athletics to what the C—— L—— has, I will tell you how the candy sale which we girls gave at the Roxbury Latin game came out.

You know we were so touched by the pathetic appeals of the boys for money, that one day about twelve of us canvassed almost the entire school—the feminine half, I mean—for contributions of bonbons. The girls even of the freshman class responded beyond our wildest hopes. Not a few who could not possibly make candy bought some and gave it in. One junior got up at half past five in the morning and made five pounds of peppermint creams before school time.

We received dozens and dozens of pretty boxes full of really good candy.

Then the selling began. The lady teachers, some of whom had already contributed generously, bought even more generously.

Two or three outsiders who happened to drive past, some small boys too young to know better, and perhaps *four boys* of the school actually sacrificed half a dollar or so on the altar of their school spirit.

One Senior, who recently came from another school where the boys are n't too callow to have enough pennies so that they can afford to throw some away now and then on other extravagances besides "matching pennies", was unable to attend the game, and so purchased his half-pound beforehand; but of course his action must be excused on the ground that he has n't yet assimilated the thrifty ways of Brookline (*High School*) boys.

Of course we readily pardoned those dignified Seniors in the long coats and variegated hats—black derbies in particular—who faltered wistfully at a little distance, tormented by agonizing throes of sheepishness at the thought of approaching such an array of awe-inspiring young ladies. We observed them, and forgave them, readily realizing that it was not so much stinginess as the extreme bashfulness attendant upon their age which prevented them from gratifying their generous and patriotic instincts.

The $26.35 realized from candy made and bought—with the above mentioned exceptions—by girls, will be turned into the Athletic

EDITORIALS

WE hope to make The Sagamore a splendid success this year, in order both to give actual enjoyment to its readers and to reflect credit on the Brookline High School. We have a competent, energetic board of editors, and a good financial outlook. Nevertheless the success of the paper depends largely on the school itself. We must have contributions. Not only stories, but rhymes and short interesting sketches, are available. Help us to make the paper for which you feel in duty bound to subscribe well worth your reading.

The suggestion made last year by Horace Taylor, that the Brookline High School have a distinctive school-pin instead of an ever-increasing number of class-pins, was favorably received last year, and has been revived again this year. The president or vice-president of the Freshman class is requested to talk the matter over with the officers of the Senior class and with his own class before finally deciding about pins for his class.

The girls of the High School have enjoyed attending the football games on the playground very much more this year than formerly, because the crowd has been kept so well in hand by the boys of the Senior class, and particularly because the cheering this year has been so inspiring, owing to the efforts of Carl Wetherell and others.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

FOR FRESHMEN AND OTHERS

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY

I WILL now tell the story of a terrible tragedy which up to this time has been kept secret. Mrs. Wentworth, who had been invited to spend a few days with a friend, set out, leaving her only child, Harold, a beautiful boy of one and a half years, in the

charge of two highly respectable and trustworthy servants, Jane, the cook, and Hannah, the nurse. On her return, late one evening, she was glad to see her house well lighted up, and her mouth watered as she thought of the dainty supper awaiting her. Imagine her surprise and horror when she opened the door and her eyes fell on a scene of wild confusion. The hall table was upset, the papers and books were strewn on the floor, the parrot's cage lay on its side, while the poor bird tried to get his right wing back into place! Amazed, she passed into the dining room; her dainty supper lay in ruins on the floor! In front of the fireplace was the half-eaten carcass of a chicken, cranberry jelly had soiled the snowy cloth; the dainty dishes, the pride of Mrs. Wentworth's heart, were cracked and broken!

In great terror, she called aloud to Jane and Hannah! There was no sound! She rushed to the kitchen. What a sight met her eyes! Jane was stretched on the floor with a terrible wound in her head. Mrs. Wentworth's only thought now was of her child. She flew upstairs and into her darling's room! On the threshold she grew faint with fear. Harold's cradle was overturned and he was nowhere to be seen! But hark! a groan! Mrs. Wentworth listened with throbbing heart, then ran to the closet door, opened it, and seized her darling in her arms. She laid him gently on her bed and went down and telephoned the doctor, and then searched everywhere for Hannah. But she could not be found.

A famous detective was immediately put on the trail of the unknown criminal. The next day he discovered the body of poor Jane lying in a pool of blood in a very distant part of the cellar. A week later the criminal was caught. And what do you think it was? A rat, with sharp teeth and a long tail.

Perhaps you ask, how could it be? I will explain. Mrs. Wentworth was a little girl who went to spend Sunday with her cousin. When she came back she immediately went up to the attic to see her doll house, and perceived the great destruction which the rat had wrought. The doctor was her kind mamma, who ran for her glue-pot as soon as she heard her daughter's piteous cries; the clever detective was a large yellow cat named Phoser.

Association fund, and then when the basketball girls want new sweaters we shall hear the usual masculine plaint, "low funds!"

Now please don't put this into your paper, as we don't want your school to get hold of the secret of our football team having so many luxuries in the way of coaches, new suits, etc., etc. They might adopt our boys' tactics and surpass them at it—if such a thing were possible!

We girls are coming over to your game—I hope I shall see you there. We have n't as much school spirit as our boys, but still we hope our team will win.

Sincerely your friend,

(Whenever we meet on neutral ground)

1904.

IN many summer resorts there are one or more customs peculiar to the locality. Perhaps the most unique occurs in a small town situated in the midst of the Canadian mountains, where they speed the parting guests. As one by one the summer residents depart, a large delegation goes down to the station to give them a royal send-off. The most popular individuals have the privilege of using the window as a means of entering the car. The man who is to be thus honored is raised aloft and pushed through the window.

A few days before my departure from this town, upon the occasion of a recent visit, Jack Thornton, the most popular man in Massawippi, was leaving. Every one was on hand to see him off. As the train came to a stop at the depot a cheer was raised and Jack was hoisted on his friends' shoulders, opposite an open window.

"All ready!" they cried; "in with him!"

After much difficulty Jack was shoved into the car, head first, amid the shouts and laughter of all present. Suddenly from within the car came a howl of dismay, accompanied by a wild hissing and scratching. Jack's head had landed on an open basket, where, reposing peacefully, were a cat and her five kittens. Their mistress could be seen talking to a friend at the end of the car, while her pets were apparently scratching Jack's eyes out. The whole crowd was in an uproar. Jack, sputtering and stammering, finally regained his feet just in time to shake his fist out of the window as the train rolled out of the station.

L. H. T. '04.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, from November to June inclusive, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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ATHLETICS

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The Girls' Basketball Team was called out about the middle of October. This year there are forty-five candidates for the team, which is certainly a fine showing for the girls of the school. Material for the school and sub-teams from among the lower classes is greater than usual. There is consequently every reason to hope for a successful season, as we have the three essential requirements for a good team, namely, an abundant supply of candidates, a good coach, and, so far, plenty of enthusiasm among the girls. Miss May Lewis has done us a very great favor by offering to coach the team this fall. It has been suggested that a league be formed among the girls' teams in the surrounding schools to compete for a banner or shield, as may be decided later. Let us hope this plan may be carried through. Even if this league is not established, there will be the usual number of basketball games this year; so hurry up, girls, get your flags made, and come and cheer for B-r-o-o-k-l-i-n-e.

FOOTBALL

Captain Lincoln's call for candidates for the football team was responded to by about thirty fellows. Only six of last year's players returned, including "Spider" Shine, who is taking a post-graduate course. The eleven will undoubtedly be light, but Lincoln is doing his best to turn out a team that will do credit to the school. Some of the old players of the school, including Rowley, '01,and Cook and Delano, '03, have from time to time coached the fellows in the fine points of the game.

Brookline defeated Volkman Oct. 13th in the first game of the season, by a score of 15–0. Our opponents outweighed us, but the snap of the Brookline backs seemed to take Volkman off her feet. The fellows did fairly well for the first game, but there is plenty of room for improvement. Lincoln and J. Shine played the best game for Brookline, and Wood excelled for the visitors. Shine's drop-kick was a feature of the game.

In a lively contested game on Oct. 16th, Brookline won her second game by defeating Dedham High, on the playground, 17–0. Lincoln

scored the first touchdown on a run from the centre of the field, and J. Shine kicked the goal. In the second half, two more touchdowns were scored, and one goal. The team played better than in the previous game; but the play lacks team work. Kerrigan and Bartlett played a good game for Brookline, while Rogers excelled for Dedham.

Boston College Prep. School started a game with Brookline Oct. 20th on the playground, of which only one half was played. It was very evident that Boston came for a fight rather than a game, and a short while before the end of the first half Lincoln withdrew the team from the field. There was much slugging and much rough playing, and we owe much to our captain for his action. When the game ended Brookline held the ball on Prep. School's 10-yard line.

The following day Brookline met Tech Freshmen in the most exciting game of the season, neither side being able to score. The Freshmen outweighed us in the line; but the home team made up for it in vigorous, heady playing, showing a decided improvement over the past few games of the season. In the second half Tech was on its way for a touchdown, but a fumble saved Brookline from being scored on. The game was marred by a serious accident to George Otis, our left guard, who broke his collar-bone in a scrimmage. Lincoln and J. Shine excelled for Brookline, and Middleton for Tech.

The team met its first defeat at the hands of Roxbury Latin Oct. 23d, on the playground, the score being 12–0. Brookline played a ragged game in the first half, and it certainly looked as if the team had not recovered from the effects of the hard game with Tech two days previously. After a severe lecture between the halves, Brookline came out and played a much snappier game, and stood a fine chance of scoring when time was called. Lincoln and Bartlett played well for the home team and Wendell and Waterman for the visitors.

Brookline was defeated in her first league game, Oct. 30th, by Cambridge Latin, the score being 24–0. Twice Brookline came near scoring, both times after brilliant runs by Lincoln of forty and thirty yards. The first time Shine tried a drop-kick from the 25-yard line, but the ball did not take the necessary elevation and Cambridge punted out of danger. The second time the ball was fumbled on Cambridge's 30-yard line, and Crowley picked up the

leather and ran for a touchdown, none of our men being able to catch him. Cambridge's other touchdowns were made by steady line-bucking, and the last one after getting the ball on Brookline's 25-yard line by a fumble. The star tackle of the game was made by Ulman, who downed Taylor after a 40-yard run, thus preventing a touchdown. For Cambridge, Taylor, Conlin, Boyer, and Church played well, while Lincoln, Bartlett, Allen, and Ulman excelled for Brookline. W. Shine had to be carried from the field, having broken his collar-bone in almost the first scrimmage. This was a serious set-back to the team and his absence was felt greatly.

The line-up:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN.	BROOKLINE HIGH.
Taft, l.e.	r.e. Bartlett.
Warren, l.t.	r.t. W. Shine.
Harris, l.t.	r.t. Sargent.
W. Church, l.g.	r.g. Hann.
Boyer, c.	c. Hill.
Ellis, r.g.	l.g. Downer.
Church, r.t.	l.t. Skidmore.
	l.t. Floyd.
Crowley, r.e.	l.e. Allen.
Beard, r.e.	
Taylor, q.b.	q.b. J. Shine.
Stiles, q.b.	q.b. Marshall.
Feeley (Captain), l.h.b.	r.h.b. Kerrigan.
Perkins, l.h.b.	
Conlin, r.h.b.	l.h.b. Lincoln.
Gring, f.b.	f.b. Ulman.

Score—Cambridge Latin, 24. Touchdowns—Feeley, Crowley, Conlin, Gring. Goals from touchdowns—Conlin, 4. Umpire—Clark. Referee—Harrison. Linesmen—Ponce and Stranahan. Time—20m. halves; 10m. rest. Game called on account of darkness.

ALUMNI NOTES

George Delano, '03, is working with the town civil engineers.

James Cook, '03, is at Tufts Medical School.

Charles B. Floyd, '03, has entered a wholesale establishment.

Richey, Tomlin, Sears, Heilborn, Townsend, McNally, Bittenbender, Dexter, and Thompson, all of '03, are at Harvard.

Quinlan, Allen, and Hoover of '03 are at M. I. T.

With Carl Marshall, captain, and Harry LeMoyne playing end on Harvard, Carl Soule, captain, and Louis Farley, tackle, on Annapolis, also others of our graduates on scrub and freshmen squads, Brookline is fairly well represented in collegiate football.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bonniebelle Beard to Mr. R. Osborne Dalton.

Miss Lora Pratt of the Class of 1903 has been elected treasurer of the Freshman class of Boston Univeristy.

NEWS NOTES

Officers of Class I: president, Carl Wetherell; vice-president, Charlotte Cumston; secretary, Grace Kellogg; treasurer, Dexter Young. Officers of Class II: president, Eugene Allen; vice-president, Miriam Niver; secretary and treasurer, Richard Floyd. Officers of Class III: president, Ralph S. Marshall; vice-president, Mabel Cushing; secretary, Chester Bailey; treasurer, Dorothy Gooding. Officers of Class IV: president, Charles Hann; vice-president, Gladys Wells; secretary, Elizabeth Young; treasurer, Dan Sharp.

Some members of the school would like to know whether anything is being done about procuring a school pin.

Thursday, October fifteenth, the candidates for the girls' tennis club met in Room 15 at recess. There were about twenty girls present. Miss Gertrude Wetzler was elected president of the club. Those present were enrolled as members, and an enrollment fee of fifteen cents was decided upon. It is hoped that in the spring the club will be able to get up several tennis tournaments.

Cheer up, fellows, there is hope for us yet; Br-ck-tt passed fourteen points for Harvard!

Margaret Boyd, John Miller, Steele Davidson, and Joe O'Loughlin are missing from the juniors' ranks this year. Fortunately there are several new arrivals to fill up the gaps.

II.B German was somewhat startled at Babcock's announcing his birth-date as being in the seventeenth century.

Cross country hare-and-hound runs have become quite popular with our fellows for Saturday mornings.

Among the members of the Class of 1904 who have left school are: Miss Tuckerman, Miss Waite, Harvey Averill, Herbert Miles, Cornelius Beard, and William Wilcock. The new members of the class so far are: Miss Ida Bailey, Paul Fanning, and George Bray.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Captain Lincoln's management of our football team this year. Defeat after the loss of our heaviest men, George Otis and William Shine, certainly cannot be laid at his door. His decisive action at the Boston College Prep. game won the enthusiastic commendation of all, and certainly has more value as an indication of true sporting spirit than any victory won mostly under favorable circumstances would have.

The first Friday morning address of this year was given in Shailer Hall by Rabbi Fleischer on the subject of his summer's tour of the United States. It would seem almost impossible to sum up the experiences of a journey of over 16,200 miles in a lecture of two hours or so; yet this was done for us so adroitly that the talk was not a dry list of stopping places, but seemed an intensely interesting detailed account of this unparallelled tour from beginning to end.

A fortnight later, Dharmapala, a Ceylonese, whose aim is to uplift the children of his native country, and who is visiting the United States to study our educational system and to try to find teachers for the children of India, spoke to us of the strange customs of his land with a gentle humor which always had the least touch of pathos behind it. We shall not soon forget the 33,000,000 extra gods, or the purifying god of the pool, or the nonchalant laundryman who keeps the clothes a fortnight and brings them back in rags.

Two weeks ago, part of another Friday morning was occupied by Rev. Herbert B. Gray, D.D., of Oxford, Warden of Bradford College, and a member of the Mosely Commission which is visiting the United States, seeking suggestions for the improvement of the educational system of England. After an interesting and instructive address to the school in Shailer Hall, Dr. Gray spoke more informally to the Seniors, in Room 10, of football as it is played in England, and of the famous Greek theatre which he and his boys cut from a chalk-pit, and in which, every three years, they reproduce one of the plays of Æschylus, Euripides, or Sophocles.

LOCALS

This is a free translation which certain German pupils are very fond of: "He let his foot fall softly on the stair, and then took off the other shoe."

In a recitation recently a pupil read, "Then he took her in his arms." Some one is said to have asked the teacher, "What did he do that for?"

III. French:—"The lamb was roasting on the fire. Each one helped himself to a leg or a wing."

We have a novel translation for "Ich habe dir abzubitten:" "I have bitten you."

Will one of Mr. Case's A1 Mathematic classes please solve this? If four square yards will contain eight potato patches, how many patches will a clothesline twelve yards long hold?

If certain teachers continue to use such elaborate phraseology to reprimand us during study periods we shall have to carry our Webster's Unabridges about with us.

In reading the career of an early inventor, a member of I. English said, "Thus his first success was a failure."

There was mirth in Chemistry I. when a member declared, "C^1 is rubber."

One day last week the II. Mathematics class was interested to learn that a short line is the straightest distance between two points.

A few days ago Mr. Packard was astounded when Miss Paige informed him that his II. Mathematics class was creating a disturbance in Room 9, and that it was advisable for him to find out what was the matter.

"Je me porte comme un chêne" was translated in II. French with disastrous effect, "I carry myself like a dog."

Some irregular Latin verbs: *flunco, fluncere, faculte, firedus; dogo, dogere, pupsi, bitum; pigo, pigere, squeali, gruntum.* We think that the last must be hog Latin.

Query: Does 'Viens, tu fais ton devoir" mean, "Come, say your prayers?"

The following is said to have been evolved from the mighty brain of a Senior: "Have you heard the new musical steaks? Why, they are just filled with c(h)ords!"

In the Political Science class, a boy said, in explaining an illustration of *diminishing utility*, "The first piece of bread would save life, the second would perhaps satisfy hunger, the third might serve as nourishment, and yet the fourth might make trouble for him." Added the teacher, "It might be especially so in the case of green apples."

English teacher, desiring to illustrate the term *bombastic*. " 'I should pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, uproar the universal peace, confound all unity on earth.' Now, what kind of language should you call that?"

C—k, "Profane language!"

Student, spelling inter*i*ecto, inter*j*ecto: "A *J* and *I* are the same thing."

According to a member of II. German A, the hero of the German story had "a well-kept nose."

A poetical member of I. French A translates the French for "like a phantom hovering o'er the tombs" thus: "a shade travelling round the tombs," and Mr. B's imagination is vividly affected.

Speaking of a poor day-laborer's home-coming, one of the I. French A's translated "La ménagère et les enfants sont là, du chef de l'âtre attendant la présence;" thus: "The house-wife and the children are there, the cook is waiting for his presence."

II. French B: "The lambs were cutting themselves up."

I. Latin A: *Alte vestiga oculis.*" " Walk with your eyes up!"

Æneas walks on, musing sorrowfully, and with him goes Achates, who "sets his feet down with equal care."

"Two pigeons * * flew right into the hero's face."

How romantic it sounded to hear -v-r-l talking about the "doves looking for mistletoe!" But we pity both -v-r-l and the doves for not knowing that mistletoe is not absolutely necessary.

According to Miss B-rr-,after placing the corpse upon it, Mycænas' friends "entered the bier"; while W-th-r-ll was n't quite sure whether *feretrum* was *bier* or *body*, but did n't seem to think it made much difference, anyway.

What is our name for the constellation "Hyades?"
Miss All-n, "The three bears."

Sm-th, literally, "The scream disappoints their open mouths," speaking of ghosts.

As one of the Seniors can tell you, when you don't know your translation, it is a good plan to start out in this manner: "By which nevertheless therefore at length—."

An ingenuous sounding translation: "O say, happy souls! Now pray!"

From a III. German examination paper: "When the maiden looked at him, his face became heavily rouged."

Certain prominent Seniors are already anxious as to whom they shall "sit beside" in the class picture! One would think it was to be a five-hour exposure!

CONSTITUTION OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Article I. Name.

The name of this Association shall be the Brookline High School Athletic Association.

Article II. Object.

The object of the Association shall be to encourage manly sports, and to see that they are conducted in an honorable, sportsmanlike way, with due regard to the health and scholarship of the participants.

Article III. Jurisdiction.

The Association shall have general jurisdiction over all athletic teams making use of the name of the school.

Article IV. Membership.

All pupils, graduates and teachers of the Brookline High School, together with members of the School Committee, shall be eligible to membership in this Association.

Article V. Meetings.

1. The annual meeting of this Association for the election of officers and to hear reports of officers shall be held on the third Wednesday of September.
2. Special meetings shall be held at the call of the President, the Executive Committee, or upon the written request of ten members.

Article VI. Quorum.

A quorum shall consist of twenty-one members.

Article VII. Officers and Executive Committee.

1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The latter shall be a teacher.
2. The Executive Committee shall consist of the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and one other to be elected at the annual meeting, together with two advisory members chosen by the above from the list of members of the School Committee or of the graduates of the school.

Article VIII. Duties of Officers.

1. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee. He shall appoint all sub-committees not otherwise provided for, and call meetings of the Association and Executive Committee whenever so requested or when in his judgment he may deem it necessary.

2. The Vice-President shall, during the absence of the President, perform all the duties of the President as specified in section 1.

3. The Secretary shall keep the minutes of every meeting of the Association and Executive Committee. He shall conduct all correspondence, except such as may be in the hands of the managers, and shall have charge of and be responsible for all the books and papers of the Association, except those belonging to the Treasurer and his assistants.

4. The Treasurer shall have charge of all money belonging to the Association, shall pay all bills when properly approved, and shall submit a written report of his transactions at the annual meeting of the Association, or whenever called upon to do so by the President or by the Executive Committee.

5. It shall be the duty of the manager and assistant manager to collect all moneys—these moneys shall in all cases be turned over to the Treasurer—and to purchase all supplies upon a written order signed by the Treasurer.

6. The captains of the respective teams shall prepare a schedule of all games.

7. All schedules of games shall be submitted to the Executive Committee for ratification. The Executive Committee shall have general supervision of all matters relating to the Association, not otherwise provided for in this constitution, and shall have power to remove captains and managers by a three-fourths vote.

8. The Executive Committee shall hold at least one meeting each month of the school year.

9. The Executive Committee shall hold a special meeting at the request of three of its members.

10. A quorum of the Executive Committee shall consist of a majority of its members

Article IX. Elections.

1. The President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and members of the Executive Committee shall hereafter be elected by ballot at the annual September meeting, from signed nomination papers posted at least four days previous to the meeting.

2. Captains shall be elected by ballot within one week of the last game of the season by the respective teams.

3. The election of captains shall not be valid until confirmed by the Executive Committee.

4. The captains shall appoint managers and assistant managers.
5. All vacancies occurring among the officers of the B. H. S. A. A., except in the list of the captains, shall be filled by the Executive Committee.

Article X. Fees.

1. The membership dues of the Association shall be twenty-five cents, payable upon admission to membership and thereafter annually on or before the middle of October.
2. Any member failing to pay his dues shall cease to be a member of the organization.

Article XI. Resignations.

All resignations shall be made in writing to the secretary of the Executive Committee, and shall be acted upon at the next meeting.

Article XII. Eligibility.

1. No one shall be allowed to represent the school in any interscholastic contest unless he is, and intends to be throughout the school year, a bona fide member of his school, taking a full year's work of at least fifteen prepared recitations per week, or its equivalent.
2. No student who at the beginning of the current month is below, on the year's average, the standard required for promotion in his studies, all being averaged together, can take part in any interscholastic contest.
3. In class games the principal shall decide for which class "specials" and "partials" shall compete.
4. Only members of the football team who have played in a league game, members of the crew, including coxswain, who have taken part in an interscholastic race, point-winners in the New England Interscholastic Athletic League, first and second point-winners in the Preparatory School League, and such other individual members of the Association as shall be awarded said honor by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee, as a reward for exceptional athletic skill, shall be entitled to wear a red block letter "B".

Only members of the baseball team who have played in a league game shall be entitled to wear a red "B. H."

Only members of the girls' basket ball team who have taken part in an interscholastic contest shall be entitled to wear a blue "B."

The award of these symbols, except in cases above mentioned, shall be at the option of and provided by the captains of the respective teams. The individual awards above referred to shall rest with the Executive Committee.

Article XIII. Suspension and Expulsion.

1. This Association shall have power to punish any member by suspension or expulsion for failure to comply with the articles of this constitution or by-laws, or for any conduct that shall bring discredit upon the Association.
2. The vote for suspension or expulsion shall be by ballot. A two-thirds vote of the members present at a meeting shall be necessary to suspend or expel.

Article XIV. Re-Instatement.

Members after expulsion may be re-instated by a two-thirds vote of the members present at a meeting.

Article XV. Amendments.

This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members of the Association present and voting, provided notice of the amendment shall have been posted on the bulletins four days before the meeting at which said amendment is to be considered.

By-Laws.

1. This constitution and these by-laws shall be printed in the first number of every volume of The Sagamore.
2. Only members who have played a league game shall be allowed to vote for captain.
3. The locker-room, bath-room and gymnasium in the basement of the High School shall be used afternoons by the various teams under such regulations and restrictions as shall hereafter be formulated and posted. The captains of the teams shall see that these are observed. In case any one wilfully disregards these regulations, he shall be denied the use of the rooms.

1865

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There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 10 DECEMBER, 1903 NUMBER 2

A LETTER FROM HAMPTON

Hampton, Va., Nov. 6, 1903.

Kind Friends:—

The time has again come for me to let you hear from me. I am now beginning my last year at Hampton. I came here in October, 1899, and I feel that I have gained a great deal. I expect to leave here next June, calling myself a "Hampton Graduate." Of this, of course, I shall feel very proud. I have spent all of my time here at Hampton ever since I came, with the exception of a few days, and the times I was away with the quartette. When I speak of my days at Hampton, I mean not only the School terms, but the summer months as well.

You might like to know what I have been doing since I wrote you last. I stayed here this summer, but was not a student. I worked here for the School as a regular carpenter—I guess you remember that I finished my trade last June; I was paid twenty cents an hour, which was the most I have ever received for work as regular wages; of course, you can imagine how I felt, very happy, but I shall not always be pleased with that amount.

I had a very pleasant summer; I kept well and did not have to lose a day on account of ill health. There is still a good deal of work to be done here. Most of my carpentry class-mates stayed out and are working, but I was anxious to finish and decided to come back. We are always glad to feel that the people here are willing to have us do their work after we have finished our trades; we take advantage of that, during the summer months, but it is not the general idea to stay here and work, because we should soon have all the places filled.

I guess you realize that I am in a little different position this term from what I have been during the other terms I have been here. I

have always gone to night-school and worked during the day. This year I am in the day-school. I feel somewhat out of place, but I know that that is the place for me, and so I am just making myself at home.

Outside of my trade and regular Academic work, I have learned to play a clarinet since I have been here. I don't mean that I have gotten to be a first-class clarinet player; but I am playing well enough to be allowed to play solo and first in the band. I have always liked music; I should probably never make a very good musician, but I have always desired to be able to play enough for my own amusement.

We have a very full school this year. I believe I have nothing more to say this time.

Again thanking you for your kindness, I remain,

Yours very gratefully,

ANTHONY D. WATSON.

A DOUBLE HOLD-UP

HAWKEYE Pete had been a rising citizen in Sandy Bend until he got mixed up in a horse robbery. Then he was forced to leave the town on an extremely short notice, with his associates, whom he had joined not long before. He soon repented of his deed, but that did not make the amends necessary to his being allowed to go back to his native town. He sorely regretted this, because it meant that he would probably never again see the little maid who so smilingly waited on the bar at the local ale-house. He had formed a fast friendship for her and she had returned his sentiment; but now the unhappy episode of the horse theft had dashed to the ground whatever hopes Pete had had.

After "Hawkeye" had broken from his two friends, he did not know which way to turn; he had no relatives alive, so he did not care what became of him. He was despondent, and let his horse carry him where it would, through the thick forest. He had been riding for about an hour and was travelling a path not recently used, when suddenly his horse stopped as if by instinct, and Pete listened and thought he heard voices; soon he was sure of it, and decided to

find out who the persons were; so he tied his horse to a tree and stepped cautiously over the pine needles. He peered through the trees and saw three men seated on a log talking in animated tones. He obtained, by careful listening, the gist of the matter under discussion, which was to hold up the stage which ran between Sandy Bend and the next town west, on the next night, at the cross-roads, a dark and lonely place, shut in by trees. They expected to make a rich haul, as the coach was to carry some silver and also some wealthy travellers. Among the names that Pete heard was one which made his heart leap; it was that of Kate Berwick, his sweetheart.

Here the ruffians let the matter drop, and Pete stole back to his horse in a troubled state of mind. What was he to do? He knew that if he went back to the town he would be finished in a very short time, and it would be throwing his life away and perhaps the lives of others if he took such a risk. How could he avert the robbery and save little Kate? As he mounted his horse, an idea came to him which he thought he could carry out.

The next evening, about seven o'clock, a man was stationed behind a tree close to the roadside at a place about a mile from Sandy Bend. He was masked, and held a pistol in each hand. He was uneasy, and kept looking intently down the road. Soon the rumble of wheels was heard, and in due time the stage-coach loomed up into view. When it was nearly opposite the tree behind which the masked man was standing, "Hawkeye" Pete, for it was he, stepped out into the road and commanded the driver to halt, covering him and a man who was sitting on the box with him with his pistols.

"Hawkeye," ejaculated the driver, for our friend was well known, "what are you doing here like this?"

The frightened passengers had climbed out of the coach and were staring at the cause of the delay.

"Hawkeye" addressed them thus : "For God's sake, listen to me, men, and believe me, for what I am saying is gospel truth, so help me God, if it is n't. I have found out a plot to hold up this stage and plunder it, and I have taken this way of warning you of it, knowing that I have been exiled from Sandy Bend for a deed done under the influence of others and since repented of. At the cross-roads there are three men, and I propose to save you and the contents of this here team from them."

The men talked a while about it, and as the mail had to go through, it was decided to return to Sandy Bend for six more armed men, leave the women-folk there, and proceed on again as if nothing had happened.

This was done, and once more the stage left the town, but this time there were eight well-armed men in the coach ready to deal death to the robbers ahead. Pete was sitting on the box with the driver, and when they got near the cross-roads he could make out the dim forms of three men skulking in the shadows.

The command to halt was heard from the three, and immediately shots were exchanged. Two of the robbers fell, but the third escaped. Chase was given, but to no purpose. When the men went back to the coach they found that "Hawkeye" had fallen forward on the foot-board. On investigation it was found that he was shot through the chest, and if he was to be saved they would have to take him back immediately to Sandy Bend.

When the stage coach returned, cheers were heard for Pete; but they were soon hushed as the wounded man was lifted out and carried to the old tavern.

He was nearly gone, but he regained consciousness for a moment, looked for a moment into the brave eyes of the little barmaid, pressed her hand against his lips, and so died. W. M. B.

A CHRISTMAS EVE SCARE

(*A true story*)

WHEN two of our hired girls, Annie and Nan, returned one Christmas eve, about midnight, from a late church service, they found their companion, Maggie, anxiously awaiting them. As soon as they were once in the house, she said, "Did you see a man leaning against the fence?"

"No!" they answered, "Where was he?"

Maggie walked to the window, pulled aside the curtain, and then drew back with a little scream. "He's there now!" she cried. "Just where he was when I came home from my sister's about eleven o'clock!"

Annie and Nan looked too. There, sure as fate, was a man, leaning against the fence and gazing intently at the house.

"He 's waiting until we put out the light and go to bed, and then he's going to break in and rob the house," whimpered Maggie, the timorous.

"Let's wake Mr. Taylor up," suggested Annie.

But Nan, the large and strong one, said, "No, we must n't do that. He has n't been feeling well all the week, and it would be a pity to disturb him so late at night. Three women ought to be able to drive away one man, I guess!"

"Well, you can do it," agreed Maggie and Annie, "we prefer to stay here." But even Nan was n't brave enough to go out alone, so they decided to wait and see if he would not get tired and go away. Then for an hour or more they waited; but the man still leaned on the fence, and gazed intently at the house.

At last Annie said, "We really must go to bed, or we won't be able to do our work when the family get's up, and Christmas is always a busy day."

So, after much hesitation, they got up courage enough to go out and drive the man away. Nan seized the large wooden snow shovel, Annie grasped her umbrella, Maggie took the poker. They opened the door and crossed the yard, with Nan leading and Annie bringing up the rear. Nearer! The man did not move an inch! Nearer still! Nan raised her shovel and was about to deal a heavy blow, when she burst into a shout of laughter. For there in front of her stood — not a man — but the fence post with a battered old "derby," which some child had found, placed on its top. '05.

The wild wind whirled, the flood rushed on,
And down the valley bore
The music of the passing storm,
To helpess captives four;
They watched the surge with anxious eye,
From a low and perilous ridge;
Then an old bass viol came floating by,—
And they all got on the bridge. '04.

SUNRISE FROM A MOUNTAIN PEAK

"FAITH, soir, it's tray o'clock, an' way'll hav' ter be goin' if way'd not miss the sunroise!"

These words, accompanied by a vigorous shake, had awakened me. I was about to consign faithful Pat and the sun to a region where neither are needed, but, remembering that I had exposed sundry parts of my anatomy to the mountain cold for several hours in order to see this sunrise, I arose, and in a few minutes was following the others of my party to the plateau.

. . . . . .

Above us stretches heaven's canopy,—a dome of the purest marine blue unflecked by clouds; on the western horizon a few scattered bunches of white show us the location of the highest peaks of a parallel range; to the south and north extends a long, straggling line of snow-capped summits; on the east is nothing but that calm ocean of blue, its tint gradually growing lighter and lighter as the day dawns. Below us on all sides are billows upon billows of light, fleecy clouds and masses of vapor struggling in an eddying whirlpool of white as the morning wind forces its way through. Somewhere at the bottom of this tumultuous sea are the green pine and fir trees of the mountain-side, the red-tiled roofs of the Halfway House, and the brown world beneath,— but that is all forgotten. We seem to be drifting forever between an eternal lake of peaceful blue and an interminable ocean of swirling white.

But look! On the east a ray of purest gold shoots up through the clouds, followed closely by a whole sheaf of golden arrows. The white mists waver and break, and through the rift at full pace comes Aurora's chariot of light, transforming the white to silver, and sprinkling it with all the tints of the rainbow. The vapors, a seething caldron of chaotic colors, are receding from the mountain-side, forming a wall against the sun's intrusion. Apparently hundreds of miles to the eastward a whirling yellow ball is mounting into the heaven, growing smaller and smaller as it rises.

The dense mists below are slowly subsiding under the genial rays of the rising sun. The colors are slowly fading out. The long, green slope of the mountain comes into view. The transformation of night into day is complete.

C. D. B., '06.

THE FATE OF THE POET-TRY

Sweet reader, you'll excuse, I hope,
My writing this in rhyme;
For writing it in prose, you see,
I really haven't time.

"A poet I will be, I guess," said Ann Maria Jane,
"For by my verses it is clear the world would greatly gain."

"Agreed!" cried Moll, "I 'll be one too. I'll tell you what we 'll do!
Let's read our poems here and now. I've made up some. First you."

"I've something here that's very nice; its pure philosophee,
And I'm quite sure that for this piece, the palm will go to me.

POEM

If one studies all the time, one becomes too pokey;
If one frolics all the time, one becomes too jokey;
But if one mingles, and wisely, the twain,
One then is refreshing as cool summer rain."

"A frightful hackneyed subject! And the metre is n't right, to put it mildly.
Now here's a poem I composed while dreaming sweet last night.

ODE TO AN EYELASH

O eyelash, on an eye so fair,
Thou art, in truth, a lovely hair."

"Ho! ho!" jeered Jane, "my darling Moll, you might have spared your head!
Of sentimental, silly stuff, your rhyme's the worst I've read."

"It's not!" shrieked Moll, "At any rate, it's better far than yours!
Of all things I detest the most these philosophic bores!"

"How dare you call me that!" screamed Jane, "you horrid, jealous girl,*
There's one sure thing, your poems make for mine a fitting foil."

"I scorn your competition, child, so poems I'll not write."
And thus the would-be poets parted, very near a fight.

And now, sweet reader, list again,—this sad tale has a moral:
Never compete with poet-friends, for in the end you'll quarrel.

G. N. W., '05.

---

* Only a New Yorker can see the rhyme.

"DEAR Elizabeth,"—her glance lingered wistfully upon the formal words which mean so much and so little. "I'm into it again, and I want you to help me out once more. I know that this time it is rather shabby for me to ask help of you, but there's nobody except Phil's sister to whom I feel that I can go when I'm in a scrape.

"You'll find the accompanying pillow in a rather deplorable condition. The fellows were up at our rooms night before last to cheer me up in Phil's absence, and — well, the lights went off, and we got to throwing grapes, and all that sort of thing, you know.

"Of course Winifred Langtry,— you met her at the Yale game, you know,— tall, empress style — long, clinging lines — great black furs and hat— you remember her, don't you? The girl that Phil and I met at Rangeley Lakes last summer? Phil must have mentioned her to you. Well, she's to 'pour' at our Christmas spread; and, naturally, she would n't like to see her pillow in its present disgraceful condition. Have pity, Beth!

"I went over to the hospital to see Phil this afternoon. He's doing first rate, but he feels awfully cut up at the idea of perhaps having to miss our spread. There's something else troubling him, too, Elizabeth; but I don't know what it is, and somehow I imagine you don't either. Next time you come home from your beloved Smith, try to find out if you can. Since you went away to college this year, Phil has missed his little sister's sympathy and advice even more than he will own, I can see. He's lonesome now, too, although the fellows go over in squads to see him; he's a hero since the big game, in their eyes. He could n't win out for Harvard, but, by jove! he fought the good fight. I tell you, Beth, you have a brother to be proud of.

Van Rensselaer."

Elizabeth folded the letter happily, her eyes shining at the chance to help Van, who, big, impulsive boy that he was, always was in a scrape of one kind or another.

She pulled the pillow, which had just come by express, from its wrappings and surveyed it critically.

"A prettier pillow than the one I made him," she commented, with just the tiniest inward pang. It was of deep crimson satin

with marvellous velvet roses appliqued; great splashes of color shading richly from glowing crimson to the pale pink of the great beautiful flower whose delicately shadowed and lighted petals and half-disclosed golden heart were hoplessly stained with grape-juice.

"I'll cut off that spoiled rose," thought Elizabeth, "as soon as I've mended the ruffles, so that I can send it to Boston tomorrow morning by one of the girls to be matched; then I can apply one like it in its place." With the thought, she got out her tiny apron and gold thimble, and went to work upon the ruffles in the business-like manner which always seemed, somehow, to amuse the other girls who roomed in the old Dewey House, and spent most of their time in her cozy room.

As she stitched away rapidly, her thoughts dwelt upon Van's last sentences, "He couldn 't win the game for Harvard; but, by jove ! he fought the good fight. I tell you, Beth, you've a brother to be proud of."

Ah! who knew that better than Elizabeth Huston? If she closed her eyes she could hear, even now, the music and cheering; see the rising and falling and fluttering of the Yale blue, the red cigar-tips like fire-flies, just beginning to flicker and glow in the fading light against the dark, restless mass opposite; the grotesque silhouetted outline of figures high against the paling sky; then the successful fake kick, Eli Yale wild with excitement as the leather was rushed down towards the crimson goal with only one man — her brother — left in its path; a touch-down prevented; the crimson bleachers on their feet yelling madly, "Huston! Huston! Huston!" And then the sickening pause, when the only thing that kept her senses steady was the firm clasp of Van's hand upon both hers; next a crimson shrouded something carried out on a stretcher; a vision of blandly curious eyes, eyes, eyes, and a girl who did not seem to be herself, mechanically stepping down from one cement step to another, down, down,— out of hearing of the music and the cheering; away from the sight of blue and red flags.

Elizabeth shuddered slightly, and snipped her silk as if with it she would break the thread of her thoughts. She hurried to another subject — Winifred. At first she had been quite jealous of the tall, superb girl at Rangeley Lakes, whom Phil had enthusiastically described to her in his letters at the first of the summer. "Van is

quite smitten," he had written her, quite innocent of cruel intention, "and I don't much blame him either, for she's a magnificent creature. Poor chap, he came up here to camp with us fellows, but, I vow, he spends just about three-fourths of his time at the hotel, golfing and dancing and gazing upon Miss Langtry. I ventured to joke him about her one day, and he remarked with overpowering dignity, 'My dear boy, I consider Miss Langtry an unusual girl, but she has never been more than a *friend*, and will, I firmly believe, never be more to me than that.' You'll notice he was careful to state her feelings toward him, without mentioning the character of his toward her."

Later in the summer, Winifred had dropped out of Phil's letters, but whether this was because Van had lost interest in her, or only because Philip had lost interest in Van's flirtation, Elizabeth's tortured soul could not divine.

At length, nevertheless, she had seized upon the former explanation, which later events seemed to corroborate, and, upon the tiny foothold of hope thus gained she had straightway erected a castle whose scanty foundations were shrouded in the mists, but whose pinnacles sparkled in the sunlight of perfect day.

After the boys had returned home, when Van was visiting Philip, for a fortnight before college opened, her air-castle had sometimes seemed to her about to be perfected in the glory of realization. Winifred was seldom mentioned. She seemed to have gone out of Van's life. Oh, the sweet, sweet days! That morning when she and Van alone had galloped out, out into the still country, how the glad cry of the rushing wind had intoxicated her; how the mad dance of the sun had made heaven and earth reel in one glorious chaos!

Snip, snip snip! Off came the great beautiful rose.

"I wonder where one like it can be gotten?" Elizabeth mused, turning it over and abstractedly glancing at some words written in a tiny delicate hand upon the smooth under side of the petals. Suddenly their meaning flashed upon her brain, searing and scarring with its burning imprint.

With my love—the love that you have vainly begged of me—I have perfumed the rose's heart.

A sudden stillness settled upon the room. Elizabeth stared at the words with strained, unseeing eyes. The faint mystical perfume of

the rose, sweet allegory, crept subtly in upon her senses, stifling them.

A sudden call from far away in some other world aroused her harshly. "O, Beth! Beth! Elizabeth Huston! When are you coming to the fudge party, perjurer?"

From behind her locked door Elizabeth replied dully, "I' m sorry, Pauline, but I can't come, after all."

"Are you ill?" replied the voice, anxiously, through the keyhole.

"No, Pauline, dear. It is only that I must be alone. I have something to think out." The tone sent her chum away silent, but with a strange foreboding in her heart.

As the slowly receding footsteps died away on the carpeted stairs, Elizabeth's thoughts, with the hard definiteness of speech, said, "This, then, explains it all—his sudden apparent indifference after a deep infatuation, his reticence toward Philip about Winifred, and everything else that has ever puzzled me. But I—I can have his love yet, perhaps. His feeling for her was of sudden growth; it came with admiration and died with hope. For it is dead – dead — dead."

The love you have vainly begged of me.

"Oh, poor Van!" cried Elizabeth aloud, with a sudden great rush of pity for the man who had loved as she must henceforth love — hopelessly.

. . . . . .

The dawn of a new day was breaking when Elizabeth, weary and haggard-eyed, fastened Winifred's rose in its former position, and then wrote thus to Van Rensselaer: "Do you remember in your Rubáiyát some such quatrain as this,—

Look to the blowing Rose—"Lo
Laughing," she says, "into the world I come;
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and scatter its Treasure on the garden"?

Dear Van, I think that is what the stained rose would say, and that is why I have thought it too precious to be replaced by one with fresh petals but a messageless heart."

For many days she wore as a talisman, to keep out regret, Van's reply. "I have 'torn the silken purse-string and scattered the golden treasure on the garden.' Dear Beth, I know of a man who cannot

now find words to thank you. You cannot realize what you have done,—how you have given life immortal to a love that was dying, starved for hope."

. . . . . .

It was about eight o'clock of the last night before the Christmas vacation at Harvard. Van Rensselaer had been surveying with manifest delight the three rooms which he and his room-mate occupied, and which were now decked with mistletoe and holly and flooded with soft light. At length he turned to a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with thick, wavy, light hair and a strong, forceful cast of features, who was sitting, a pair of crutches at his right hand, near the table where Elizabeth, Pauline, and Winifred Langtry, ready to "pour," were chatting with Van's aunt and Mrs. Huston.

"What do you think of it, Phil?" he asked in an undertone.

"Could n't be better," replied Philip, enthusiastically. "You've managed the whole business splendidly, Van. Nevertheless, I know what is just the whole show!"

"So do I," nodded Van, glancing from Pauline in her simple white frock, to which a sprig of mistletoe nestling in her soft brown hair gave a hint of coquetry, to Winifred, tall and superb in holly-red, a hue which emphasized the brilliancy of her own coloring: the pansy black of her hair, the scarlet of her lips. Then he glanced toward Philip's sister, and his gaze lingered on the slim, girlish figure in the long clinging gown of sober green, the figure erect in its grace and rounded slenderness and dull-hued dress ; the flower-face above, held him for a moment and as he looked he noted, with puzzled anxiety, a faint shadow of pain lurking in the still depths of the girl's big gray eyes.

That shadow was the very thing that Elizabeth most feared would betray her. As the evening wore on, she felt that it was deepening in spite of her, and so she laughed more and more readily, and chatted with a flushed vivacity very becoming to her delicate loveliness, thought the big football fellows who came to tell her what a brick Phil was, and stayed as long as possible in appreciation of what an enchanting little person Phil's sister was.

When the last of them had gone, and the music and babel of tongues had ceased their discord, and the lights were turned low, Elizabeth, already beginning to feel the dread reaction, hurried

across the corridor into the room which one of Van's friends had lent for ladies' coat-room, and was in her furry white rose-lined wrap before Pauline had adjusted her scarf satisfactorily. As Elizabeth stepped into the dimly lighted corridor again, Van met her. She tried in vain to avoid him. She could not bear to have him thank her tonight for discovering Winifred's heart to him — not tonight

He caught up to her with a single stride, however. "Elizabeth," he said, "I've been trying to get a word with you all the evening, but there was always such a beastly crush about you that I could n't. Since we're all going to your house tonight, can't Pauline be shifted into the carriage with your mother and my aunt, and won't you drive home alone with me? Do you think Pauline would mind much."

"Pauline? Oh, she would n't mind — but Winifred — " objected poor Elizabeth, too honest for diplomacy.

"Winifred?" replied Van, with some surprise, "Oh, Phil will take care of Winifred, I guess, judging by appearances."

At his words, they both glanced into the deserted rooms, where Winifred was standing by the cushioned window-seat, watching the snow-flakes outside which had begun to fall, while Philip, leaning on his crutch, was standing looking down at her. Suddenly her gaze left the dark pane, met his, and dropped hastily. As if frightened at the silence, she nervously caught at the nearest excuse for breaking it. In awkward haste, she caught up the crimson rose-pillow which was lying on the window-seat below her, and exclaimed reproachfully, "Why, Philip! However did you happen to get that fruit-stain on the lovely pillow I made you?"

Even as she spoke, some hidden thought made her flush to the tips of her ears.

Elizabeth stifled an exclamation, and whispered to her companion, "Did Winifred make that pillow for *Philip?*"

"Of course. For whom should she — look."

Philip had set his crutch eagerly forward; "Winifred," he said, "I have found the heart of the rose."

Elizabeth turned hastily away with Van Rensselaer. All the pain and sorrow were gone from the glorious eyes which she raised to him as she said, "Perhaps I will drive home with you, after all, Van."

THE SAGAMORE

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EDITORIALS

A LETTER from Anthony Watson has reminded us that it is time for us to decide whether we shall continue to stand by him to the end of his course, or whether we shall desert him in sight of the finish. His letter is sincerely and delicately grateful. It shows clearly that he has grown to regard us, not as patrons from whom he must beg fickle and doubtful favors, but as friends who have a sincere interest in his progress. For three years we have been teaching him to trust our generosity, and now, at the last moment, shall we betray his trust? Shall we lose all the profit of the money which we have already invested in this boy, by refusing to put in the few extra dollars which would insure to us all Anthony's gratitude, and all the possible glory of having made useful to the world a future Booker Washington? This is bad business policy, to say the least. Aside from this, I think that there is no danger of our making a mistake in our decision if we stop to think how much desertion means to Watson, as well as ourselves.

Carl Wetherell, President of the Senior Class, who has volunteered to take the lead in helping on Watson's cause, adds his word:—

"Let every one co-operate in this work which the school has carried on for the past three years. Do not wait for the class officers to act alone, but as soon as your support is called for come forward with your share. Every little counts. Watson has tried hard, and has certainly shown his appreciation by his letters to the school. Now that his last year has come, let us be all the more earnest and help him to graduate from one of the greatest institutions in the world. If every pupil pays twenty-five cents, Anthony D. Watson can graduate with his classmates. Put yourself in his place and then you will realize the necessity of your help in this work which the school is allowed to carry on."

Last Thanksgiving, Miss Maude Hartwell, one of our most popular teachers, left us for the Dorchester High School, where she is to teach English and French, as here. The Dorchester High School is nearly four times as large as our school, and in the last

three years has acquired an enthusiastic school spirit and an enviable reputation in athletics, particularly in football. Informal dances are given once a month or so in the gymnasium, a hall two stories high, and so long and broad that when it is filled with couples the music of a grand piano cannot even be heard from one end to the other. The high school building is of immense size, and is the best equipped in the United States. It has a lecture-room in addition to the grand Assembly Hall, recitation rooms separate from the class rooms, which are used almost exclusively for study, botanical and zoological rooms, besides the physical and chemical laboratories; its unique feature is the photography rooms, the innermost room of which is painted entirely black, and is so approached that, although there is no door to close it off, not a ray of light can possibly enter.

To all appearances, Miss Hartwell should enjoy to the utmost teaching in this beautiful school; nevertheless, we hope that there will be some memories of her days here which will not be crowded out by newer or brighter experiences; and we are certain that whatever place our new teacher may gain in our esteem, Miss Hartwell will always have the place in our affections which is all her own.

PIGGY'S EXCURSION

HIS name was Benjamin L. Rodgers, and he was unaccountably nicknamed "Piggy" by his classmates. At the time of which we speak, Piggy was a member of the sophomore class of Union College, Schenectady, New York, then under the able management of Rev. Andrew V. V. Raymond The institution was flourishing, and had just added a new dormitory to its circle of buildings. In this new house, Newell, lodged Ben Rodgers, popularly known as "Piggy."

Ben's father was a well-to-do wool merchant, and his son was the happy recipient of an ample monthly allowance. Rodgers was a prominent member of the aristocratic "Delta Betas," known as the gamiest and fastest set of men in the college, and he did not fail to uphold the reputation of his society.

One Saturday morning, a number of men from this club set off to New York to see a popular opera, generally reported as "bully." Surprising to relate, Rodgers was not among the number, and he was always the last one to be absent on such an occasion! But he was not there, the fact being that he had failed so repeatedly in one of his studies that the professor had detained him for a lecture. About half-past eleven Rodgers emerged from the recitation rooms, and, after going to his own den, started for the station.

When's the next New York train?" he asked the station-agent.

"12.05; through express; all Pullmans."

Rodgers came as near swearing as a gentlemen can, and considered matters.

"Let's see. . . . I've got five dollars and thirty-one cents to get down with, and seats 'll take two dollars sure, which leaves three dollars and thirty-one cents. Confound these Pullman cars. Fifty cents to get into one or stay at home. With a three dollar fare, that puts me out by just nineteen cents. I've either got to go back and get it, missing the train, or stick someone for it, which is the best way. Now for a victim."

As he was standing there, Briggs, his room-mate, happened in and Piggy chuckled. He addressed him, and explained that he would feel much honored it the "honorable Henry Perkins Briggs, Esquire," would lend him twenty cents. The Honorable Henry Perkins Briggs, Esquire, being favorably impressed as to the need of cash, took out a five-dollar bill and a fifty-cent piece. Rodgers accepted the coin, and, after expressing his thanks most courteously to Mr. Briggs, he bought an excursion ticket.

The train arrived duly, and Piggy found himself comfortably situated in the cushioned corner of the Pullman. Nothing much occurred on the trip, except that he regaled the porter with tales of college life, so that the negro listened wide-eyed, to the disgust of passengers who needed him.

The train arrived, and Rodgers stepped out. The one drawback to these expeditions was the fact that Piggy might meet his father in the street,—it was, of course, very unlikely, but, nevertheless, Piggy always felt a sense of relief when he was safely seated in the theater. This time the feeling of fear was especially strong, and he could not put it down.

He had walked about a block, when, looking up, he perceived the stout and angry form of Rodgers, Sr., looming up in front of him. Piggy had presence of mind enough not to show any surprise, and all once a desperate plan of escape flashed through his mind. He walked straight onward as if to pass the enemy, but his father blocked the way. . . . The encounter began.

"Benjamin, what are you doing here?"

The young man, raising his eye-brows politely, replied, "Did you address me, sir?"

"I asked you what you were doing here, as you know very well."

"May I be inquisitive enough to ask what business that is of yours, sir?"

"Come, come, my boy! no more of this fooling. Tell me what you are doing here," said the old gentleman, rather irately.

"You address me in very familiar terms, sir. I cannot tell you, a stranger, whatever you ask in regard to myself, so do not detain me," said Ben, moving off.

"Do you deny you are my son?" asked the father.

"I must beg of you not to keep me with such inane questions," said the young man, walking rapidly away.

Mr. Rodgers looked after him in doubt. The gait, the carriage were the same. He could not be mistaken. Again the old man caught up with his son, exclaiming, "Come, come, Benjamin. No more of this nonsense. Come up to the office with me."

"Old gentleman, if you don't stop troubling me, I shall call a policeman," said the son angrily. Mr. Rodgers turned away, believing that he had mistaken some one else for his son. "The resemblance was most astonishing, indeed," he soliloquized, "but I can find out by going up to the college, and, by Jove! I believe I will," and he stepped into the station.

His son, watching him closely, saw him board the Albany train. Now the problem was how to get aboard the train, for he saw his only chance lay in getting to his rooms before his father.

Mr. Rodgers had entered a rear coach, but to be on the safe side, Ben entered the smoker, next the engine, after walking carefully under the windows, out of sight.

If the reader has ever entered Schenectady by rail, he will remember that the tracks pass by the college before reaching the

station. As the train swung around the curve by the college grounds, young Rodgers fell off the platform and sprawled in the cinders. He had meant to do the job scientifically, but somehow it did not work. He picked himself up, however, and ran to his room. Once there, he grabbed a few books, flung them around the table, tore off his coat, pulled on his smoking jacket, and ended by flinging himself into a chair.

He had just time to light his pipe, fall into a chair, and puff like a steam engine to fill the air with smoke, before there came a knock on the door, and in walked the "governor."

"Hello, pop. Glad to see you," said Piggy.

"Gad! Then you v'e been here all this afternoon? I've been making the greatest ass of myself—" and he told his story.

"I'm afraid your sight is failing, dad," remaked the son. "But I wish I knew that fellow, he'd be quite useful."

Father and son conversed on unimportant topics awhile till Mr. Rodgers said, "The conductor told me that someone risked his life in jumping off the train near the college. I supppose it was one of the students."

"Shouldn 't wonder. Well, good night, dad, and, say, if you ever meet that fellow again, tell him I 'd be glad to see him."

Mr. Rodgers has not yet delivered his message. R. E. A., '06.

A TRUE STORY

A FRIEND and I were on our way to New York one day last summer when a very funny thing happened.

We had just entered the New York tunnel, when my friend, who is always very thoughtful of other people, decided to do the people in the car a great favor by opening the windows, as it was very warm.

He had been used to riding in the elevated trains, in which by turning a handle you can open all the windows at once.

You have seen the handles at the end of the car marked "Conductor's valve." My friend, thinking that he could open the windows by pulling that, shut it off hard. The train shot ahead for about ten feet and then stopped as if it had struck a stone wall.

The conductor, who was in the middle of the car, was thrown right through the door, carrying most of it along with him. My friend, who landed somewhere at the other end of the car, picked himself up, and came strolling leisurely back as if nothing had happened.

He did not get far, however, before the conductor, six or eight brakemen, and half the men in the car jumped on him. They imagined that he was some notorious train robber. After they let him up, so that he was able to speak, he said innocently, "Did I stop the train?"

Two brakemen marched him into the baggage car and stood guard over him until we came to the station.

By the time we arrived at the station, my friend had convinced his captors that he was innocent, and they let him go. We had not reached the door when two policemen took us by the shoulders and marched us into the president's office. The president thought that my friend's story was the funniest one that he had ever heard.

My friend is not serving four years at Sing Sing as he ought to be; but he is serving his time in college, instead.

ATHLETICS

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Girls' Basketball Team began the season with a game with Radcliffe at the Radcliffe gymnasium on December the second. A gratifying number of Brookline girls attended the game, the faculty was well represented, and two members of the School Board were present. Each of the Radcliffe girls, with only one exception, was taller than the Brookline girl to whom she was opposed; so that while Brookline's team-play might have been much better than it was, defeat was scarcely to be averted.

Owing to the superior height of the Radcliffe jumping center, Brookline did not get the ball often enough at the start to get a chance to use the clever passing system in which they are expert. Radcliffe played fast ball from start to finish; while Brookline

played quite as snappily at times, but not so continuously. An equally large number of fouls was made on both sides; but it was a clean game, with little roughness, particularly on our side.

The goal-throwing on Brookline's side was entirely unsuccessful, but this is not altogether discouraging, as the baskets had an unusual sort of rim, and in every free throw, except one, accurate, straight balls were thrown, which would undoubtedly in most cases have entered the ordinary basket.

The free goal throwing on the other side was rather good, but the goal throwing was exceptional.

A first rate spirit, in general, was shown on both sides. Our girls cannot be found lacking in that particular, whatever happens.

Miss Wellington, the captain, and Miss Hallowell played a brilliant game for Radcliffe, while the playing of Miss Burpee, Miss McGrath, and Miss Stillings was excellent for Brookline.

The line-up:—

RADCLIFFE		BROOKLINE
	Guards.	
Misses		Misses
Sullivan		McGrath
Coggin		Stillings
Lerner		E. Holton
	Centers.	
Hallowell		Phinney
	Center Guards.	
Densmore		Chick
Almy		Burpee
	Homes.	
Archibald		Bailey
Walley		McKenzie
Wellington		Morse

Referee, Miss Wright; Brookline Umpire, Miss Lewis.

FOOTBALL

Boston Latin defeated Brookline, November 5th, by a score of 16 to 0, at Newton Center. The Brookline players opened the game strongly and played best on the offensive; but they were not able to hold the heavy Latin School backs when the latter had the ball. Boston Latin kicked off, and on the first line-up Brookline gained 25

yards on a trick play; from there they rushed the ball down to their opponents' 15-yard line, where they lost the ball on downs by a small margin. Boston Latin then carried the ball back to Brookline's 15-yard line, and there Lincoln got the ball on a fumble. Brookline showed its good offensive work and carried the ball to the middle of the field; but Latin School braced and held for downs. Boston Latin carried the ball back to Brookline's 25-yard line, and there Brookline secured the ball on downs. The latter could not gain, however, and after Boston Latin received the ball Somes scored the first touchdown. The half soon ended with the ball in the middle of the field.

In the second half, Latin School received the kick-off, and rushed the ball down to Brookline's 20-yard line, where Loughlin tried a place kick, but failed. Brookline punted out, and after a few rushes Somes broke through for a second touchdown. Brookline received the kick-off, and Shine ran in the kick well, but Brookline was held for downs, and Somes, after several rushes, was pushed across the line for the last touchdown and Edwards kicked the only goal.

The best playing for the winners was done by Somes, Edwards, and Callahan, while the work of Lincoln, Shine, Bartlett and Allen was creditable to Brookline.

The line-up:—

BOSTON LATIN	BROOKLINE HIGH
Kelley, l.e.	r.e., Bartlett
Fotch, l.t.	r.t., Cook
Fitzgerald, l.g.	r.g , Hann
Fitzpatrick, c.	c., Johnson
Ramsey, r.g.	l.g., Downer (Manship)
Woods, r.t.	l.t., Skidmore (Floyd)
Callahan, r.e.	l.e., Allen
Loughlin, q.b.	q.b., Shine
Edwards, l.h.b. (capt.)	r.h.b , Kerrigan
Murray, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Lincoln
Somes, f.b.	f.b., Ulman

Score—Boston Latin, 16. Touchdowns — Somes, 3. Goals from touchdowns—Edwards. Umpire — Burleigh. Referee — Hallahan. Time—20m. halves. Game called on account of darkness.

Brookline closed her football season November 21st, with a defeat by Newton at Cedar-street grounds, the score being 18 to 0. There was the usual number of Brookline enthusiasts, while Newton was well represented. The game was very much enlivened by the crisp weather and by the hearty cheering of both schools A very pretty effect was that most of the spectators carried the flags of their respective teams, which were kept moving continually on both sides of the field.

Newton won the toss, and kicked off to Brookline. The ball was rushed back to the centre of the field, and there on a quarter-back kick Newton obtained the ball. From the centre of the field, Newton carried the ball over the goal line and kicked the goal. The Newton stand was a mass of waving flags and cheering students, but Brookline was not to be outdone, even if scored on, and cheers for the red and blue were lustily given.

Newton kicked off again, and Brookline by grand offensive work carried the ball down the field to Newton's 20-yard line and there lost the ball on a fumble. Newton advanced the ball a few yards and then punted, and Shine received the kick, but was downed after he had made a brilliant run-in. Brookline had advanced the ball to her opponent's 15-yard line when time was called.

In the second half, Brookline kicked off to Newton, and the latter rushed the ball to their own 40-yard line. In the next play, Shine was injured while making a fine tackle and had to be carried from the field and Carlisle took his place.

Three long runs brought the ball to Brookline's 5-yard line, and Newton had to play its hardest to score, which they did nearly out to the side line. The punt-out was successful, and the goal was kicked.

Brookline received the kick-off, but was soon held for downs, and Newton, after a few rushes, crossed Brookline's goal-line for the last score. Brookline then kicked off to Newton, and at the latter's 50-yard line Brookline obtained the ball on a fumble. On the first play, Lincoln broke through the line and ran to the 15-yard line, where he was downed by Johnson. The ball was then pushed down to Newton's 5-yard line, and there Newton braced and the ball went to the orange and black on downs, and after the first rush time was called.

For Newton Tancreit, Leonard, Johnson excelled; while exceptional work for Brookline was done by Lincoln, Shine, Bartlett and Cook.

The line-up:—

NEWTON HIGH	BROOKLINE HIGH
Neal, l.e,	r.e., Bartlett
Campbell (Bird) l.t.	r.t., Cook
Dow, l.g.	r.g., Hann
Schofield, c.	c. Johnson
Stephenson, r.g.	l.g,, Floyd
Douglas, r.t.	l.t., Manship
Johnson, r.e.	l.e., Allen
Leonard, q.b.	q.b., Shine
Ely, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Kerrigan
Thomas, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Lincoln
Tancreit, f.b.	f.b., Ulman

Score — Newton High, 18. Touchdowns — Ely 2, Tancreit. Goals from touchdowns — Leonard, 3. Referee, Clark. Umpire, Metcalf. Time—20m. halves.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE STANDING

	Won.	Lost.
Newton High	4	0
Boston Latin	3	1
Cambridge Latin	2	2
Brookline High	1	3
Hopkinson	0	4 By default.

ALUMNI NOTES

1903. Miss Lilla Morse is studying at the Brookline Public Library to be a librarian.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Lord to Mr. Daniel Kennedy took place during the early part of this summer.

1902. Lester Gilbert spent last summer in Europe.

1902. Stuart Webb is on the 'varsity banjo club.

Violet Edmands, '03, is at Vassar.

NEWS NOTES

Many thanks to Mr. Sanford for making possible our unusual treat of attending the Wednesday matinee of "Captain Barrington" at the Globe Theater.

Those who arrived early at the Cedar street grounds were treated to a look at the Yale eleven, who had been putting on the finishing touches prior to their game with Harvard on Saturday.

Only those who took the first car after the game, had the fun of cheering for each member of the team and "Phil" Fox, a graduate, to whom we owe many thanks for bringing the eleven up to such fine shape for the Newton game. Not only were the team and the school cheered, but also the classes. Yale and Harvard came in for their share, also.

The boys of Class I. in Manual Training began work in the machine room, November ninth. This class is the first to use the forge and machine rooms, and is now forging tools preparatory to the filing exercises. These cutting tools will be filed and later used on the lathe machines.

The greatest paper printing machine today is the Hoe press, which uses 120 miles of paper every hour, and prints and folds 90,000 four-page paper per hour. The latest improvement in that press by its inventor prints, cuts, folds, and counts 180,000 papers per hour.

LOCALS

I. Latin. St-ts-n certainly gave a very original translation when he called *bestiae immanes* "animals without souls."

Who answers to some of the names on the seating list in Room 11, —"Happy Hooligan," "Tessie Prunes," "Tired Tim," and "Handsome Ike," for instance?

A very important notice was posted in Room 19,—"No school Saturday or Sunday."

Requested,—that one or more looking glasses be hung in the dressing room of Room 11 to reduce the long procession of hats and girls that file across the hall after school to use the looking glass belonging to Room 10.

An excuse to Professor Switchard from Willie's aunty is here reproduced, and a moral added:—

My dear Mr. Whackem, D.D.,—Please excuse my nephew's absence from school yesterday as he has been out a week. He does n't say much about it, and I think he has a frog in his throat. His mother is too busy with society to write so I do. Since her husband had his luck in W. B. & Q — Well anyway, she says your wife owes her a call and she won't notice your family till she returns it and she don't care if she don't. Doctor has just taken a diamond from Willie's throat and that's what ailed him. It's his mother's fault, she should n't leave them around loose.

Yours affectionately,
Mrs. Gabelot.

Moral, "Don't talk to the motorman."

"It is the most natural thing in the world for men to gamble. Why, last summer I saw even the lambs gambolling in the meadows.

"I said 'no talking allowed in this room,' " repeated the teacher, and someone answered, "I was n't talking aloud, teacher."

We might say that the Harvard eleven was marshalled by a captain or that it was captained by a Marshall.

Overheard in the Political Economy class: "She does n't do that for hire, but she does it for a higher (hire) reason."

Mr. S. stated to the Political Economy class that squirrels lived in "hollow" holes.

The statement made in the Chemistry class, "It is your own fault if you choke," was rather hard on those who were not evaporating zinc oxide and sulphuric acid.

A —"What is that awful noise in Room 10?"
B —"Oh! that is only a Bray."

No matter how cold it is, there is a fellow in Room 10 who is always Fanning.

The saying, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," is surely true, for any recess one may see our worthy seniors playing leap-frog over in one corner of the playground.

One of the new Stiles that two boys in the Chemistry class Love is to pour sulphuric acid on their clothes and turn them red.

Once to every broken student
Comes the question to decide,
When he hears collector's footsteps,
Whether he shall pay or hide.

Once(?) to every lazy student
Comes the question to decide,
"Shall he study his home-lesson,
Or rather shall he let it slide."

One of the French teachers was heard to remark that it is no longer considered the best manners to eat soup with a sponge. A bright pupil added that opening grapes with a nut-cracker is also not good form.

Surely the morals of III. German need investigating when "Er liebt Gott" is translated, "He loves money."

"Let me kiss you," pleaded he, "Du, Deiner!"
"Dir Dich!" lisped she.
The above is one of B-bb-- Andr-ws' killing jokes.

Mr. P-ck-d —"What is the difference between a circumference and a circle?"

B-b-ck —"The circumference is what surrounds a circle, and the circle is what the circumference surrounds."

Miss H —"I didn't catch the question."
Miss C —"I'll throw it your way again."

Miss C-ll-ns is prepared to describe a "bee-aydle' (beadle.)

Go to Miss W-lk-r for directions as to how to "keep still silently."

A favorite exclamation of I. Latin A. during recitations, is "O Gratius!"

Sh-ne: "He dropped his head between his hands and then looked on the floor."

A II. German student must have had a composition which was worrying him, for in translation he said, "He hastily wrote a few lines on white punched paper."

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There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

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ANGELS UNAWARES

THE huge logs cracked and blazed in the great fireplace, and cast a strange, flickering light upon the massive chairs and table.

A log broke in two and threw a shower of sparks over the brick floor. The girl sitting on the settle moved from the shadow, and resting her chin in her hand gazed thoughtfully into the fire. The flames made her sweet and girlish face still more winsome and cast a golden light upon her hair. Suddenly a loud knocking broke the stillness, and the girl with a startled look rose and moved toward the door. A huge mastiff crawled clumsily from under the table and followed her. Before they had crossed the room, the door burst open and two strangers entered, letting in with them a whirl of snow and icy wind.

"Madam," said the elder, "I beg your aid for this young friend of mine. He is wounded, and not used to our Canadian storms, and I feared me if we delayed longer on the road we might fall into some redskin's hands. I hear there is trouble brewing among them again."

The younger man had sunk upon a broad bench and seemed as though half unconscious.

Quickly the girl ran to a small chest, poured out some wine, and brought it to the stranger. He drank as in a daze; and then, somewhat revived, gazed fixedly at the girl, who, embarrassed by his look, turned toward the elder man. The latter had taken off his cloak and stood warming his hands at the fireplace. He wore robes which showed he was a Jesuit.

"Father," said the girl, "you guessed rightly. The Indians are again on the war-path and all the men of the settlement are at the fort holding conference with my uncle, the Commandant."

"Good, is this not the house of the Commandant La Pierre?"

"Ah, no, Father. You must have wandered from your course. Here is Longuiel. This is the house of the Commandant D'Autray."

"D'Autray!" gasped the Jesuit, and glanced quickly at his companion. The latter arose hastily, and, as though new strength was given him by the mention of that name, strode over to the priest.

"Father, we must go. I cannot receive hospitality from D'Autray."

"Hush! hush! my son, we cannot go. Remember thy wound, and besides —," here the priest whispered something in his ear.

Meanwhile the girl stood gazing in bewilderment at the two, her hand resting lightly on the dog's head. The men, at last conscious of her presence, turned toward her.

"Mademoiselle, the good father has spoken truly. My wound and the fatigue I have sustained do not permit me to travel. Therefore, you can let us be your debtors for this night's rest and shelter, and all our gratitude will be yours, even though we have no fitter coin than words with which to repay your favor. This, my companion, is le Père Joutel, and, as for me, let me call myself your humble servant, Rouget de Denonville."

The girl, displeased at the young man's flippant concealment of his true name, and by his reluctance at accepting the hospitality of her uncle's house, drew her slender figure to its full height, and with a haughty glance, returned, "My name is Hélène D'Autray. You may rest here until my uncle, the Commandant D'Autray, returns." With these words she turned and left the room.

"*Ma foi!* Joutel, what a face! What purity of feature, what nobility of brow! And what a haughty charm of manner! What delicate womanliness of form; what poetry of motion! She should grace Versailles, instead of a rude shelter in the wilds of Canada," cried Denonville, his bold eyes sparkling with animation.

"Peace, my son! Those charms which, it is true, are passing fair, are of the niece of thy father's blood enemy. Be not forgetful of that lamentable fact. I would we had not come on this bootless quest."

Denonville kicked at the logs impatiently, and then sank feebly back upon the settle. "I 've sometimes wished that myself, but now — I 'd rather die here than live elsewhere. I swear I would, by all my honor. Smile if you will," he added passionately.

"Gently, gently, my son. Remember thy cousin, the fair Annette, and Madelon, of the sloe-shaped eyes, and — "

"Have done. A man must learn by degrees to love. I —"

The door opened, and Hélène entered, followed by an old servant bearing a tray of food. The woman placed the tray upon the great table, and Hélène at once began to set forth a meal for the strangers. Denonville, forgetful of the servant's presence, watched the girl at her task. His eyes never left her until he was recalled to himself by a whispered warning from the priest, and saw the woman gazing fixedly at him with a puzzled look of doubtful half-recognition. He quickly turned toward the fire, and swore softy at himself for his stupidity.

The mastiff, which had been lying on the hearth, now sprang up and listened attentively. The next instant he bounded to the door, barking deeply with joy as his master entered. The Jesuit whispered a few words to Denonville, who sank down on the settle with his face in the shadow of his arm.

"How, now, Caspar! Why this uproar? Down, sir, down! Ah, Hélène — what have we here?" He turned his eyes questioningly toward the two men.

The Jesuit approached him, and said suavely, "I have presumed on the hospitality of the Commandant D'Autray for my companion here, who has been hurt on our way to La Pierre, and is weak from loss of blood."

"You are welcome, Father," returned their host, courteously. "But would not your companion rest more comfortably in bed? Machiette, prepare the west room, or, rather, show our guests to it, as our furnishings here do not admit of the special preparations with which one would welcome a guest in the old château back in France. But, nevertheless, they are a tolerable refuge from the wilderness.

Slowly and with difficulty the young man left the hall, leaning upon the priest, who politely declined any offer of assistance from the Commandant.

"A good rest!" said D'Autray, genially. But Hélène gazed scornfully after the two and spoke not.

As soon as the door had closed Hélène confided to her uncle the suspicions aroused by the peculiar conduct of his guests. He, however, laughed and patted her cheek, and gently chiding her inhospitable thought, sat down to his supper.

. . . . . .

The next morning, when Father Joutel entered the "great room" he found Hélène seated alone, mending the linen.

"I give you good morrow, Mademoiselle," he said. "My companion's wound is troublesome, and I fear me I must leave him to your mercy, and go on my way to La Pierre. But, Mademoiselle," here the priest glanced cautiously about, and lowered his tone, "let not D'Autray see him, for his father and your uncle are sworn foes by an oath which only blood can blot out, and his life would be the cost of an encounter."

"Father, I will myself tend the man, since he is wounded; but my uncle's enemies are mine, and I shall do nothing without his knowledge."

"Women do not murder," returned the priest "Wait at least, girl, until he is strong enough to bear the excitement of an encounter and a removal to La Pierre. Then — it will not be many days — do as you will." And he smiled behind his hand.

. . . . . .

For two days after Father Joutel's departure for La Pierre, Denonville lay ill with the fever of his wound; but after that time some marvellous power in the simple restoratives which Hélène administered to him soon made him convalescent.

D'Autray had had opportunity to see his guest but once, and then Hélène had forbidden any light to be brought into the carefully darkened room. D'Autray apologized for his seemingly discourteous neglect on the ground that all his time was occupied in planning and overseeing the repairing and strengthening of the old fort and palisade, as an attack was feared from the Indians.

Thus for a week Hélène and the old Machiette were alone in the house with Denonville, who, while quite able to start on for La Pierre on the sixth day, had suddenly developed an unaccountable horror of a relapse. Hélène, on the other hand, struggled against the ignoble weakness which she felt was overcoming her, but struggled in vain. To love the blood-enemy of her house seemed to her dishonor; but she had to confess herself thus dishonored.

A delicious fortnight more passed, and at dawn one morning, when the ground was covered with snow and the wind howled and whistled around the house with the voice of a thousand invisible

demons, the Commandant was rudely awakened by a terrible pounding on the door. He sprang up, and throwing open his window saw leaning against the doorpost a man who was evidently wounded, for the snow was spattered with blood.

"It's I, Joutel. The Indians are coming!" he gasped.

Quickly the door was opened, and willing hands tended to his wants.

Then the Commandant, leaving orders for the women and the two men to come to the fort immediately, hastened to his post.

While Hélène and Machiette hastened to collect all the valuables and hide them in the well, Denonville and Joutel looked to their guns, and got ready a good supply of powder and shot.

At last when they were about to start for the fort, Hélène happened to glance out of the window, and at the same moment uttered a shriek and pointed toward the woods a short distance from the house, where, skulking behind trees and crawling on hands and knees toward some nearer shelter, were the Indians.

"My God, we are too late," groaned Denonville. Then with a stern coolness he set about barricading the doors and windows, while Joutel and the two women helped him by piling tables and benches and great chests against them.

The two men took their station, each at a window. Joutel, taking careful aim, shot down a savage who, more bold than his followers, was advancing from under cover. There was a slight pause in the advance, and Joutel, who had been watching keenly, said in a low tone, " they will surround the house."

Hélène exchanged a glance with the servant, then quietly took two guns from the rack for herself and Machiette.

Joutel nodded with surprised admiration in his piercing eyes, and then said authoritatively, "Mademoiselle and the maid will guard the front; Rouget and I will guard the rear. Spare your bullets — aim to kill — this is serious business."

Denonville, who knew little of this kind of warfare, obeyed in grim silence.

Hélène suddenly came close to him, and looking up at him with a sad little smile, said, under her breath, "If the Indians get the house — will you — save your last one for me?" and she touched one of his bullets.

"God!" gasped Denonville, " do you know what you ask? Coward that I am, I can't do that to you," he added brokenly.

"You can, for you love me," she replied simply, and went back to her post.

Suddenly the awful silence was broken by a wild signal yell more awful yet. Instantly all was uproar and confusion. The air was filled with blood-curdling cries and yells, with the twanging of bow-string and the whizzing of arrow. A brown mass of twisting, writhing, leaping forms seemed almost to cover the snow from sight. Now and then one of the four guns spoke and the tumult mingled with piercing shrieks of mortal agony for a moment.

It seemed to the four defenders as though hours had passed, when suddenly Joutel threw down his gun and said, "There is no more powder. We must await in prayer our fate."

Machiette screamed out in terror, and threw herself prone on the floor, beating it with her clenched hands. Hélène stood idly by the window. Her face was as unmoved as though she were already dead.

The arrows rattled against the pane; the yells of the redskins rose wilder and more triumphant. Denonville glanced out of the window and then turned to Hélène, utter despair in his face. Suddenly he took her in his arms, and thus they waited the crash of breaking timber which should tell them that the end had come.

Suddenly there came a lull, and after that a shout more terrific than any before. Hélène shuddered and looked up into Denonville's face. "You will not leave me behind?" she pleaded.

"You shall go with me," he replied.

A wild inarticulate cry came from Joutel.

Hélène covered her eyes with her hands. "It is time," she said.

But Denonville stood motionless. Not a sound could be heard outside. Joutel was pulling the tables and benches from the door, working frantically. The door swung open and the Commandant D'Autray entered, followed by a tall officer of noble mien, at sight of whom Denonville, still rigid and motionless, murmured blankly, "Father!"

The Commandant turned to Hélène, whom Denonville still held in his clasp, and kissed her gravely upon the brow. Then he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and said, still with that same

strange gravity which those feel who have just seen death face to face, "We have been indeed blood-enemies, but our score has been washed out with blood; not, indeed, the blood which the code demands, but a deeper wash — the life-blood of the savages. Monsieur le Comte de La Pierre came to our relief not a moment too soon."

There was a pause. The eyes of all were fixed abstractedly upon Hélène and Denonville. As the girl's consciousness returned to herself, a slow flush mounted to her brow. D'Autray, seeing it, smiled gently and continued, "Ah, Hélène, 'tis well I did not recognize this impostor, else he should have had a scanter time for convalescing. Sir, you may safely suffer my blushing niece to free herself. You have given ample proof that you can ably protect her, and I will not take her from you." W. P., '04.

WHY A. TENNYSON BYRON CAME HOME

"I TELL you, fellows," A. Tennyson Byron, the poet of the staff, was saying, "I, for one, am going to the country to sleep on a feather bed, one of the variety that gives forth sighs of satisfaction whenever you move about on it; and the windows wide open, that Nature's chorus, the clear-toned soprano of the cricket, the soft contralto of the waving grasses, the rich baritone of the tree-toad, and the deep bass of the bullfrog, accompanied by the night wind, lovingly playing upon the leaves, all uniting in a soft, slumber-producing symphony, may drift in upon the gentle evening and lull me into that sweet forgetfulness by men called sleep. Oh! it's glorious!"

. . . . . .

A. Tennyson Byron retired early. The rasping sound of a key turning in a rusty lock followed the closing of his door. For some minutes he busied himself distributing wearing apparel about the room. A heavy thump heralded the arrival of one shoe at the old-fashioned dresser. Shortly after a quick snap announced a broken shoe lace and a shuffling, sliding sound reported the wanderings of the second boot. A grating noise, as of the drawing of a coarse file over a smooth steel surface follows, two or three asthmatic puffs are rewarded with the disappearance of artificial light, and A. Tennyson Byron springs into bed.

Then the symphony begins. Somewhere below the window is a lively little cricket, reserved especially for this occasion, which is doubtless its first appearance. Squeak after squeak in monotonous measure pierces the silence with the regularity of the slow tick tock of the clock below. Then Mr. and Mrs. Cricket lend their ample voices to the score, producing a broken succession of high, medium, and low notes.

A deep groan from the bed announces the second number, a bass solo, which, judging from the sound, might travel miles without losing any of its volume. Minute by minute the torturing "boom boom" of the bullfrog grows in force and depth, resembling in sound the tom-tom under the blows of a skilful player. A lonely cow sends her long-drawn message across the farm and is answered by the deep barking of the hound at the barn. Another groan issues from the bed, accompanied by murmured threats that sound very much like that language which A. Tennyson Byron has often described as being "unfit for publication."

A heavy suburban car reels noisily by, the rails complaining, the wheels grating, and the trolley sputtering. A flock of sheep awake and send their plaintive "baa's" across the fields. The horses in the barn are calling to each other in quavering whinnies. The wind is rising, turning the creaking windmill with its harrowing "p-u-u-m-m-p pump," and revolving the rusty creaking weather-vane on the barn. The mournful "swish-swish" of the trees contrasts with the straining of the loosened clapboards and the staccato banging of a blind that has broken from its fastenings. Subdued oaths proceed from the bed.

Another car bangs past. The chorus unites in a grand finale. All the animals on the farm seem to A. Tennyson Byron to be calling to one another. The wind hurries noisily about the corners of the house or with long drawn whistles shrieks down the chimney. The windmill redoubles its efforts. The clock whirs excitedly and then laboriously jangles the hour of eleven. A. Tennyson Byron springs from the bed. He hurriedly dons his scattered garments. Again the key turns in the lock, and with stealthy tread the "poet of the staff" passes downstairs and out of doors to board the next car for the city.

C. D. B., '06.

A SIXTY-HORSE-POWER GHOST

IT was night, and the pale, full moon was shimmering through the murky clouds that overcast the sky. We were skimming along a beautiful stretch of road, making fairly fast time, in our high-power touring car, in order to reach the garage at V. before it closed for the night. We were not in the least troubled by the darkness, for our searchlight picked out the smooth road many feet ahead, and then, as it was nearly eleven o'clock, there was not much danger of our meeting any one.

We were on our last stage of a tour of France, and if it had not been for a break a few miles back we should have been in V. long before. We had just turned a sharp bend in the road when there, coming down the hill before us like a flash of lightning, was an automobile. But such a car as it was! There were no lights on it, yet it shone forth luridly. There was one man seated in it clutching the steering wheel. Now we could see the occupant more clearly. He was goggled and wore a leather coat buttoned up to his chin, but he was of the same misty appearance as the car which he was driving so recklessly.

I was in control of our machine, and I steered it away over to the right hand side of the road. Horrors! The chauffeur in the racing car was coming right at us. What was the matter with him or his car? And I turned sick at the thought of the crash that was inevitable, as we were too near the auto to swerve out to one side.

We were speechless with horror and were not able to take our eyes off the approaching auto. Now it was only two yards from us, and the next second hood hit hood. But look! instead of a great shock, with machines doubled-up, rods bent, and we and the misty chauffeur hurled into the air— instead of all this, something happened which made my hair stand on end. The ghostly car and its driver passed right through us — hood through hood, car through car, chauffeur through chauffeur, just as a phantom might have, and when I looked around nothing was to be seen but a cloud of dust.

On our way to V. my companion and I did not say a word to each other; but when we reached the village inn and were seated comfortably before a warm fire, we asked the innkeeper if anything unusual had ever happened in that vicinity, and he told us that

further down the road, at a sharp corner, a chauffeur was killed not long ago in a race, and that rumors had often been heard of a phantom auto which rushed over the road with tremendous speed; he, however, had never taken any stock in their rumors, for he knew the people to be superstitious. My friend and I exchanged a knowing look, and said no more about the matter. W. M. B., '04.

"EXPRESSIONALISMS"

I AS a senior, having started on my fourth year of Brookline High life, will try to give a few expressions used by our teachers.

The first one that occurs to me, perhaps because I have heard it most, is this: "Report to me at 1.35." This expression I have heard, it seems to me, since time immemorial, and it is used by all teachers whenever a scholar is deemed "wicked" enough to render it necessary as a penalty either for poor lessons or misdeameanor in class. It is dreaded, but perhaps not so much as is, "Come back at three o'clock," which means a whole afternoon broken up, and is not relished even by freshmen, who, as a rule, are so impressed by the novel dignity of their station that they don't dislike anything connected with High School existence. Sometimes when hurrying down the corridor to a recitation one hears a deep voice call out, "Slowly, slowly," and in this age and country of Yankee rush and get-there spirit, it is not easy to always comply; but it is the part of wisdom to do so, as too many offences may result in that expression, "C—B—at 3."

Teachers all seem to feel obliged to break up a company of more than two going down the hall together, and if you happen to group with some fellows, or girls either, in a row of three or four, you will surely hear, "Two abreast there," and the company will have to disperse.

An individual expression used by one of our teachers is this: "We will not discuss the matter any further," and woe betide the unlucky mathematician — but there! have I given the teacher away? —who trys to continue the argument after that has been said. An offence in that line might call out that far-famed and dreaded expression No. 1, so beware!

Let no pupil jump up at the close of a recitation when the bell rings, for "That is a signal for the teacher only," and his offence may mean an extra minute or two tacked on to the recitation. You are sure to be called to account for going down the hall on the left hand side, and this heinous crime will be called attention to by a stern "Keep to the right." At one time this maxim was further impressed upon our minds by printed cards placed in conspicuous places.

I will bring my "expressionalisms" to an end with a little note for teachers only: —

Please do not try to wreak your vengeance on the author of this exposition, for he is hidden in the CLASS OF 1904.

WHY JIM KEPT AWAY FROM BEARS

THE glowing embers of the dying camp-fire threw their mystic light upon our solemn faces. We were sad, for on the morrow we should return home and to school. The faint light of the fire was instantly swallowed up in the inky darkness of the dense forest which surrounded us. From Jim's long silence we knew that a story was brewing. Now and then he removed his aged pipe and sent short, sharp puffs of smoke into the air. We were not disappointed in our expectation of a story.

"I s'pose," said he, "that you fellows have a blame poor opinion of me because I would not go after that bear that came down to the river this evening, but let me tell you something that happened back over Red Mountain about six years ago, when I guided a party of tenderfoots for a week's shoot after game of any sort.

"Perhaps you have heard the fellows speak of Jack McMann. A better man never lived. Although Jack always had his 'notions' and was much too reckless, he certainly was a 'fit' man. Well, as he was going to Creede, for his annual week's spree, I met him, and made him come along with me to help take care of that bunch of Easterners. Would to God I 'd never asked him!"

"We trailed it over Bald Mountain pass up on to Red Mountain, and we camped in a beautiful antelope run, much the same sort o' place as this. Game was awfully scarce that year, and everything

was awfully wild. Those Easterners never got even a shot, and as our larder was getting low, Jack early one morning took his shot-gun and went out after some grouse. I remember well how, as he strode off into the deep pines, just before disappearing, he turned around and waved his hand at us. We little thought then that that wave of the hand would be the sign of another signal of farewell, and that it was given as he was disappearing from our lives.

"Towards evening we heard two quick shots away up on the mountain and we thought that at least two grouse were dead. Jack did not return for our delayed supper, but we did not think much of that. But he even did not return at extreme dark. As we were cleaning up, a small light suddenly flashed out on the mountain, way above timber line. 'That must be Jack,' I said. I s'pose that he did not want to risk coming back at night.' The beacon-fire upon the mountain soon died out and we then turned in.

"In the morning we expected to see him return, but no Jack came. We had now got thoroughly alarmed, for we knew that nothing short of a broken leg would have kept him away. We immediately started out for the place where we had seen the little fire. As we approached it we were startled by finding Jack's hat, and near it his gun. To our horror, we saw signs of a fearful struggle, and spatters of blood led off in two directions. I ran along one trail, and on turning a boulder I saw Jack—if you could call that pulp of rags and blood and smeary brains Jack. We figured it out that he had met a silver-tip, and had foolishly wounded it with his shot-gun. After the brute had done with him, with the last flickering sparks of life, he had crawled to some wood and, God knows how, had started a fire as a signal to us. Then, there in the cold and dark that greedily closed in upon him and the dying fire, he waited, and waited, and waited, and as his beacon turned from flames to coals, and from coals to ashes, his life died slowly out, and he crossed the last and 'Main Divide.' "

Spasmodic puffs of smoke went up from Jim's pipe, and we knew he was in a dangerous mood, for Jack had always been his friend. Suddenly, without a word, he turned away from us, and disappeared in the darkness. The flickering fire gave a last leap, and then died out. In silence, by and by, we went into our tent and turned in, to lie staring wide-awake, waiting for Jim to come back.

P. R. F., '04.

A VISIT TO THE NEWLY COVERED RESERVOIR ON FISHER HILL

ONE Sunday last month, accompanied by a friend, I spent a portion of the afternoon in walking about Brookline. First of all we climbed Fisher Hill, in order to inspect Mr. Longyear's house, which is being erected on its summit. After we had surveyed this huge structure from one end to the other, we turned our attention to the newly covered reservoir, which is situated but a stone's throw from the Longyear mansion. At the farther end of the reservoir we discovered an opening, which served as a means of entrance to the depths below. Being anxious to explore the inside, my friend and I, having spied a ladder, slowly and cautiously descended until we reached a landing, some seven or eight feet below the surface of the ground. Having paused here for a moment, we descended two more ladders and at last reached a cement floor. This floor was moist, and in places was covered with pools of water, which had leaked through the cracks in the unfinished roof.

When our eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, we decided to investigate the inner regions. The interior resembled a crypt, with its arched vaulted roof, supported by lofty and massive columns. As we advanced cautiously through the darkness past row after row of pillars, we struck a match every now and then in order to obtain a better idea of the enormous size of the reservoir. It is about three hundred and forty-one feet long, a hundred and sixty-four feet wide, and twenty-two feet deep, and when completed will probably hold about six million gallons of water, Brookline's future water supply.

Our voices echoed and re-echoed with hollow rumblings as we made our way forward. When we had nearly reached the further wall, a terrible reverberation caused us to beat a hasty retreat toward the opening, through which a stream of daylight could be seen. We found that the noise had been caused by some men who had been pounding above our heads on the roof of the edifice.

Our courage having returned upon our discovering the explanation of the terrifying noise, we ventured a second time into the depths. We had gone but a short distance, however, when my companion declared that he saw weird "shapes," an assertion which caused us again to seek a lighter and clearer atmosphere. F. G. M., '04.

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EDITORIALS

BEGINNING with this issue, The Sagamore will be distributed upon the fifteenth of the month or the school day first following the fifteenth when it falls on a holiday. As this necessitates the material being put into the hands of the publishers on a definite date, absolutely no manuscripts, editorials, or locals will be received by the Editor-in-Chief after the first of the month under any circumstances, and only as an exception after the twenty-fifth of the preceding month. The news notes column, however, will be held open for contributions up to the tenth of the month, so that it may no longer seem to be as nearly antediluvian as formerly.

Complaints are being made that at different times, both from the locker room and from the gymnasium or playground, sweaters, shoes, books, caps, and even suit-cases, belonging to members of the athletic teams, have disappeared without leaving any perceptible traces. It seems improbable that it is the boys of the High School who are guilty of these thefts; but if we are unfortunate enough to have a sneak-thief in our midst, all the more vigilance is necessary.

VIOLET HELPS CATCH A TRAIN

A MONOLOGUE

WHY, John Robertson, you're a fib! You know perfectly well that Aunt Bicknell asked me to stop in and see if Mrs. Schlegelbritzen needed anything, and it will *not* take me a half hour to tell her all my personal history (of course I sha'n't tell it to her at all), and when I get to talking I *do* know when to stop, and we shall *not* miss the train and be late at the Hall, and it is *not* idiotic to go on errands of mercy in lavender wraps and pink satin slippers I 'd like to know where charity would be if it — will you please ask James to stop? This is the place....Thank you....No, you need not go in with me.....

How do you do?... Yes, thank you, I'll come in for just a moment... Thank you....Thank you....I am Violet Robertson. My Aunt Bicknell asked me to call on you, Mrs. Schlegelbritzen — oh! You are n't Mrs. Schlegelbritzen? I *beg* your pardon! How very stupid of me!.. Mrs. Schlegelbritzen lives on the next street back?...I can go right through your back-yard to her back door?...Thank you very much indeed. I'm sorry to have troubled you. Good evening.....

I wonder why poor people always grow cabbages in their back yards? These don't seem attached to the ground, either. I suppose they are too ripe.....

Ah! How do you do? This is Mrs. Schlegelbritzen?...Yes, thank you. I'll come in for just a moment....Thank you....Thank you. I am Violet Robertson. My Aunt Bicknell asked me to call on you, Mrs. Schlegelbritzen, and see how you are getting along, and if you needed anything more....Yes, I have a pencil and can write your items down on the edge of my dance-order....One pale blue automobile veil? 1 p-a-l-e a-u-t-o v-e-i-l. Yes?...Five pounds of Page and Shaw's bon-bons for your little boy who is sick and can't eat anything but delicacies? Poor little fellow! 5 l-b-s. P. & S.'s....A vinaigrette?... You are troubled with dreadful fainting fits? Oh, too bad! They are perfectly dreadful, I know. I never had one in all my life. 1 v-i-n-a-i-g-r-e-t-t-e....A chafing-dish to cook the baby's soups in? Yes, they are handy. And of course you'll want some alcohol to use in it. 1 c-h. d-i-s-h & a-l-c-o-h-o-l. Is that all? They shall be sent to you tomorrow....Yes, Aunt Bicknell is a fine woman....Yes, she's a widow....No, Mr. Bicknell didn't leave her; he was — killed in the war....Yes, it was very, very sad for poor Aunt Bicknell. It almost killed her. She was only saved by Doctor Griggs making her go into charity. I think widows usually go into charity....Oh, dear *me*, no! *I 'm* not a widow! Why, I 've never even been enga — not that I haven't had *chances* enough, you understand, and even rather good ones (although I only came out this season), but you see, I — well — I — I might as well confess it to you — I am in love....Of course you are surprised, but it is true, although nobody knows, as you are the only one to whom I have confided my secret. I do not know even his name. I first saw him a week ago, in the Dutch room at the Touraine — you know how perfectly *dear* the Dutch room at the Touraine is. Well, I was there with my

brother and another girl (Clara Lewis, a *sweet*-pretty girl, great friend of mine, although I don't entirely admire her character), and he was sitting at the table just beyond ours with three perfectly stunning fellows, but he was by far the handsomest one. He had soft, heavy, black hair, and *compelling* eyes, as you might say, and he is very tall (five feet ten, at least, I should say), so that as I am little and plump with yellow hair (I only wish it was n't so fluffy and fly-a-way!) and brown eyes, we should make a *perfectly divine* couple. But alas! It will never — oh, but I forgot. We were in the Dutch room. I saw him keep looking and looking at me, again and again, but never took any notice of it, and went on laughing with John and Cac (that's Clara's nickname; don't you think it's a queer one? Everybody does) acting just as if I had n't known his eyes were devouring every lift of my eyelashes, every curve of my lips. The band was playing "Oh, go 'way," and as the music moved slowly and more slowly, and the haunting melancholy of its pleading grew lower and sweeter, and deepened and deepened, till all its gentle woe rushed forth at the words, "I would rather sleep than eat," I felt some irresistible force raising my eyes to meet his. For one long second our eyes held each other, while time and space, and my brother and Cac were all forgot. Then, with an unmistakable gesture he raised his wine glass. My eyes fell. I trembled with joy and a strange new sensation of fear. Then I raised my glass with an answering gesture, almost imperceptible except to his eyes, and took a sip of my champagne. He drained his wine-glass to the last drop. In that moment I realized that we had plighted our troth.

Since then, it seems to me that I have seen him everywhere I have gone. I go into Huyler's, he comes in while I am eating my café mousse, and stands silently at a little distance watching me in the mirror, while my heart leaps madly, and my spoon quivers in my fingers. I go into Keith's with one of the girls, he comes in five minutes later and bestows himself just across the aisle. But, alas! Our eyes must speak forever in silence — we are fated never to taste the sweet realization of our dreams — for we have no mutual acquaintance, I fear, to introduce us....Thank you for the wish, dear Mrs. Schlegelbritzen. You too have loved....Yes....Yes, I know....Is that so!...Yes....Yes, it's just the same way with me. You see

this beautiful little ring, the only one I wear. Well, he — lost it one day. I saw him — lose it, and I — found it, and now I wear it all the time, so that if I ever see him again I can — return it to him. See how the stones scintillate even in this dim — why, how dark it is outside! I must really be going, for my brother and I are invited to a dance at West Chesley Hall tonight, and he said if I was too long he'd drive off without me....This is the way to the front door? Thank you....Good-by. [The door bangs behind her.] Good gracious! Where is my carriage?—Perhaps James has driven down the street a little way.....

Dear me! he can't have gone any farther than this unless he went clear to the station. Perhaps he did! John threatened to if I was too long, and I was, awfully.....

If John Robertson thinks he can keep me away from that dance tonight, he is just mistaken, so there! I shall go by myself.....

Pardon me, but can you tell me the way to the South Terminal Station?...I don't understand you....I said the *South Terminal Station*....I will not detain you longer, sir!...The *brute!* [stamping one little fur overshoe]. Why, there is the station right there!.....

I wonder if these people ahead will ever get through? Why are n't people better bred than to keep a whole line of people waiting while they talk to the ticket-agent?...Will you please give me a ticket to West Chesley? I have n't any money, but I can leave this ring with you as security. It does n't belong to me — er — that is, I found it — er — not exactly *found* it but ——....What! *Move along!* You won't give me a ticket? But I 've got to get to West Chesley tonight! I'm going to a dance there! Oh, *please* give me a ticket!... I am Miss Violet Robertson, Senator Robertson's daughter; you shall pay dearly for this insolence, sir!...The police! What do you mean?...Oh, heavens!...Yes, yes, I am moving along — just as fast — as I can move — and not crush this new sunburst skirt.....

Wherever shall I go?...

I don't see our carriage among these....Whatever shall I do if — heavens! here comes a policeman!...Oh, how can I escape him?... He's following me into the waiting-room!...He's going to speak to me!.....

No, I 'm not Miss Violet Robertson; certainly not. You 've made some mistake. I'd like to know who knows who I am if I don't!.....

There, I'm safe for a while at least. How frightened I was, but how cleverly I deceived him! Suppose he had insisted on arresting me on suspicion that I was Miss Violet Robertson, however would I have been able to get myself identified as somebody else?...Goodness! Everybody in the waiting-room is staring at me. I guess I'll sit down in this empty booth and rest a moment....

Oh! dear! here comes a man. He'll probably insult me like all the rest — why! is it — can it be — it is *he!*...Oh, it 's nothing I assure you, th-thank you [bursting into tears], only I'm l-lost from my b-brother and everyb-body insults me, and I have n't any money and I 'm so frightened. That 's all....You — you saw me trying to b-buy a ticket, and got one for me! And y-you 're going to the West Chesley Hall dance, yourself, and would like me to let Alma Chesley introduce you to me! Why, Alma Chesley used to be my dearest friend at the convent, and she can introduce anybody to me that she wants to. Oh, here comes that dreadful policeman again to arrest me for having your ring on — for mercy's sake explain it to him!.....

Yes, I 'm Miss Violet Robertson....Yes, I know I told you I was n't, but I was — mistaken. This gentleman will explain — what?...Mr. Robertson sent you to look for me?...Well, of all thoughtlessness, for him to frighten me so for nothing! Well, tell him I 'll wait for him here in 'Suffolk,' but he 'd better hurry, or he 'll make us miss the train. Just like John!

ATHLETICS

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

SATURDAY, December 26th, a very exciting and interesting basketball game was played in the Girls' Gymnasium between the school team and a team composed of alumnæ. The graduates, with one exception, represented the orginal B. H. S. '97 team. There were very few of the High School girls present, owing no doubt to the fact that besides being in vacation the day was stormy.

The game was called at half-past ten. The girls lined up, and the ball was thrown up in the centre. A foul was soon made by one of the graduates and the ball was passed to the goal-thrower of the opposite side, who succeeded in making a free throw. The ball was then rapidly worked from one end of the gymnasium to the other and each side obtained two or three goals. The individual playing of the graduate team was fine, but their team-work, which counts the most, was not nearly so good as that of the school team. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that they had not played together, as a team, for several years. Every play of the school team counted, hardly a poor play occurring throughout the game. The centre, which consisted of two substitutes and one regular member, played an unexpectedly strong game. Miss Phinney's playing in the centre was noticeably quick and spirited. The score at the end of the first half stood 9 to 7 in favor of the graduates.

On account of the regular practice of the last two months, the school-team was in a much fresher condition for the second half than that of the alumnæ. Miss Bouvé took Miss Parker's place as centre guard. A great many fouls on the part of the graduates enabled their opponents to add several points to the school team's score. Miss Morse, who was unsupported at goal, distinguished herself by cool and accurate goal-throwing. Nevertheless, the scores remained nearly even. At the end of fifteen minutes, time was called and the score stood 15 to 15. According to the Spaulding rules, it became necessary to resume the game until one side or the other could succeed in making a winning point. At first the ball travelled back and forth across the gymnasium

until at last it reached the hands of the goal thrower of the school-team and a goal resulted. The ending of the game was a victory for the younger girls, with a score of 17 to 15.

The contest was fine, clean, and spirited, with no suggestion of rough playing, and the girls are eagerly looking forward to another game with the graduates, which will take place during the Easter holidays.

Line-up: —

Guards.	
May Lewis.	Catherine Stillings.
Helen Adams.	Mary McGrath.
Centres.	
Marjorie Bouvé.	Winifred Phinney.
Centre Guards.	
Alice Seaver.	Dellie Bartlett.
{ Carol Parker.	Francis Collins.
{ Edith Bouvé.	
Homes.	
Mollie Seeley.	Pearl Skillen.
Freda Sawyer.	Florence Morse.

Referee, Ida Bailey. Umpire, Helen Dunbar. Time, 15 min. halves.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The basketball team, with W. W. Cook for captain, played its first game with Mechanics' Arts. The result was rather disappointing to both sides, as the score was 8 to 8. The lack of team work can be excused by the fact that it was the first game for both schools. The play was rather rough.

Summary: —

BROOKLINE.	MECHANICS' ARTS.
Cook, r. f.	r. g. Powers.
Shelmn, l. f.	l. g. Bartlett.
Robinson, (Pratt), c.	c. Jordan.
Floyd, l. g.	f. f. Petters.
Allen, r. g.	r. f. W. Jordan.

Score—B. H. S., 8; M. A. H. S., 8. Referee—Kerrigan. Time—two 20m. periods.

On December 17th, the team played Tufts Freshmen in the gym, and were defeated by a score of 13 to 10. The game was very exciting and very few fouls were called.

Summary:—

TUFTS, '07.	BROOKLINE.
Flint, l. f.	l. g. Floyd.
Colbert, r. f.	r. g. Allen.
Wilson, (Capt.), c.	c. Shelmn.
Ober, r. g.	r. f. Cook (Capt.)
Dunn, l. g.	l. f. Davison.

Score—Tufts, '07, 13; B. H. S., 10. Goals from floor—Wilson 4, Colbert 2, Cook 3, Davison 2. Goals from fouls,—Wilson 1. Referee—Pratt. Time—two 15 min. periods.

In the evening of the same day on which the team played Tufts, '07, they met Medford High in the latter's gym, and were defeated by a score of 18 to 12. They were handicapped by playing in a new gym, and also by the hard game in the afternoon. The playing of our team was rather poor in the first half, but they showed much better form and speed in the second half and had nearly caught up with their opponents when time was called.

Summary:—

MEDFORD.	BROOKLINE.
Whitcher, r. g.	r. f. Cook.
Mather, l. g.	l. f. Tenney.
Tryon, c.	c. Shelmn.
Whittemore (Capt.), l. f.	l. g. Floyd.
Perkins, r. f.	r. g. Allen.

Score—M. H. S., 18; B. H. S., 12. Goals from floor—Whittemore 1, Tryon 3, Perkins 2, Mather 1, Whitcher 1, Cook 4, Allen 1, Floyd 1. Goals from fouls—Tryon 2. Referee—Persar. Time—two 20 min. periods.

The most exciting game played thus far was with Brown and Nichols in our gym, December 18th. Brookline played the strongest team she has had in any game this season and lost only by a score of 7 to 5. The game was very close and of doubtful result till the last moment. Macdonald excelled for Brown, and Nichols and Cook and Lincoln for Brookline.

Summary:—

BROWN & NICHOLS.	BROOKLINE.
Marsh, l. g.	l. f. Lincoln.
Pratt, r. g.	r. f. Kerrigan.
Smith, c.	c. Cook.
Woodman, l. f.	l. g. Floyd.
Macdonald, r. f.	r. g. Allen.

Score—B. & N., 7; B. H. S., 5. Goals from floor—Macdonald 3, Cook 1. Goals from fouls—Lincoln 3. Referee—Pratt. Time 15 and 20 min. periods.

NEWS NOTES

For some time past certain members of the school have desired to have a school pin which should do away with the annual selection of class-pins and should be an emblem by which the Brookline High School might be universally recognized. Horace Taylor, '05, expressed this desire in an editorial published in The Sagamore of February, 1903, but no decisive action was taken until this fall, when the Class of 1904 started the matter up again. The Class of '07 postponed selection of a class pin; class meetings were held, and a committee of five with Junior Weeks, '04, as chairman, was chosen. The committee gathered many different styles and samples of designs, of which the three best of the three possible styles, seal, monogram, and color, were exhibited to the school. By almost unanimous vote of each class the seal style was chosen as being unique, and most able to be made distinctive of Brookline. By request of the committee and Miss Weir, several members of the school and outside artists drew suggestions for a seal, and these were submitted to the manufacturers for improvements. As a result, two very appropriate and artistic designs were received. These were slightly corrected and the better, drawn by Mr. Biedes of New York, was chosen for the seal. As there was not sufficient time for a cut of our future school pin to be made for this month's Sagamore, one will appear in the number for February. The usual price for a pin of this kind is $2.50, but special prices have been furnished us upon condition that we get an order for from 175 to 200 pins at once. There may be two grades of pins ordered: 10 karat pins costing $1.65 and 14 karat costing $1.90. For 15 cents additional, safety-clasps will be placed on the pins. Judging by the support of the school so far in this matter, we should have no difficulty in securing an order for 200 of these pins, each one of which will not only be, with its beautiful seal and dull, rich finish, a unique bit of jewelry, but will also be an emblem distinctive of the Brookline High School.

Arthur O. Christensen of Beaufort, S. C., Harvard, '06, broke the Harvard strength test record, bettering the old figures made by Fred Foster, the 'varsity crew man, last year, by 54,025.8 foot

pounds. The test was made under Dr. Sargent's new method, which calls for endurance and speed as well as mere strength. Christensen made the remarkable total of 384,025.8 foot pounds, as against 330,000 by Foster. Christensen is not a big, muscular athlete, but a medium-sized man of 160 pounds weight. He increased his totals greatly by wonderful endurance and strength in two of the tests. The exercise where he had to bend and touch the floor with his finger tips, keeping his knees rigid, was repeated 650 times, while he was able to squat till his thighs touched his heels while his arms were outstretched in front of him 435 times. Both tests he did very rapidly. Dr. Sargent considers Christensen's record one that is not likely to be equaled for some time. Christensen has not taken a prominent part in athletics, although he has done some track work and played on the freshman lacrosse team last spring.

An article on the Boston subway, by Harvey Averill, formerly B. H. S., '04, appeared in the Goddard Seminary paper for December.

Last Friday morning the girls of the Senior Class were given a very interesting talk, the first of a series intended to open our eyes to what is going on in the world outside ours. The talk this time was about the kindergarten and its aim, and was very interestingly given by Miss Wheelock of Boston. During the same period of the morning, Mr. Sanford spoke informally to the boys of the Senior Class about the future which Commencement will open to them.

During the snowy season, sleighing parties have been enjoyed by several sets of boys and girls in the different classes. Last Monday evening twenty members of the Senior Class, with Miss Marshall as chaperone, had a sleighing party.

Bits about the outside world:—

Some queer patents have been issued lately. An automatic gallows; an overcoat machine, that puts the garment on for you; a device for raising the hat by simply bowing, and an automatic hidden latch-key for the early city milkman.

For an average New York skyscraper there are 1,125 offices, and, in business hours, 6,000 people. The surface and elevated lines handle 1,350,000,000 per annum. In Manhattan each mile of track earns $65,938 gross receipts.

It costs J. Pierpoint Morgan $5,000 a day to live, according to his own statement.

Professor Giddings, the economist, says, "In fifty or seventy-five years at the present rate of settlement we shall probably have one continuous city along the Atlantic coast from Lynn, Mass., to Mt. Vernon, Va.

President Jefferson paid but 3½ cents per acre for the land that St. Louis, Denver, New Orleans and Minneapolis are built upon.

If Italians continue to settle in New York as they have settled during the last decade, the Italian population of New York will soon exceed that of Rome.

For the United States the average daily school attendance is 69 per cent of the total number enrolled. Some hope for us!

It is not generally known that the task of damming the Nile, at which so many Englishmen failed, was solved by an American from the M. I. T.

In several Vermont schools it has been customary to play teachers on the football teams. What a graft!

LOCALS

Poor work in gym is becoming a capital offence. A fellow tripped in going over the buck and there was a Price on his head.

Won't the School Committee take pity upon the senior boys and put a mirror in their dressing room? It would save many of them (particularly those who sit in the back of 10) the long journey through the girls' dressing room.

The Senior Class is blessed with the presence of the most popular god — Love. (This may be taken in two ways.)

Mr. Packard says that sometime we may be able to eat trees. Won't that be nice when one is hungry at recess and has no money! — just go out and select your favorite variety.

Miss K-ll-g's hat and furs have been on a "bust."

All pins found in the building will please be given to Miss C-mst-n, Room 10. Repairing done at all hours.

III. A. Math. needs to be looked into when one continually hears about "suspended arcs," "a radii," "*eccentric circles*," and "tagnents."

I. Sight German, "She combed her hair with water." We thought only gentlemen used this sort of combing implement. Are we mistaken?

From various sources:—

Yale student, reading Virgil — " 'Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and' — that's as far as I got, professor."

Professor Th-tch-r—"Well, Mr. Ev-rts, I think that was quite far enough."

Teacher — "Well, the idea! You can't multiply 85 by 25! I'll wager that Bunk can do it in less time."

Abused Student — "They say that fools do multiply very rapidly these days."

If Atlas supported the world, what supported Atlas?

Probably he married an American heiress.

Problem—To prove that a homely girl is prettier than a pretty girl.

Proof — Nothing is prettier than a pretty girl. But a homely girl is prettier than nothing. Therefore, a homely girl is prettier than a pretty girl.— Ex.

Amo te
Et amas me
Et amamus utrosque eodem
Et cupio dicere
Hoc ipso die
Cupio mutare tuum nomen.
Nam amo te
Et amo vero te
Et amas me quoque
Duo vivunt unus
Unus vivunt duo
Sub bamboa arbore.—Ex.

A parson, reading the funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and whispered to one of the mourners, "Is this a brother or a sister?"

"Neither," replied Pat, "only a cousin."

A doctor, attending a wit who was very ill, apologized for being late one day, by saying he had to stop to see a man that had fallen down a well.

"Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned the incorrigible wit.

When can two persons have the same zenith at the same time? When one stands on the other's head.

"Did you ever hear a lecture on cause and effect?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes, sir."

(Grimly)—"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yis, if it's spoke in Irish."

A boor is a man who talks so much about himself that you can't talk about yourself.

"Topsy—"Please, Miss Lane, gimme some 'lasses?"

Missionary—"You must say *mo*lasses, Topsy."

Topsy—"Why, Miss Lane, I ain't had *any* 'lasses yet! I ain't asking for *moh* 'lasses!"

"Now, Dottie, what country is antipodal to us?"

No answer.

"Well, Dottie, if I were to bore a hole through the earth and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

Dottie, promptly—"Out of *the hole!*"

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to the library, sir," she said,
"But where's your permission, my pretty maid?"
"I forgot all about it, good sir," she said.—Ex.

"Did you ever notice anything funny about his conversation?'

"Funny! I should say not. There's absolutely no point to it."

"That's the funny part of it. Having no point to it, how is it that it bores so quickly?"—Ex.

Dr. R-b-rts described with suspicious enthusiasm how small boys work a mirror in school. We trust that we are mistaken in our impression that he spoke from experience.

A Harvard professor, dining at the Parker House, ordered a bottle of hock, saying whimsically as he did so, "Here, waiter, bring me a bottle of hock—*hic, haec, hoc.*" The waiter, who had been to college, smiled, but never stirred.

"What are you standing there for?" exclaimed the professor. "Did n't I order some hock?"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "You ordered it, but you afterwards *declined* it."

Prof.—"Define 'connoisseur'."

Pupil—"I don't know what it is."

Prof.—"What would you call a man that pretends to know everything?"

Pupil—"A professor."

II. Latin: *Cursu* is popularly translated "curse,'" and the Latin for "wreathes branches about his brow," is believed to be equivalent to "strikes the ram upon his brow."

I. Latin, however, can claim the laurel on merit of having rendered *infleta turba*, "inflated trumpet."

Information wanted by I. Latin: *What* is a "fugitive mouth?"

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 10 FEBRUARY, 1904 NUMBER 4

THE QUEEN'S STAIRCASE

Over the shining path
The shadows fall;
Drowsy, the roses nestle
To the wall;
Philomel, plaintive, far
Calleth her mate;
And, on the Queen's Staircase,
My Love doth wait.

WARRINGTON drew in his breath sharply, and read the lines again. Then he turned the page with a queer little smile, and began on the article that followed. The magazine was his favorite, and he always read every page loyally. He and she had read it often on the Queen's Staircase; and as she bent over the page the warm sunlight had lost itself in the bright tangle of her hair, and the breeze had deserted the Nassau roses on the gray old wall to frolic with the shy curls at the nape of her pretty neck, and on the page her pure profile had been shadowed maddeningly close to his, when she now and then looked up into his face in absorbed delight over the progress of the adventures of "Amabel and Amoris."

Warrington caught himself up abruptly, and forced his mind to the page before him, but the words blurred strangely.

"It must be the brilliant sunlight," he thought; and then laughed aloud as he glanced out through the dingy window-pane upon the damp, smoky thoroughfare, the sweating omnibus-tops, the gray, dripping jostlers below. It was not much like leaning over a stone balustrade with her beside one, and watching the sun-drops filter through the leafy clouds of green overhead to the green depths of fern below.

"Pooh! You old fool!" muttered Warrington, "You absurd idiot! You—you drivelling quintessence of spring-struck mush! Why

don't you send a valentine to your young brother's stenographer? They're all alike. Blue eyes, mussy hair, lips that witch you out of your senses. Why don't you," he continued savagely, "go to Nassau and dribble tears on the Queen's Staircase, you great ape?"

His last words trailed off into nothingness. He had suddenly remembered someone who had cried there, standing at the foot of the great stone staircase. That was in the evening of the day when he had received the prim little note from her which said, "We leave for home tomorrow. I think that our friendship would better end with this parting. As my father tells me, I am only an American girl, a daughter of the people, not beautiful, nor even very rich, and you — are Lord Northcote. I have sometimes forgotten that."

He had carried this note with him that evening when the shadows had fallen over the shining path that leads to the Queen's Staircase, and had tried to imagine how it would be to come at midday and watch the golden sun-drops trickle into the fern, alone.

He had drawn his hand across his forehead, desperately. "God," he had said, and then he had heard a little low sob from behind him, and the next instant had been holding close in his arms the girl who was not beautiful, nor even very rich.

"Warrington," she had cried in faltering haste, "I came — to tell you — that — my father cannot convince me that you and I would sometime make each other very unhappy. I suppose I ought to believe that by and by you would regret having taken me to wife, instead of someone grand and noble and clever; but oh! Warrington, I cannot wrong you by believing that. I think it is that 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' for I have tried to be sensible, but I can't, *can't* make myself think that our love fulfilled could bring either of us misery."

She had paused, then, with simple dignity, had freed herself and stepped back from him. Warrington had waited mechanically. The drowsy wind droned through the tops of the palm-trees. Otherwise the dusk was very still. Then she had looked up, straight into his eyes, and her own were calm and fearless, as, with a simple gesture she said quietly, "My lord, I do your will."

Warrington had started, and taken a hasty step forward; then stopped dead. His eyes met hers steadily. "*That* is not my will," he answered, "it is my will to win you openly."

He had followed her to New York a week later, but to no purpose. It was when he had heard rumored, after a month, her engagement to an honest, level-headed young lawyer that he had come home and filled his lungs with London fog to choke out the lingering fragrance of Nassau fern.

A year of fog-breathing could not keep him now from turning hastily to the Evening Gazette, and scanning eagerly the foreign sailing list:—

The Veronica, New York . . .	Feb. 15.
Belle Adair, Genoa	Feb. 15.
Royal Victoria, The Bahamas . .	Feb. 15.

Today was the fourteenth of February. Warrington suddenly recollected the fact as a good omen. A fluffy, brown sparrow paused on the sill outside his window and cocked its eye knowingly at him.

"You're right, sir!" called Warrington blithely, "I'm going to meet my love on the Queen's Staircase!"

. . . . . .

It was early morning. Lord Northcote stood on the deck of the Royal Victoria, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his long dust-cloak, his eyes scanning the horizon eagerly. In the silent distance, dark and mysterious even in the clear after-light of dawn, the Isle of June was rising from the waters. As the dark masses lightened to vivid emerald, and ragged cliffs and coral rock and gleaming white stretches of sand grew distinct in the nearer prospect, Warrington's eye sparkled with boyish anticipation.

Now he could see the darkies loitering on the wharf ahead, and a shrill cry from below startled him, "Penny, Boss! Penny!"

With a ringing laugh, he dropped a whole handful of silver change into the turquoise depths, and leaned over the rail, watching a score of slim, gleaming brown bodies darting down through the translucent water in eager quest of the largesse.

He was the first aboard the lighter, and when he had leaped to the wharf, he despatched his suit-case to the Colonial, while he himself struck off on foot along the hard white road.

The clear sunshine danced in his blood, and once he carolled,

"My Love doth wait!"

and then subsided into discreet silence. As he neared the Queen's Staircase a sudden chill struck through him as he realized the

absurdity of his position. A blind rage of chagrin paralyzed his will. He seemed unable voluntarily either to stop or yet to take another step. "Fool," he muttered bitterly. Yet he slowly approached the Queen's Staircase. At the bottom he paused. Then, with a self-pitying smile, he looked up.

She was there.

All the blood in his veins leaped to his heart. She glanced up from her book, and smiled without betraying any particular surprise, he noticed. Then she picked up a fluffy pink parasol, descended the stairs gracefully enough, to meet him, and held out a cordial hand.

"Why, how *do* you do," she said, calmly.

Warrington, unfortunately, did not know that a woman is calmest when she is frightened to within an ace of picking up her skirts and running away.

Consequently, he took her hand awkwardly. The meeting had been anticipated for so long, and then had been so suddenly despaired of, and now was fulfilled so differently from his hazy but romantic expectations, that he could not think of a single sentence to say.

"I came — I came"— he stammered helplessly, and then ground his teeth.

She laughed, suddenly, nervously. "So I see," she remarked. "So did I. The people got an idea that I was likely to be an ephemeral adjunct to society, and, with a view to making me permanent, so to speak, said 'Florida!' I had a private consultation with dear old Nuncie Doctor, and he said, 'Nassau,' emphatically. He frightened the dear people most to distraction by harping on the Lady that died of a Languishment, and ended by telling them that till further notice I was to have anything on this earth that I wanted." She gazed innocently into the golden distance.

Warrington gripped his hands in his pockets. Then he remarked tentatively, à propos of perhaps he knew what, "I haven't yet had a chance to congratulate you on your engagement."

"You never will," replied the girl, serenely, "That rumor was founded on a young man's buying me a newspaper in the street car."

The sunshine suddenly flooded the Queen's Staircase.

ANDREW GUNN AND HIS GUNNERY

SOME years ago, down in Connecticut, there was a unique school for boys. It was founded by a man named Andrew Gunn, and was called by him "the Gunnery."

Andrew Gunn was a graduate of Yale University. The Gunnery in which the youthful minds were taught to shoot seldom admitted boys of over fifteen years of age.

Mr. Gunn's ideas of education were peculiar. He believed that all languages should be learned in the natural manner; that is, by first getting accustomed to reading and speaking them, and by afterwards learning their syntax. So it was that his boys found themselves reading a certain amount of Virgil every day, without the remotest knowedge of ablative absolutes or optative subjunctives. As may be imagined, Mr. Gunn never acquired much fame as an educator, his system being a great deal like that of the Greeks, and likely to obtain excellent results from very great minds, but no results at all from the ordinary material.

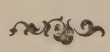
Mr. Gunn was very particular about the physical development of his boys. A certain amount of daily athletics was compulsory. Baseball and other out-door sports were also forced upon the pupils, and the master himself took active part in all the games. Scrawny, peevish lads were transformed by some years of Mr. Gunn's wholesome treatment into paragons of health and strength and good-temper.

In the matter of discipline, the founder of the Gunnery was well-nigh ideal. According to his ideas every offense against the laws of nature, school, or justice, should have some certain punishment as a natural sequence. If a youth was too boisterous on any occasion, the penalty was for him to toot a horn regularly every five minutes for several hours, or, sometimes, to go past the lonely graveyard after dusk and blow his horn once at each corner of the village church, — a punishment which contained great terrors for the younger lads. If a boy was greedy in the morning over a "find" of apples or nuts, he was deprived of his pie at dinner. A pupil discovered smoking or drinking was promptly given an emetic. And on one memorable day, Mr. Gunn found one of his boys ducking a hapless kitten in a pond of water. Mr. Gunn seized the culprit by the collar and

ducked him again and again until he was in as pitiable a condition as the kitten, — "to show him how it felt."

Perhaps, as an instructor of Latin and Greek, Mr. Gunn was not a success, but, certainly, as an educator of the moral nature, as a strengthener of mind and soul and body, he is unparalleled in the lists of American school-masters.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Gunn ever received the pecuniary recompense for his efforts which he should have had, but old settlers say that in the history of Connecticut no man before or since has been so universally beloved, and we are sure that this fresh, boyish love was just the reward that Mr. Gunn felt happiest in receiving. M. S.



A RECENT TRAGEDY

There was a youth in our school,
  Who thought he was a wonder;
All day he 'd fool his time away,
  And ne'er recite a blunder.

When the teacher left the room,
  He threw erasers, pens and chalk,
Just so to let the pupils know
  It was his joy their heads to knock.

To him his studies were his pride,
  Nor failed he ever on a bluff;
If teachers tried to give advice,
  He 'd scornful laugh and call it "stuff."

And in the gym he thought his feats
  The only big attraction;
Until the teacher picked him out, —
  He then was but a fraction.

One day he to the master said
  Some things against the rule;
'Twas a sad and saucy ending to
  His career in that school.

A HERO

"FIRE!"

The clerk wearily laid down his pen and walked to the stairhead. They were always having fires in that paint-shop below, and disturbing him. The usual oily smoke floated up the stairs and the usual shouts accompanied it. The manager and agent of the firm came from his private office, followed by the hysterical typewriter, and waited with the clerk for the expected hissing and cloud of steam that would announce the extinguishment of the fire. The tpyewriter, new in the office, and unused to these frequent scares, became hysterical to a greater degree, and the two men cast uneasy glances at each other as the expected did not happen.

"Queer! They never last as long as this," muttered the clerk, the thought of a severe blaze never entering his mind. The manager suddenly released the arm of the typewriter, whom he had been holding back, and the girl stumbled eagerly down the stairs toward escape. The manager and the clerk prepared to follow, their faces showing a growing alarm. Half-way down the flight they were confronted by the typewriter, choking and terror-stricken.

"Oh! I can't get down! I can't get down!" she sobbed, "The landing's full of smoke and everybody's gone down and we 'll be burned alive! Oh!"

A puff of thick, black smoke eddied up behind her. The clerk's pale face went a shade paler as he said, "Nonsense! Wait a minute," and he plunged down the steps. At the bottom a cloud of smoke met him, and, choking and stifling, he was thrown back as if from a wall. He crawled back up the stairs, blinking and coughing, his face trickling with perspiration.

"It's true," he said, shortly.

The manager, hitherto in an uncomprehending lethargy, suddenly realized the situation, and, with an oath, stumbled over to the window and looked down. The tpyewriter crouched in a corner and moaned. The clerk, however, rose to the occasion. He scrambled to his feet and ran into the private office. The huge safe stood open, its door, lettered "Landers & Co., New York Office," was swung back, and the clerk stuffed as many of the papers as possible into his pockets and the rest into the seat of his trousers. The clerk was a resourceful man.

Next he threw up the window and peered out. Back of the building was an alley, some twelve feet across, the building on the other side of it being at least fifteen feet below the level of his window, which was *at the side*, near the corner, and six stories from the ground, in the highest floor of an old-fashioned office building. The structure did not adjoin other buildings on either side. The clerk saw that the back alley was the only possible way of escape, unless the department could reach them in time, for the first hose-company had just arrived in front, and in the other room the floor was burning slightly. The situation called for prompt and decisive action. In ten minutes, very likely, the floor would collapse into the seething furnace below.

He ran back into the main office, the floor of which was smoking hot. The manager still stood at the window, and, his face pale and flabby from fear, bellowed for help that it seemed could never come. The vision the clerk caught over his shoulders was a remarkable one. In the street below a dense crowd had collected, and the faces, pale and anxious, were upturned to him. Every moment pieces of apparatus covered with calm, black-clad men and pulled by huge sweating horses, dashed through, then — the cloud of smoke-shot flame blotted them out.

He gripped the frantic manager by his shoulders, "Come on!" he shouted, "To the back. Is there any rope?" The manager fought fiercely, but the clerk pulled him away, and again shouted, "Got any rope?"

The other shook his head.

"Tear up your clothes into strips, then, and hurry!" and he darted over to the corner where the tpyewriter crouched, moaning frightfully. "Come," he cried, "You' re going to get out all right." But the girl only looked up at him with wide, unseeing eyes, and made no movement. The clerk, being a resourceful man, did not hesitate a moment, but lifted her in his arms and staggered into the other room. This aroused the girl somewhat, and she put her arms around his neck and begged to be saved. The clerk made a grimace, modest man that he was, and gave a gasp of relief as he deposited his burden by the back window.

The manager was kneeling, tearing his clothes into strips with the agility that fear lends. His coat was soon used and the clerk knotted the pieces firmly together.

"Why don't they hurry with those ladders?" he muttered as he worked. "This is a slim chance, but it 's the only one left," he added.

"I guess that 'll do," he said, hurriedly, when the manager's waistcoat, shirt, socks, and scarf had been added to the rope. He got up and glanced quickly round the room, now dim with smoke. Then he ran to the heavy, flat-topped desk and pushed it to the window. While he tied the rope to a slide he explained his plan to the other man.

"We've got to sit in this loop," and he made one as he spoke "and swing back and forth along the side of this building, the one above cutting the rope at just the right time, so that the one in the loop will shoot across to the roof back there. It 's risky, but it' s possible, and we may save our lives by it yet. We 'll have to have a new rope each time, so take these and make another, while I send the girl over," and he tossed over his outer garments.

The manager gasped, but his protests fell unheeded, as the clerk busied himself tightening the loop under the girl's shoulders. She had fainted. When he had finished, he lifted her gently over the sill, and, with desperate calmness, lowered her. Then he began to swing her along the side of the building. The crowd perceived them from the street and watched breathlessly. A group of firemen came running across the yard in the rear, but above them the living pendulum swung higher and higher. Finally the watchers saw the man at the window take in his hands something that shone brightly. A moment only he paused, then the limp body of the girl swung free through the air, across the space, and fell well back on the roof on the far side of the back alley.

A cheer of relief burst from the crowd. Men shook hands with tears in their eyes. Now the firemen were coming up through a hatch. Two of them carried down the girl, who had sustained no serious injury.

"She was less apt to hurt herself like that than a fully conscious person," commented the lieutenant. "Hi! men," he shouted, "bring up some mattresses, quick!"

The manager was being lowered. His body grazed along the wall as it swung.

"If he get's over, he's lucky," muttered a fireman. "Look out, here he comes!"

The man fell scarcely within safety, and the spectators gasped, but he was drawn back from the edge by strong arms.

The clerk's head appeared at the window, black smoke poured through above it. The lieutenant formed his hands into a trumpet and shouted, "Can you catch a rope?"

"Yes. For God's sake, hurry!"

The flames had been creeping up behind him and the heat was terrific. He could hear the engines roaring, the crowd shouting, and the fire raging about him. The whole top of the building was burning and on the verge of collapse. The rope shot across and the clerk caught it and made it fast. Then for an instant he stood in doubt. He was unable to cross hand over hand; of course dropping would dash him against the wall of the other buildings. There seemed to be no other alternative. But the resourcefulness of the man asserted itself once more. He undid his thick leather belt to the last hole, stringing himself on the rope. The spectators might have laughed at the sight, had not the frightfulness of the situation been so great. Out from the window he came, supported round the waist by the belt, pulling himself alone by his hands. Slowly and surely he moved. The building back of him actually tottered before he was in safety on the edge of the other. As he reached it, a great shout went up from the crowd, and he turned just in time to see the structure which he had quitted quiver for a moment, then, with a roar and a mountainous burst of flame, fall into itself. The lieutenant bent over him.

"Carry him down, boys," he said, "he's fainted. *Remember you're carrying a hero!*"

R. E. A., '06.

Conundrums for I. Class mechanics:—

"What is the most noble of all machines in the machine shop?"

"The upright drill."

"Which is most easily offended?"

"The sensitive drill."

Many pupils remained at home Friday, Jan. 22 (on account of severe colds).

ON THE FRONTIER

PRIVATE Crosby was led away to the guard-house convicted of the most humiliating charge of martial law, the imputation of cowardice. His was a shameful trial, or, rather, court-martial.

The case was simply this. Crosby and another trooper had been out on scouting duty with Captain Meahan, a man who was known to have quarrelled several times with Crosby. In camp one evening, they were attacked by a wandering band of hostile Indians. The other trooper was instantly killed and Meahan badly wounded. The latter escaped only by "playing 'possum," as the braves did not stop to plunder or scalp the bodies. Meanwhile, Crosby had jumped on his horse and made his escape after a hard chase. Now, Meahan maintained that Crosby took to his heels before he, the Captain, was hit; and before he could have possibly supposed that both his companions were dead. Upon this evidence of Meahan's was based the charge of cowardice, and in some way or other the trooper, denying his guilt, was convicted and sentenced to public degradation and drumming from camp.

The fort was in an uproar. The majority of the men sided with the prisoner, and Meahan met with many black looks. The officers, however, never seemed to doubt their brother-officer's story, and used the prisoner as an illustration of a coward. Judgment had been passed on Saturday and the sentence was to be carried out on Wednesday, but on Tuesday the prisoner was taken ill and removed to the hospital, punishment being indefinitely postponed.

Meahan was the only other occupant of the little "sick-room" in the corner of the drill yard, when Crosby entered it. The Captain's wound had caused a fever which kept him in bed after his testimony at the court-martial. But even under these conditions the breach between the two men was not bridged, and each maintained a stony silence throughout the day. Once the good-hearted surgeon tried to bring the two men together, but failed, and after that hopelessly resisted.

Friday morning, at breakfast-time, the sick men were startled by two rapid rifle shots. Meahan, whose cot was nearest the window, raised himself and looked out. The sentry on the northwest wall was gesticulating wildly and shouting, "Indians! Indians!" A second later the "alarm" rang out as the bugler got busy, and the one hundred and fifty men swarmed to their places along the walls.

In thirty seconds the firing broke out, hurried and uneven, and the watcher knew the garrison had been fairly taken by surprise and was hard pressed. Suddenly the desultory shots quickened into a perfect storm of rifle fire maintained for some seconds. Meahan saw the men on the walls turn and shoot along in front of the gate, and by their mad haste knew the entrance was threatened.

Then, high above the sound of shooting, the note of the bugle rose clear and sharp.

"By the Lord!" cried Meahan, hoarsely, "they 've forced the gate!"

At the summons of the bugle, the men abandoned the ramparts and formed a hollow square in front of the barracks. The Indians had indeed broken down the gate, and two hundred of them rushed into the yard. It began to look desperate for the soldiers, but their firm resistance and steady firing checked the onrush for a moment, and the redskins spread around the buildings, looting and burning, rather than risk their lives in crushing the troopers. For some time, the little house across the drill-yard escaped notice, but finally a party of bucks charged over towards it. The square of blue-shirted cavalrymen saw the move, and every man aimed and fired carefully and quickly. Of the thirty that started, but ten reached the doorway of the hospital, and there they met another check.

Meahan had tilted his cot upon one side and kneeled behind it, revolver in hand. Crosby was too weak to rise from bed and crouched behind his pillow, his head low on the mattress, his arm stretched in front of him holding a revolver. Their fire-arms had been in the cupboard with the rest of their things, but of cartridges they had none, except what the weapons contained. Both realized their death-hour was at hand, and before the braves noticed them Meahan had staggered to the cot and silently offered his hand to Crosby. The trooper paused just for a moment, and then gripped it hard.

The first young buck bounced over the sill and fell in a writhing heap on the floor, as Meahan's pistol spoke. His follower saw his fate, but could not check himself, and raising his rifle, he dashed into the room, only to drop shrieking, his thigh shattered by one of Crosby's bullets. The trooper used the second of his precious cartridges to put him out of his agony. Coolly the two men aimed

and fired, and at each report the ghastly, writhing heap in the doorway grew higher, and the dark blood crept a little farther along the floor. The last three red devils leaped to the doorway at the same instant. The troopers had two bullets apiece left. They both fired at the same time, and two of the redskins fell before the deadly greeting, but the third leaped upon Crosby and fired point-blank in his face just as another shot rang out.

When the smoke cleared, Meahan saw that his companion had received only a scalp-wound from the Indians, while the savage lay on his back by the cot, in silent death-agony.

Crosby looked across at Meahan through the smoke.

"Well," he said, "there's ten of them to balance us. I guess that 'll do."

The officer nodded and winced, a fresh wound in his shoulder was paining him. "Think they 'll torture us?"

Crosby started. He had not thought of that.

"Meahan," he said, "I've got one shot left. When they come — may I put you out of the way of torture?"

The officer's face twitched with emotion. "God forgive me for calling you a coward, Crosby. . . . No, use the shot for yourself, this," he touched his bloody shirt, "will settle me soon." Crosby shook his head.

For several minutes the two men lay in silence with their dying thoughts. All the horrible stories Crosby had ever heard of the tortures of the Indians swam through his brain, and for a moment he was sorely tempted to put that cold barrel to his head and end the suspense, but the word, "Coward, coward, coward," kept burning before his eyes, and he could not do the act which would make him feel within himself that the reproach was true. Meahan was praying. Outside, the garrison was making a desperate fight of it. Under cover of the men, a hole had been made under the stockade and two messengers despatched to the nearest settlement. The dead numbered nearly fifty and were rapidly increasing, for the Indians had seized the houses and from their cover kept picking off men at their leisure. Some of the braves had fired the out-buildings, which were burning fiercely, but for the time the little house in the corner was unmolested.

Presently, however, another party approached it. Crosby saw them coming, wiped his bloody face, and picked up his revolver:

"Meahan," he said, "good-bye!" The officer raised his head and looked down the trooper's revolver. "Crosby," he said, "God alone can requite you for this. All ready. Good-bye!" and with the report of the revolver, Meahan fell back, saved.

Crosby dragged himself to his feet, and winding his arm about the window-bar, stood erect and waited, smiling.

. . . . . .

Ten years later, I was talking with an old Sioux chief in front of the reservation building. I spoke of the Fort Black fight.

"Yep, him big fight, ver' big fight. Much blood, much prisoners. One I remember at the torture. He sick when we take him, but he never make one sound when he burn. Never one groan he make. Him heap brave man, heap sand!"

So died Crosby, coward and hero! R. E. A., '06.

The following is quoted from R. L. Stevenson: "Let him try as he please, the student is still sure of failure; and it is a very old and very true saying that failure is the only high road to success." There are the brightest hopes for some of us, then.

B—"I hear Miss A — cannot do much with the violin."
K—"No? There's one thing she can do, though."
B—"What is it?"
K—"Keep her *bow* on the string."

M— Ph—ls in III. D French told the class that "he felt himself descend in cold water down his neck."

The III. A German Class is truly grateful to Miss Adams for enlightenment concerning the illumination of the Lower Regions.

Why is room 13 like the key of G. Guess again. It has one sharp.

How happy we felt to have each teacher inform us of the preparation due his particular mid-year exam!

This astounding statement was made in I. English B the other day by Miss J — "Avernus, the entrance to Hades, is a lake in Italy. You will all go there some day probably."

STUDIES IN SOUND

THE CITY AT NIGHT

OUT of the humming babel of the city come the clear, sweet tones of Trinity chimes, answered by a thousand brazen tongues in a tumultuous medley of clanging music. As the silver notes of the bugle, when first played, fall upon the ear with a staccato ring, and, echoed and re-echoed by the other instruments as the message is repeated along the line, lose their distinct melody in the blended harmony of the whole, until the beautiful sounds die away in the distance; so each bell loses its individuality in the wonderful chorus and finally drops out altogether as the voices grow fainter and fainter, until at last the strokes cease entirely and nothing remains except the memory of the riot of tones.

From far below arises the buzz of the city's life, resembling the deep breathing of some drowsing monster, which, fallen asleep with the twilight, has changed for slumberous lethargy its swift activity, and sunk its hungry roar into the deep purr of satiety. Occasionally the long-drawn whistle of a steamship sounds across the city, or some solitary bell peals the quarter-hour. Soft breezes bearing strange, whispered messages from old ocean enter my open window, softly stirring the curtains. Again the chimes peal forth the hour, and midway on the pathway to the land of dreams, I pause to look back and listen to the sweet, faint strains. C. D. B., '06.

WHAT YOU HEAR

Down the road you hear the "toot-toot" and the "chug-chug" of a large automobile as it comes pounding along, with its horn blowing all the time to warn any unlucky pedestrian that should happen to be in its way. The steady jumping of the gasolene engine and the rattle of the chain connecting the engine and the wheels, is heard above all things about you. As the lumbering machine goes by, you can hear nothing but the thumping of the engines. Then suddenly there comes a noise louder than all put together. One of the tires on the machine has exploded. Then what do you hear? The bang of the tool box as the exasperated owner starts to repair the break, the rattle of the tools as they are thrown in disgust on the ground, and finally you hear a deep sigh from the owner as soon as the work

is completed. Can he start again on his journey now? No, the engine has not been started. Hard breathing, the steady turning of the crank that starts the machine, an occasionally encouraging "chug-chug," are heard. Finally the auto is started, and you hear it move off, but you do not hear what the owner is saying under his breath. '06.

Apropos of valentines, I recall an amorous couplet that was sent, some years ago, to a Miss Sprockett. It ran thus: —

Oh lovely Miss Sprockett,
Your eye in its socket
Is just like a rocket
When taking its start,
When slyly you cock it
At me, what a shock it
Sends through my vest pocket
Straight into my heart.

Another incident connected with St. Valentine's day occurred at Yale in the early eighties. Some Chinamen were visiting the college and one noticed a student writing a valentine. The Chinaman, much interested, insisted he, too, should be allowed to make one, and he was given paint and brushes. Presently he held up his creation. In the centre of the card was a green tree, a very green tree, and beneath it, scrawled in pencil, were the words: —

"Though old, you are still green!" R. E. A.,'06.

FROM THE MOORISH

And there came a learned Moor whose daughter, newly wed, returned to him exceeding wroth, saying: "My husband hath struck me upon the ear and I will return to him no more."

But the father said, "Show unto me the ear that your husband has struck."

The girl obeyed, wonderingly, and straightway the old man smote the other ear, saying, "Go back to your husband and live in peace. Say to him our grievance is settled, for, behold! he has struck my daughter, but I have smote his wife!"

And the daughter, amazed, departed on her way.

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EDITORIALS

IT seems necessary again to speak about the money which is being raised to complete Anthony Watson's scholarship fund. Owing to a misunderstanding concerning the number of years for which the money had been already paid, there was some delay in making the collection, and perhaps that partly accounts for the difficulty with which the fund is now being raised. This excuse, however, is no very powerful extenuation of the shabby conduct of some members of the Senior Class who are particularly anxious not to be considered deadwoods, and yet spend about fifteen minutes every day painfully elaborating excuses to the Treasurer for not bringing twenty-five cents to help save our school from the humiliation of being obliged to slink out of a responsibility of which it has acquitted itself well since it first assumed it, till now, when the class of 1904 is at the head of the school.

I do not say that the latter clause has any connection with what precedes it, but it certainly is a coincidence that a class which has always been taunted (unjustly, I believe) with being able to accomplish nothing, seems to be unable to do its share in carrying out this laudable project of the school.

The Class of 1905 we have heard praised for class spirit again and again, and we should like to see it exhibited in practical form just at the present instant. So far it has shown itself worth just two hundred cents.

'06, we remember, was most enthusiastic in cheering itself in the car coming home from football games, but its enthusiasm seems to have been so exhausted by that one splendid exhibition that it seems liable not to be fully re-vitalized for two or three years yet. However, there are four people in it still alive, as the one dollar received testifies!

The Freshman Class, which is now gaining the reputation which will probably cling to it throughout its school-life, has made an excellent impression in the beginning by a contribution of four dollars and fifty cents.

After these the Senior Class contribution of eight dollars and a quarter seems princely, but compare the sum total of fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents with the seventy dollars required!

It seems likely that Hampton will have to ask aid of Chelsea or South Boston before it can graduate our protegé.

ATHLETICS

ICE HOCKEY

The Brookline hockey team was defeated in its first game by Melrose High by a score of 3 to 1. The game was played in the Brookline rink and a large number of enthusiasts were present. The game was very exciting and also exceptionally rough; but the main cause of our defeat was the lack of team work, each man playing almost an individual game. Scanlon and Verge played a fast game for Melrose, while the playing of Shine, who made the only goal for Brookline, and Heintzemann, was creditable to the home team.

The summary:—

Melrose High.		Brookline High.
Scanlon	f.	Brett.
Corcoran	f.	Shine.
Verge	f.	Heintzemann.
Anderson	f.	Dutton.
White	c. p.	Foster.
Harris	p.	Mason.
Sherman	g.	Bray.

Referee, Timer—De Friez. Goal referees—Floyd, Folsom. Goals—Scanlon 2, Verge, Shine. Time—15 min. halves.

Brookline defeated Roxbury Latin in a very close game Jan. 6th, by a score of 3 to 0 at the Brookline rink. The game was well attended, and school spirit was quite evident. Brookline won by individual playing rather than by team work, while Roxbury Latin, although they played well together, could not get the puck through the posts.

The first goal was made by Brett on a pretty shoot at a bad angle early in the first half, and Shine by brilliant playing made two more in the last half. For Brookline, Shine and Brett played well, while Richardson and Wendell put up a good game for Roxbury.

The summary:—

Brookline High.		Roxbury Latin.
Marshall	r. e.	Richardson.
Heintzemann	l. e.	Waterman.
Shine	r. c.	Wendell.
Brett	l. c.	Rogers.
Bartlett	c. p.	Thompson.
Bray	p.	Bailey.
Brackett	g.	Habrostroh.

Referee—Dutton. Timer—Brownell. Goal Referees—W. Shine. Goals—Shine 2, Brett. Time—15 and 20 min. halves.

Brookline High defeated Hopkinson in the first league game on Friday, January 8th, at the Brookline rink. The boys in red and blue had no trouble at all in defeating their opponents, and when the whistle blew at the end of the second half they had rolled up a total of 18 points against them; nine in each half. This equals the goal record established by Melrose High School in a league game. Brookline played a good team game, although their opponents were decidedly weaker than those in the two previous games. The result was evident after the first few minutes of play, and it was only a question of how large the score would be at the end of the game. Vigor was imparted to the home team by the cheering of the spectators, and the players surely are worthy of the record made.

The summary:—

Brookline High.		Hopkinson.
Kimball	r. e.	Hammond.
Heintzemann	l. e.	Brown.
Shine	r. c.	Goodale.
Brett	l. c.	Grever.
Bartlett	c. p.	Knapp.
Bray	p.	Hatch.
Brackett	g.	Morell.

Referee—Nesbitt. Timers—De Friez, De Golyer. Goal referees—W. Shine, Gould. Goals—Shine 6, Brett 5, Kimball 2, Heintzemann 2, Bray 1, Morrell 2. (For Brookline) Time—20 min. halves.

The second league game was played with Newton, January 19th, at the Brae Burn rink, and Brookline pulled out quickly in the last few minutes of play: the score being 3 to 2. The first scoring was done by Newton when Foote drove the puck through the posts, but a few minutes before the call of time, Shine tied the score by a side shoot through the goal. Newton again took the lead early in the second half; but not for long, however, for Heintzemann soon scored a goal, and then the playing began for the last point. Brookline settled down to hard, clear hockey, and after a brilliant passing game Brett caged the disc for Brookline's winning goal, two minutes before time was called. Each player representing the red and blue played his best, and again much credit is due them for their hard-earned victory.

The summary:—

Brookline High.		Newton High.
Shine	r. e.	Woodward.
Kimball	l. e.	Pierce.
Brett	r. c.	Foote.
Heintzemann	l. c.	Church.
Bartlett	c. p.	Thomas.
Bray	p.	Blampied.
Brackett	g.	Loring.

Referee—Thomas. Timers—Floyd, Wright. Goal Referees—Dutton, Swift. Goals—Brett, Shine, Heintzemann, Foote, Pierce. Time—20 min. halves.

The Brookline hockey team defeated Boston Latin by a score of 7 to 0 at Jamaica Pond, Jan. 21st. As the game was played in a snowstorm, the ice was rather slow; but, nevertheless good playing was evident. It was well along in the first half when "Spider" Shine shot the rubber through the posts for the first score from a difficult position. Just before the close of the half he added another one, and when time was called the score stood 2 to 0 in favor of Brookline. The rink was cleared between the halves, and Brookline played a much better game and succeeded in adding five more goals to their credit.

The game was characterized by the excellent team work and strong defence of the winners. Every member of the team played a fast, clean game, while Somes and Westfall put up a good game for the Latin School.

The summary:—

Brookline High.		Boston Latin.
Kimball	l. e.	Keefe.
Dutton (Shine)	r. e.	Somes.
Heintzemann	l. c.	Westfall (Capt.)
Brett	r. c.	Miles.
Bartlett	c. p.	Moulton.
Bray	p.	Daly.
Brackett	g.	Brady.

Referee—Brackett. Timers—Cook, Jowett. Goal Referees—Leland, D. Miles. Goals—Shine 3, Heintzemann 2, Kimball 2. Time—20 min. halves.

THE CUP IS OURS

Brookline High School won the championship of the Preparatory Ice Hockey League by defeating Cambridge Latin, January 29th, by the score of 2 to 1 at Jamaica Pond. It was by far the most exciting game of the year, and those who did turn out to watch it were well repaid

for their long wait in the cold, except those perhaps from Cambridge. The teams were about evenly matched; but the fact that the Brookline players were always there when they were needed brought them out on the long end of the score.

The first tally was made by Brookline, when Heintzemann pushed the puck through the posts. Soon after this, Shine was hit in the mouth by a hockey, which loosened several teeth and drew blood. Brookline felt downcast when they thought they would lose him; but "Spider," with his usual amount of sand and pluck, played out the game and shared largely in the victory. The half ended with the score 1 to 0; but well along in the last period Taylor set the Cambridge contingent cheering by carrying the puck the length of the rink, and shooting it by our goal tend.

A tie would not satisfy Brookline this year, and the man that rose to the occasion was Kimball, who lifted the disc through the posts for the point that won the game and the championship for Brookline, two minutes before the call of time.

For Cambridge, Taylor, Burton and Saul played a good game; while we will say this for Brookline, that every man on Captain Brett's team is to be congratulated for his excellent playing in this and in previous games, and for bringing the cup back to Brookline.

The summary:—

Brookline.		Cambridge.
Kimball	l. e.	Rogers.
Shine	r. e.	Potter.
Heintzemann	l. c.	Taylor.
Brett	r. c.	Paine.
Bartlett	c. p.	Taft.
Bray	p.	Burton.
Brackett	g.	Saul.

Referee—Goodrich. Timers—Howe, Brackett. Goal referees—Cook, Taft. Goals by Heintzemann, Kimball, Taylor. Time—20 min. halves.

BASKETBALL

The basket ball team defeated Chauncey Hall, Jan. 20th, by a score of 32 to 5. Brookline showed a marked improvement over the previous games played, especially in team work and accurate passing.

Robinson, Cook, and Shine played well for Brookline, while Creed and Bailey excelled for Chauncey Hall.

The summary:—

Brookline.	Chauncey Hall.
W. Shine, r. f.	r. g. Glasir.
Cook (Davison) l. f.	l. g. Burgess.
Robinson, c.	c. Bailey.
Floyd(McBriar), l.g.	l. f. Sprague.
Allen, r. g.	r. f. Creed.

Goals from floor—Robinson 6, Shine 3, Cook 3, Allen 2, Davison 2, Creed, Bailey. Goals from fouls—Creed. Referee—Pratt. Time—20 and 15 min. periods.

January 21st, Brookline defeated Newton by a score of 15 to 1 in the Newton drill hall. In spite of the facts that our opponents were much heavier and that a large crowd of Newton enthusiasts were present, our fellows completely outplayed those in orange and black, and throughout the whole game they had things their own way.

The summary:—

Brookline.	Newton.
McBriar, r. f.	r. g. Shofield.
Cook, l. f.	l. g. Paine.
Robinson, c.	c. Douglass.
Floyd, l. g.	l. f. Campbell.
Allen, r. g.	r. f. Stephen.

Goals froom floor—Robinson 3, Cook, McBriar, Floyd. Goals from fouls—Cook 2, Robinson, Douglas 3. Referee—Pratt. Time—two 20 min. periods.

NEWS NOTES

The Brookline High School is to be well represented at St. Louis, according to all report. A full account of our exhibit will appear in next month's Sagamore.

The photograph of the Class of 1903 has been added recently to our picture gallery in the lower corridor.

News notes are earnestly solicited.

What's the matter with the B. H. S. hockey team?

H-dn-t announces his engagement in the III. A Gym. Class. No one was surprised.

Cleopatra died of the snake-bites.—Miss Ph-nn-y, '04.

LOCALS

In I. French a pupil hesitated over the gender of "envie." Mr. Br-ks came to his assistance by saying that it was purely feminine.

Seen on board in Room 20:—

Decline throughout

a) the green apple.

b) the sick boy.

People are apt to consider "High School French" of no value, but yet the treasurer of Class I. posts his notices in that tongue, for example:—

Avez-vous donné votre vingt-cinq sous à Monsieur Y-ge pour Watsony?

I. A German — "Her heart floated out to him."

I. Latin — "Not yet did she look at the snakes behind her." No right-minded lady was ever known to glance behind in such a case.

Three is a crowd, and there were three,
He, the parlor lamp, and she;
Two is company, and, no doubt,
That is why the lamp went out. — Ex.

Billy looked at Mary;
What a pretty Miss!
He stole a little nearer,
Then, bashful, stole a-way. — Ex.

A Freshman once to Hades went
To see what he could learn;
But soon they sent him back again,
He was too green to burn.—Ex.

Very consoling about the time of the Midyear Exams: "A fool can ask a question a wise man cannot answer."

The III. Greek Class announce the marriage of their only daughter, the Rev. H-dn-t officiating. It is suggested that Mrs. C-nn-ng spend the honeymoon in Greece, as her knowledge of the language is extraordinary.

The recent Chicago disaster has given rise to much agitation on the part of the management of Room 19, with the result that EXIT ONLY is conspicuously displayed upon one of the doors.

All candidates for the girl's baseball team will kindly report to either Miss B—ke, pitcher, or Miss N—ls, catcher, of Room 19. Correspondence strictly confidential.

A certain B. H. S. mathematics instructor, to pupil who has been detailed to keep the floor free from chalk, — "Glad to see your geometry picking up, Blank."
Blank, reaching under a desk for an elusive fragment, — "My work seems to be picking up all around."

II. Latin, Midyear examination: —
"Entellus vires in ventum profudit" = Entellus punched the man in the stomach.

A French translation: —
"Celte hache est très aiguissée."
This hash is very agonizing.

It is now quite impossible to tell which is the most orderly when the teacher is late to recitation, Mr. Packard's or Mr. Sanford's class.

Ex. A teacher of English once asked a pupil to give an illustration of *ruminating*. This was the answer, "When pupils have candy *in school*, they ruminate."

SONG OF THE THEOREM.

[Air: John Harvard March)

Awake, ye weary sons of labor,
Gather the remnants of your mind,
For to think of learning all us,
Is underrating all our kind.
When you're standing up to say us,
As you stammer and you strive,
You always hear the same old chorus,
"See me at one thirty-five!" '06.

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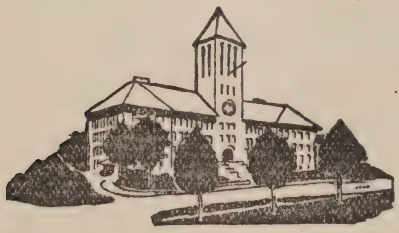

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 10 MARCH, 1904 NUMBER 5

LINE-FOUL!

"IT'S a mean shame, but what are we to do about it?"

The question was addressed to an anxious group of girls gathered late one afternoon in the gymnasium of the Southwood High School. The dishevelled condition of the natty gym. suits and flowing pigtails on young ladies somewhat beyond the pigtail age, announced the finish of a basketball practice.

Captain Hammond, a splendid looking girl, tall and broad-shouldered, with snapping black eyes, continued, "Who could have dreamed that May's family would stop her playing just now when there's only one more game to play, and when even they admit that they don't think she has taken any harm from this season's playing. You all know that May did all the work at the goal end. It is n't that she plays such a brilliant individual game, but her team-support is faultless and she never tries to play to the gallery.

"Now, I 'm going to put the whole situation before you, and then I want some good advice. We proposed the League this year, and we 've got to win the cup. At present, Werton and we have each won from all the others. Next Saturday we play Werton. Today is Monday. That leaves us just five days to choose a goal in May's place and do some good, hard practising besides. You all saw how we played today. It was something fierce the way we fumbled and fouled. Why, if we play that way next Saturday with Werton, I see where we are disgraced forever, and in our own gym., too! Worse yet, it 's the first game our boys have ever been allowed to come to, and we 've simply got to show them that we can uphold Southwood's reputation as well as they can."

"I say, Helen," interrupted one of the girls who had been perched high on the stall-bars ever since the conversation began, "how did you ever persuade Mr. Mansfield to let the boys come?"

"Mansie? Well, it was rather hard work," admitted Helen, giv-

ing the ball tucked under her arm a confiding little punch, "I went to him and told him very concisely three things. First, that there was no reason why the boys should *not* come, as we neither acted or dressed in an unladylike manner. Second, that there was every reason why the boys *should* come; viz.: because they wanted to, because we wanted them to, because it would add to the interest of the games, because the boys now make among themselves all sorts of queer conjectures as to why they can't come, and because it would treble, at least, the financial proceeds of the games. The third thing I told him was that we should be delighted if he 'd come and look on at the game that took place last Wednesday. He was quite pleased by the invitation, and, as you know, he came, saw, and was conquered.

"Now there 's one more thing, girls, that I want to mention. Be sure and watch closely next Saturday to see whom you want to choose for next year's captain. It 's your last chance. I think I have mentioned everything, and now I would like suggestions as to whom it 'll be best to put in for goal in May's place."

"How about Shorty?" suggested one of the girls, after a moment.

"Well," replied Helen, thoughtfully, "Shorty's a good, steady, little player, and perhaps as good a goal as we have on the sub-team."

"You wouldn't think of changing the line-up of the team and putting a sub in somewhere else?"

"I don't dare to run any risk of throwing out our team-play so late in the day."

"Edith?" suggested another girl, hesitatingly.

"No," replied Captain Hammond decisively, "She throws first-rate goals in a practice, but she goes all to pieces in a game."

There was an awkward interval of silence. It was difficult to propose to the owner of those snapping black eyes that she allow her mortal enemy to get an S by playing in the league game; but finally the girl on the stall-bars dared it.

Cheerily unconcerned she called down, "What 's the matter with Dorothy Arnold?"

Helen's black eyes met hers steadily as she replied, "Dorothy is tall and quick, and plays a brilliant individual game; but she always sacrifices team-work to her own playing; and 'plays to the gallery' won't work next Saturday."

Dorothy Arnold was comparatively a new girl, but she had been tried on the team almost when she first came to Southwood as a result of showy playing at practice. Before the first league game she had been asked to give up her place to one of the subs. Captain Hammond honestly believed this to be the best thing for the team, but naturally it started a deadly feud between her and Dorothy, which later complications had added to. Dorothy, however, after her first violent outbreak had stayed with the subs, practised diligently, and much improved her playing. Secret disapproval was betrayed in the five pairs of eyes that fronted Captain Hammond. She saw it, and with a sudden fierce defiance added brusquely, "So I guess Shorty's the girl for the place. That's all, girls. Come promptly at three, tomorrow."

The girls left in groups of two or three, murmuring ominously. Captain Hammond took the basket-ball and locked it away, and as she bent over the lockers cried two or three bitter tears, which glistened like rhinestones on the big crimson S of her white sweater. Then she resolutely followed the girls to the dressing-room, where the subs were putting the finishing touches to their hasty toilets.

"Dorothy Arnold," called Helen, in a ringing voice, but with a hard little note in it that was seldom heard there.

"Here!" answered a merry voice, close at hand, and a tall, slim, fair-haired girl turned to face her Captain.

There was a dead silence in the room. Helen's voice broke it. She looked off through a window into the distance as she spoke, and her voice had that same hard mechanical ring.

"May Foster is not to be allowed to play at the coming game wit Werton, and I wish you would fill her place as goal. Will you?"

One of the girls dropped a comb, and forgot to pick it up. Everybody waited breathlessly.

Dorothy Arnold slowly flushed up from neck to forehead. The moment for which she had waited had come. They needed her on the team. Captain Hammond's glory depended on her coming back. Revenge is sweet.

Dorothy's eyes rested on Helen's impassive face, which could not give the lie to the proud agony of her eyes.

"I will come back," she said gently.

"Thank you," and Helen turned away with confused cheers for "Dorothy! Dorothy! Helen Hammond!" ringing dully in her ears

. . . . . .

Saturday came. The gymnasium at Southwood was crowded with spectators who were awaiting the first blowing of the whistle in eager impatience. The red banners of Southwood challenged the purple and white of Werton unceasingly to swifter waving. Already a running fire of cheering was being started by the boys of each school. Everything combined to charge the air with tense excitement.

At the ends of the room the girls of the two teams were practising a few throws. In the centre, the captains and the two umpires were talking earnestly together.

"I understand," said the umpire from Werton, "that you play fifteen-minute halves and seven on a side, according to Spaulding rules?"

"Yes."

"I think it is advisable," continued the Werton umpire, "since this is such an important game, to follow the rules very strictly and to put out of the game any one who breaks one of them. Do you agree with me, Miss Hammond?"

"Well, yes," replied Helen, "I suppose if any girl breaks a rule she is disqualified for the rest of the game. However, I don't think we shall have any trouble, as I am sure both teams will play a fair game."

After tossing up for choice of ends and umpires, the girls hurried to their positions, and Helen had just an instant to whisper a word to the new goal, and there was a note of pleading in her voice strange indeed to Helen Hammond's commanding tones: "Don't forget the whole end depends on you, Dorothy. *Play for the school!*"

The girls were worried about Dorothy. In the last few days of practice, the old habit of flashy individual playing seemed to have returned to her. It seemed as if some unworthy motive had determined her to force everyone to recognize that the Werton game, if won, was won by her. The girls wondered if perhaps after all Captain Hammond's first judgment had not been the wiser of the two.

The whistle blew. The girls pulled themselves sharply together. A deafening cheer rolled up from both sides of the hall, then stopped instantly as the ball was thrown up at centre. It fell to the floor, but was snatched up by a Werton girl, who cleverly passed it to the

other centre, whose accurate drop-ball placed it in the hands of Werton's goal. An infinitesimal pause, then a thundering cheer from the visitors. A goal for Werton! Score, 2-0 for Werton.

Again the ball was thrown up. By this the home team had waked up. A series of rapid passes placed the ball in Dorothy Arnold's hands. A brilliant throw from a difficult position, and a goal for Southwood! Score, 2-2.

The next point was made by Dorothy for Southwood on a free throw for a Werton line-foul. 3-2 for Southwood.

After that the playing was rapid and well sustained on both sides. Only two more goals apiece were made, and at the end of the first half the score stood 7-6 for Southwood.

The girls pulled on their sweaters and trooped out to the dressing-room for a quarter-hour's rest. Captain Hammond sought out Dorothy Arnold and silently, but with a great kindness in her eyes, offered her hand. Dorothy clasped it in hers, too happy to speak. She knew what that handclasp meant. It meant that Captain Hammond knew and acknowledged that if the game was won Dorothy Arnold had won it, that Captain Hammond had noticed in the midst of her own wonderful playing at centre that Dorothy was playing the whole game at her end, and that she was playing it *for the team.*

Again the whistle. This half the Werton umpire took charge of the game. Both sides were playing in best form. The speed gradually increased to lightening rapidity. Three minutes more to play and a score of 8-8.

"Line-foul for Werton!" called out the linesman at Dorothy's end.

Helen Hammond drew a sharp breath. A free throw now for Dorothy, with the score a tie and only three minutes to play meant victory. Others knew it too.

"Who made it?" asked the Werton umpire.

"The guard made the foul," spoke up Dorothy Arnold, "but I want to tell you that I —"

"Don't speak to the umpire!" cried Helen. "It's out of rule!"

"I know, but this very important. It was because I —"

Helen groaned. Dorothy's dreaded selfishness had at last lost them the game.

"Miss Arnold is disqualified for the rest of the game for having spoken to the umpire, which is contrary to the Spaulding rules," broke in the umpire, crisply.

Dorothy, overcome with grief, hastened from the room, and the last words she heard were Helen's, "Oh, Dot, how could you?"

The other goal tried Southwood's free throw. The ball missed and was pronounced dead. The score remained 8-8.

"Edith! take my place at centre," called Captain Hammond, leaping to goal.

The whistle blew. The ball leaped into the air. The new centre failed to strike it, and it went to Werton's end. Again and again it returned to centre, but "Edith" was playing awkwardly and fumbled once in her nervousness. Two minutes more! The ball still at Werton's end, where Southwood's guards were contesting every pass gallantly. One minute and a half more! Line-foul for Southwood. Score, 9-8 for Werton. The purple and white mad with cheering. One minute more! The ball still at Werton's end. Half a minute! Werton rashly tried for a goal. Southwood's guard received the ball. A swift, long ball straight over centre. Helen Hammond with white face and set teeth! A goal for Southwood! The shrill note of the whistle caught up in a Southwood cheer that shook the building. Score, 10-9 for Southwood! The cup was Southwood's.

. . . . . .

A week later the girls of the Southwood Basket-ball Team were again assembled in the gymnasium, but this time for a different purpose. They were about to choose a new captain.

"Before we proceed on the business of the afternoon," said Miss Hammond, "I should like to clear up a little matter that happened at the Werton game last Saturday. You all know that Dorothy Arnold was disqualified near the end of the game for speaking to the umpire just after a foul had been called on her guard. I have since learned that this is how it happened: the Werton guard made a line-foul because Dorothy accidentally pushed her. Dorothy was trying to explain that the foul should be called on her for pushing instead of on her guard. A free throw just then meant that Dorothy could win the game for Southwood."

There was a deep silence.

Helen Hammond broke it. "I nominate Miss Dorothy Arnold, for brilliant playing and the greatest of all self-sacrifices to a point of honor, captain of the Southwood Basketball Team for the coming year.'

Quick as a flash, a tall, fair-haired girl leaped forward.

"I decline the nomination positively and finally. I can throw goals, but I can't captain a championship team, and there's only one of us that can. I nominate Miss Helen Hammond captain of the Southwood Basket-ball Team for the coming year."

Parliamentary order went all to pieces on the spot, and a unanimous vote of "ayes" was given unasked for on the instant, in connection with certain shockingly un-Parliamentary demonstrations which need not be mentioned here. F. A. M., '04.

ONE SHOULD ALWAYS BE ON TIME

(A tale with a moral).

Arthur was very happy, for was he not to be married to the sweetest girl in the world in one short month? He was dreaming of a happy future as he hurried down to the station. He had stayed with Louise until there were only five minutes in which to catch the train, and then he had snatched up his suit case and run.

Alas! when he arrived panting at the station he saw the train disappearing around the curve. One minute too late!

. . . . . .

What bitter consequences followed! When Arthur lost his train he also lost the one which was to have taken him to Albany; because he was too late at his place of business to go on a very important business trip, he made his company lose a great deal of money; because his company did lose this money it discharged him, and because he was discharged Louise's father broke off the engagement! Poor Arthur! But he learnt a lesson — he was never late again.

SHALL YOU? SHALL I?

Some one will enter the schoolhouse door,
Bye and bye, bye and bye,
Where many loved ones have gone before,
Shall you? Shall I?

Some one will stay after school is o'er,
Bye and bye, bye and bye,
And sit there watching the clock and door,
Shall you? Shall I?

Some one will enter the office gate,
Where the Head Master and teachers wait,
And once inside they will learn their fate.
Shall you? Shall I?

Moral: Yield not to temptation.

IN DAYS OF OLD

REYNOLDS HALL, the home of Colonel George Reynolds, was situated on a high embankment overlooking the Hudson. The Colonel's well-known Tory sympathies and the fact that the only landing-place for two miles up or down the river was on his property, caused him to be regarded with suspicion by his fellow-townsmen.

Thus in the year 17— Colonel Reynolds found his neighbors treated him with a certain cold courtesy and even scorn. He, for his part, considered all the followers of Washington as rebels and traitors. As the war grew more deadly, the breach between him and his neighbors grew wider.

. . . . . .

Colonel Reynolds looked up with surprise. "Did you say John Rantoul wishes to see *me?*" he asked his servant. "Rantoul, the leader of the traitorous element of this town? Well, I'll see him," he added reflectively.

He glanced at Rantoul as he entered in surprise. Truly he was a magnificent specimen of manhood, yet there was an expression on his face not at all pleasant.

Rantoul, perceiving the Colonel's surprise, laughed and said, "My visit is, I know, unexpected, yet it was done partly for your sake and, well, my own. Of course you realize this town tolerates you here for friendship's sake — pray don't get angered. As I was saying, the patriots only tolerate you here on —"

"Patriots be hanged," shouted Colonel Reynolds passionately.

"I beg you to be calm. Affairs have come to such a crisis that I may as well tell you your life and property is not worth much in this town. Yet for the sake of old times and on a certain condition, I will grant you my protection."

"Protect *me?*" said Colonel Reynolds, "pray how can these rebels — I crave your pardon — *patriots* — protect me, and from what?"

"Well, 'tis not unknown that you control the Hudson for two miles up and down the river, and, to make a long story short, there is a plan afoot to get rid of you and thus obtain a landing place for our troops."

The Colonel gasped, then, with outward calm, he asked, "What is the condition?"

That you give me your daughter for my wife."

"Give *you, a traitor*, my daughter? Sooner would I slay her with my own hand. I pardon you, for your father was a loyal man. But now I give you three minutes to get off my place, three minutes, do you hear?"

Rantoul's face grew white with passion, he looked threateningly at the Colonel, then, with a malicious laugh, he turned on his heel and went out of the house.

. . . . . .

The Colonel sat before his library fire in a brown study. Suddenly a tall, fair girl entered the room, and smiling roguishly she softly went behind his chair and put both her hands over his eyes.

"It 's Thomas, no it 's Washington. It must be the King. Well, then,'t is Mistress Dorothy, my fair daughter,"said Colonel Reynolds, jokingly.

"Father, how could you guess? Come now, tell me what means this worry? Oh, I see, you need not say you are only worrying over my faults."

"My love, you know how these rebels regard me, especially Rantoul. His hatred for me makes matters worse, as he is the ringleader, so I 've come to the conclusion Mistress Dot had best go to New York."

Dorothy clapped her hands with joy, "Oh, Dad, I 've been longing for a sight of New York and Aunty Betty."

"Aunt Betty?" asked her father, raising his eyebrows, "why, I thought it was Captain Strong of the Eighth Imperial —"

"Father, don't be foolish," said Dorothy, severely. "Tell me; when do we start?"

" *We?* I said you, my child. Do you think your old dad would run away from a horde of rebels?

"Father," said Dorothy, kissing him, "I never expected you to think your daughter was a coward, either."

"My dear, you don't realize the seriousness of the affair. I should feel safer if I knew you were in New York."

"Well, I feel it my duty to stay and look after you. Goodness knows what you 'd do if I was away. Come, let 's go to tea, I 'm hungry."

. . . . . .

With a sigh, Dorothy laid aside her lute, and going to the

farther end of the room, opened the shutters and looked out. The rain beat against the windows, and the wind howled and whistled around the house. Indistinctly, she could see the trees swaying back and forth. They seemed to her like huge monsters waiting to seize her. Frightened, she knew not by what, she closed he shutters, and with a nervous laugh went and put her arms around her father's neck.

"Dad," she said, "I'm afraid I 'm a sorry coward, but this storm terrifies me."

"Tut, tut, my Dot, frightened by a little wind and rain? Go, child, and amuse yourself. These letters must go by morning."

"I wish, Father, you had not let all the men servants go to New York, at least not just now."

"Why, I 'm expecting them any moment. Hark! is that they now?"

"No, those are men on horseback, our men would come by boat. It sounds as though they were coming to the house," said Dorothy, nervously.

Quickly her father went to the window, and, concealing himself in the heavy curtains, looked out. Three men were riding up the driveway. He could see by the lanterns they carried that all were fully armed. Breathlessly the two watched them near the house. They knew they would be able to tell who the riders were when they passed by the window on the way to the front entrance of the house. Just when they neared the windows, the leader held his lantern over his head, and the light shone full on his face. It was Rantoul! The Colonel knew he had come for his revenge.

Dorothy, with a half-stifled cry, sank against the window. Then, recovering herself, she went to the great closet where the weapons were kept. She brought her father his sword and then went into it once more to get the pistols. Yet no sooner had she entered than her father closed the door behind her and dropped the bolt in place.

"Dot, I hate to do it, but Rantoul wants you, not me."

Dorothy's cries of anger were drowned by the ringing blows upon the great door. She heard her father admit them, their spurs clank on the stone floor, and then Rantoul's voice rang out mockingly.

"Ah, Colonel, I 've just dropped in for a short call. I 'm on my way to join the Continental forces. Fortunately, I remembered the little debt I owed you."

Then she heard him give a few unintelligible orders to his men, and, with a laugh, he said to her father, "I'll find the fair Mistress Dorothy." She heard him leave the room and go upstairs. It seemed to her as though a struggle was going on in the room, as though her father spoke, yet his voice sounded strangely muffled. Suddenly a door slammed and all was still.

Unable to bear the strain any longer, she beat with all her might upon the door and under her weight it flew open, throwing her headlong into the room. Dazed, she got up and looked about her. There, from the great iron hook over the fireplace hung the unconsious body of her father! In an instant the girl's coolness returned to her. She took her father's sword, which lay on the floor, and climbing upon a chair she cut the rope and he dropped to the floor.

No sooner had she brought him to a state of half-consciousness than she heard the men walking in the room overhead. She realized they must soon come down. The girl thought a moment, then ran and pushed aside a curtain in the farther part of the room, which concealed a small door that led into the garden. Aided by some superhuman power, she supported her father across the floor and out of the doorway into the garden. The rain soon aided in his restoration, and both he and his daughter got into the shed where the garden tools were kept. They could hear the men swear when they discovered that their victim had escaped, then came the short, sharp orders of Rantoul ordering them to go down to the river and search for traces of the Colonel.

They heard the men riding toward them, then the riders stopped in front of their hiding place. Dorothy was unable to speak or move. Every moment she expected that she and her father would be dragged from their place of concealment. After what seemed hours to her the men rode on toward the river.

A few minutes later, shouts and confused sounds came from the direction of the water. She listened attentively. People were coming toward the house again. Could it be the servants and the British? Then some one spoke. It was Captain Strong of the Eighth Imperial.

"Father, come quickly! We will receive them in the house, as is fitting," whispered Dorothy, demurely.

When the British officers entered the house, they found Colonel Reynolds and his daughter ready to receive them. The Colonel, to

be sure, looked a little pale, while his daughter seemed slightly excited, but this was attributed to the unexpected arrival of the officers. W. P. '04.

With apologies to A. Tennyson:—
Flunked! Flunked! Flunked! on that French exam, oh gee!
I would that my mark might be other than that inevitable D.

Teacher—"I don't want to catch you doing that again."
Incorrigible—"Close your eyes, then."

Dr. Roberts' motto as given in the Greek class:—
Think of number, think of gender, think of *Case.*

After making sure that T—u—tt is unarmed, ask him about the "fair unknown."

A gentleman fell down one slippery day and a friend asked him how it happened.
"Not-with-standing—" began the gentleman, when his friend interrupted him with a shout of laughter. The gentleman was an Englishman, and he was pleased to think he had made a joke, so he sprung it on his wife when he got home, thusly:—
"I fell down today, Maria."
"Why, John! How did it happen?"
"Never-the-less!" triumphantly cried the joker, but, not-withstanding, his wife did not laugh.

When the 1905 sign fell from the top of the hall, a Senior was heard to say, "Down with '05."

Mr. Schmitt is a poet,
But the scholars don't know it.
He cried, "Fall in line
And then mark time."

His fiancée's romantic sister—"She is yours if you press your suit."
(He looked down at his trousers and wondered what she meant.)

For the Political Science Class:—
"Which was easier, going to the lecture or writing the resumé of the Civil Service?"

VIOLET FINDS HER PARTNER AT A LEAP-YEAR DANCE

M-M-M...Fifth dance....Let me see, whom do I have for — ah, the fifth dance, Mary's friend, Mr.— dear me, the name is rather illegible. Mr..S..., Mr. S-i-m...well, it 's fortunate I wrote down his description: "curly black h., short and stout, shy." I hate to run after shy men. He 'll probably be out in some dark corner.....No, there 's no one out here....Oh, yes there is! It 's he, too. How very lucky!.....Well, he *is* shy! Sidling off like that at my approach!... Oh, Mr. S-s-im — Mr. Sss — I mean, I think I have — at any rate, may I have — that is — this dance with you?...(dear me, what a stupid stare! I don't think he understands)...I think this is our dance, Mr. Sss-sim — Mr. Sss —....Simmons? Thank you, Mr. Simmons....(How very embarrassing! He does n't seem to comprehend)...You know we girls are supposed to ask for the dances tonight. Surely you won't *refuse* to dance this with me, Mr. Sim-Simmons?.....

Er — the floor is very good tonight, don't you think, Mr. Simmons?....Er — er — the music is very enlivening tonight, is n't it, Mr. Simmons?....Ahem. Ahem....How brilliant the — lights are tonight, had you noticed, Mr. Simmons?....(I wonder if he *can* say anything but "yes?")...I don't think Russia ought to tamper with Japan, do you, Mr. Simmons?....I 'm glad you agree with me. I — I feel very strongly on the subject.— The — — — the — — — [desperately] the floor is n't very good tonight, is it?....(Well, if he *won't* hold up his end of the conversation, I suppose I can. But I do hate to. I hate to talk anyway. John is always making fun of my conversation) — — — Er — — — Mr. Simmons — — — I want to tell you how much I admire your friend Mary. You know we went to school together, and we were always the dearest of little friends. Used to braid our pigtails just alike, and all that sort of thing, you know. Lately, since she 's been living down town, I have n't seen her — Oh, not for two or three years or so until she asked me to take a dance with her friend, Mr. Simmons tonight, "for auld lang syne" .....What! She 's *working in Jordan Marsh's?* I mean, yes, of course. Mary always was a capable and independent girl. I did n't know that she was working, however. Not that there 's any disgrace in a girl's working, you know. In fact, it 's considered quite

the thing now-a-days, even in very good circles. Why, one of Sir Harry Strathmore's nieces became a typewriter. He disinherited her for it, too. — — —Yes, I think Mary is a lovely girl. I wonder whom she — that is, who is — I mean — well, I suppose it is indelicate of me to mention such a topic, but you know her so well, and I have n't had a chance at a chat with her for so long that I suppose you know better than I where — her affections are placed?....She is your fiancée!! Why, I didn't know that. You are the happiest of men, monsieur. I may say that I know a little about it myself, for — I hope you won't think it immodest of me to mention it — I am engaged myself. Don't you dare tell anybody but Mary, because it 's not announced yet. I don't mind having you two know it. You won't tell,will you? It was very romantic. It all hinged on my going in one door and out another. — Well, I mean, I went into a house by one door and out by another, and he rescued me from the police and we went to a dance together and got introduced. (I wonder if there 's anything the matter with him? He stares as if either he or I was a lunatic or something. I don't think Mary has very good taste, I must say.)....Oh, no, that was n't the end. Of course I saw him often after that — oftener than before, and *that* was often *enough*, goodness knows. I mean it was often enough to be often, you know; not that it was often enough to seem often, or too often, or even often enough to any one who wanted to see him oftener than — well, you know what I mean — — — (The man is certainly crazy.)— — — Then one night he was going to take me all alone to a dance and he had sent me some roses, and when I came into the drawing-room with my roses, and trailing my pink wrap, he suddenly caught me in his arms, and — the roses — pricked me awfully, but of course I would n't have said anything for the world, and then he apologized and called himself names, and then when he saw I was magnanimous enough to forgive him, he helped me on with my opera-wrap, and — he helped me on with my opera-wrap, as I I said before. And then, when we got into the carriage, he told me something that he had been waiting to tell me ever since one day in the — Dutch room of the Touraine, and — I — and we— we — spent the whole evening driving about instead of going to the dance, and of course everybody is talking about it by now, I suppose (it happened last night); to be sure, nobody knew we were going to the dance, and nobody knows that we drove around all the evening, but

still you know how it is — such things always do get out somehow or other.

He brought me to the dance tonight, but I would give him only the four customary escort-dances, because of course our engagement is not announced yet. I 'm too young. And I would n't have anybody know about it for the world. That 's why I don't tell you his name.....'Did I come with that little light-haired, dumpy man?' No, indeed, I did n't! The idea! The gentleman who brought me was very tall and had fluffy, black hair and compelling black eyes, and glasses and a half-gallant, half-serious air.....Why, however, did you guess? Yes, I did n't mean to let you know, but that's he: Mr. Norman Hall.....Yes, *I* think he's the handsomest man in the world. ....What? Is this dance over? Well, I don't know when I 've had such an entertaining partner, Mr. Simmons. You have made the time pass with astonishing rapidity.....Yes, let 's sit right here, close to the door.....No, I'm not thirsty, thank you.....Good! here comes Mary with my brother John — — — — —

[Archly] Well, Mary! M-hm! M-hm! I suppose you thought I would n't find out you were engaged to Mr. Simmons here.....[laughing] Very good, my dear, very good. 'You have n't met Mr. Simmons'? No, of *course* not! How very stupid of me! Mr. Simmons, Miss Meredith! You ought to — .....What! I cut this last dance with your friend Mr. Simpson! Why — this — I thought — Mr Simmons — .....A word with me aside? Certainly. Excuse me a minute, Mr. Simmons, please.— — — —

[Aside] What on earth is the matter, Mary?.....Mr. Simmons — the — what — not — not — not the BUTLER! — — — Mary, my reputation is ruined. I am going home. Tell Mrs. Vandyke I am suddenly ill — anything — and tell Mr. Hall I will wait for him in the dressing-room. — — — —

Mr. Simmons, will you have the kindness to take me out — — — — Thank you — — — — —

Oh, Norman! Are you waiting? Norman, I am ruined. I danced with their butler.....You don't seem to appreciate the gravity of the situation, Mr. Hall. I wish you to understand that *I* am heart-broken. I could n't bear to stay one single minute more after that.— Do you suppose James would mind driving us around as he did last night?

THE SAGAMORE

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EDITORIALS

SOME days ago The Sagamore received this letter, which we publish by permission without the name appended, in the hope that its fiery spirit may kindle some smouldering brands of '05 or '07 into responsive flame. The receipt of this letter and the enclosed quarter makes us feel that, small as the tangible result is, the censured editorial was not written in vain.

BROOKLINE, February 24, 1904.

DEAR SAGAMORE,— A perusal of an unjust editorial on the Watson Scholarship Fund in your February number has called me to the defence of the Third Class. The following paragraph appeared:—

" '06, we remember, was most enthusiastic in cheering itself in the car coming home from football games, but its enthusiasm seems to have been so exhausted by that one splendid exhibition that it seems liable not to be fully revitalized for two or three years yet. However, there are four persons still alive, as the one dollar received testifies!"

I think I can place the author, and hope that his effort met with success in what appears to have been its object,—i. e., the awakening of the Senior Class. I cannot, however, find an excuse for dragging '06 into the general condemnation.

In the first place, had the author paid more attention to the cheering in the car than to other things (possibly something at his side was more interesting), he would have noted the fact that capable Sophomore lungs were cheering Senior and Junior and Freshmen heroes much more often than their own men and that *Class Spirit* was being patriotically merged with *School Spirit* in the endeavor to hold up the last end of the cheering which the exhausted upperclassmen had dropped. Nor has the football cheering been the only demonstration of school patriotism from the class. Those of '05 or '04 who have taken the trouble to follow the triumphant hockey team and have spared the time from their studies(?) to attend the basketball games must have discovered that the '06 voice was thoroughly in evidence and that it was howling itself hoarse, not for the *Class* but for the *School*. Moreover, '06 has been well represented on all the teams this year. It has sacrificed two of its most popular members, Otis and Marshall, on the football altar. And it has been noticed that '06 has attended the games in larger numbers and much more regularly than have the other classes. No, '06 is not

defunct nor is its vitality at a low ebb from over-cheering. When the baseball season arrives the class will appear in force, not only on the team, but also on the bleachers, and school enthusiasm will have been strenghtened rather than exhausted by the football cheering.

The Sagamore hardly has reason to complain of the Third Class. In looking over my file, which is complete to date for this year, I find that out of a total of *forty* pages of contributions to which class numerals were appended, '06 has furnished *sixteen*, or *six* more than its share.

Aside from an editorial in your December number and a scarcely legible sentence notice on the board, the Third Class has heard little concerning the Watson Fund and there has been a general air of expectancy that the proper officials would give definite instructions of what was necessaay. I have been awaiting this and know that others have also. Now for the first time we learn that there is $70 to raise with but $15.75 paid and time nearly up. Allow me to suggest that had you used your valued prerogative and thoroughly edited that editorial, and then had devoted the rescued space to a short statement of the facts, the cause would have been advanced much farther than it would be by the satirical words of the last few paragraphs. This is a school enterprise and must be accomplished by the school without outside help. If the leaders will lead and the others follow, as they both should, the money would be subscribed and that quickly. I enclose my quarter(I believe that is the proper sum) in the hope that you will know the correct officials to receive it. I do not. I am confident that as soon as '06 learns the full facts of the case its share will be raised with alacrity. If it is not, I pledge myself for twenty-five cents more; but the second quarter is safe.

Please take these suggestions for what they are intended to be, the friendly advice of one who reads his Sagamore from cover to cover with great relish.

Yours for the School,

1906.

That there may be no longer, if there is now, any plausible excuse for the grounds of ignorance, The Sagamore here states that twenty-five cents is the appointed sum for each member of the school to give, and that it is to be given to the Class Treasurer (Dexter Young of '04, Richard Floyd of '05, Dorothy Gooding of '06, Dan

Sharp of '07), or to the Treasurer of '04, who, on request, will credit it to the proper class. After the above letter, we shall hope to have the required seventy dollars all in before The Sagamore goes to print again.

"If an architectural supervisor was to take a mathematical examination for the civil service, who would make out the examination?"
In an undertone — "Mr. Case."

Mr. S—, in Pol. Sci. — "What are the methods of the Standard Oil Company?"
C—k — "Unscrupulous."

The question came up in I. English B — "Did Lady Macbeth really faint?" and one person said that it was only a feint on her part.

In years to come the Chemistry Class will hear about the discovery made by B—w—l, '04. After much research and careful experimenting he presented the astounding conclusion that ink turns litmus paper black.

If cooking is taught at B. H. S., why didn't one of the juvenile cooks step forward at the indoor meet and prepare a dish of creamed potatoes? There was milk in the cans, potatoes on the floor, and a burner at the top of the hall.

A certain Sophomore is vexed because his "girl-fishing" is unsuccessful; but a bright member of the Class of '06 consoles him by suggesting that the trouble is in the bait.

The young gentleman who wrote and left on a desk in Room 11 the note ending, "What fools girls do make of us, don't they?" can have the same upon application to Miss —.

Theorem — A loaf of bread is the mother of a locomotive.
Given — A splinter of the staff of life and an iron horse.
Proof — Bread is a necessity.
A locomotive is an invention.
Necessity is the mother of invention.
∴ A loaf of bread is the mother of a locomotive.

A recent Greek translation,— "They encamped upon the chariots."

ATHLETICS

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

THE girls' basketball team played Cambridge Latin, February 12th, at Cambridge, and were defeated by a score of 15 to 9. In the first half, the Brookline team played a weak game and succeeded in making only three points to their opponents' nine. In the second half, they braced up and played much better. The game was very satisfactory in all respects, and we hope our team has made up for all unpleasantness caused by last year's rough game. The cheering by the Brookline girls was fine.

Mary McGrath, Helen Dunbar, and Dellie Bartlett played an excellent game for Brookline.

BROOKLINE.	CAMBRIDGE LATIN.
Miss Morse, r. f.	r. g. Miss E. Piper.
Miss McKenzie, c. f.	c. g. Miss Gilmore.
Miss Bailey, l. f.	l. g. Miss Huling.
Miss Dunbar, r. c.	r. c. Miss Ray.
Miss Phinney, c.	c. Miss Mason.
Miss Bartlett, l. c.	l. c. Miss Russell.
Miss McGrath, r. g.	r. f. Miss Piper.
Miss Mason (Miss Holton), c. g.	c. f. Miss Raymond.
Miss Stillings, l. g.	l. f. Miss Mandell.

Goals from floor—Miss Morse 2, Miss Bailey 1. Goals from fouls—Miss Morse 3. Referee Miss Lewis. Time—15-min. halves.

February 17th the girls' team defeated Dedham in Memorial Hall, Dedham, by a score of 24 to 17. The teams were quite evenly matched, and for a while the result of the game was very doubtful. Considering the slippery condition of the floor, which was waxed for dancing, it was a quick game, and very few fouls were made. The Brookline team showed a marked improvement over the last game, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the game was played with seven on a side, and in a small gymnasium.

Ida Bailey and Mary McGrath played a splendid game for Brookline.

BROOKLINE.	DEDHAM.
Miss Bailey, r. f.	l. g. Miss Phillips.
Miss McKenzie, l. f.	r. g. Miss Burdakin.
Miss Burpee, r. c.	l. c. Miss Beckford.
Miss Phinney, c.	c. Miss Smith.
Miss Bartlett, l. c.	r. c. Miss Foss.
Miss McGrath, r. g.	l. f. Miss Fisher.
Miss Stillings, l. g.	r. f. Miss French.

Goals from floor—Miss Bailey 9, Miss McKenzie 2. Goals from fouls—Miss Bailey 2. Time, 15-min. halves. Referee—Miss Lewis.

INDOOR MEET

The fifteenth annual indoor meet of the High School was held in the Town Hall, February 22d, and was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic body of spectators. The Juniors scored the highest number of points, having 30 to their credit; but the greatest surprise of the day was the showing made by the class of 1904, in the events, and in the team race with 1905. In number of points, '04 scored 23, just beating out the Freshmen by one point. However, the new comers in the school succeeded in winning from the Seniors in the final heat of the team race, owing to the fact that the second '04 relay got a bad toss on one of the corners, thus giving the Freshmen a great advantage, which they held to the end. The class of '06 saved itself from a blank in the score by winning first place in the open 20-yard dash.

The three standing jumps and the high jump were both very close, '05 and '04 winning first place respectively; but by far the most exciting contest was the relay race between the class of 1904 and 1905.

The Seniors, with a team picked just before the race, set the Junior runners such a fast pace that not once in the contest did they wrest the lead from the winners, and Stranahan led Defriez over the finish line with a lead of two yards.

20-yd. Dash (grammar schools)—Won by B. Shine, Devotion; second, Rogers, Pierce. Time, 3 2-5s.

20-yd. Dash (Fourth Class)—Won by Sharp; second, Davison; third, Schlemm. Time, 3 1-5s.

20-yd. Dash(school)—Won by T. A. Hill, '06; second, Skidmore, '05; third, Erhard, '05. Time, 3s.

1000-yd. Run—Won by Shine, '04 scratch; second, Carlisle, '04, 25 yds.; third, Kimball, '07, 45 yds. Time, 3 min. 14 2-5s.

25-yd. Low Hurdles—Won by Defriez, '05; second, Davison, '07; third, Shine '04 and Cook '04 tied. Time, 4s.

Three Standing Jumps—Won by Erhard, '05, distance 28 ft. 1 3-4 in.; second, Davison, '07, distance 27 ft. 5 1-2 in.; third, Potter. '05, distance 25 ft. 5 in.

300-yd. Dash—Won by Hann, '07, 30 yds; second, Jones, '05, 25 yds; third, Sharp, '07, 5 yds. Time, 54s.

Potato Race. Won by Floyd, '05; second, Cook, '04; third, Daniells, '07. Time, 22 2-5s.

Running High Jump. Won by Stranahan, '04, height, 5 ft. 3-4 in.; second Schlemm, '07, height, 5 ft.; third, Chandler, '05, height 4 ft. 11 in.

600-yd. Run. Won by Defriez, '05, scratch; second, Tenney, '04, 35 yds; third, Jones, '05, 35 yds. Time, 1 min. 38s.

Team races. Devotion vs. Pierce—Won by Pierce (Collins, Willis, Andrews, Rogers; Devotion: Mansfield, Brown, Haun, Shine). Time, 1 min. 25s.

1904 vs. 1905—Won by 1904 (Kerrigan, Bartlett, Shine, Stranahan; 1905 Skidmore, Manship, Erhard, Defriez). Time, 1 min. 57s.

1906 vs. 1907—Won by 1907 (Davison, Schlemm, Treadwell, Sharp); 1906, (Hill, Aechtler, Brackett, Bailey). Time, 2 min. 1s.

Final Heat. 1904 vs. 1907. Won by 1907; Time, 1 min. 54s.

TABLE OF POINTS.

Firsts count five; seconds, three; thirds, one.

	1904.	1905.	1906.	1907.
20-yard Dash	—	4	5	—
1000-yard Run	8	—	—	1
600-yard Run	3	6	—	—
300-yard Run	—	3	—	6
25-yard Hurdles	1	5	—	3
Running High Jump	5	1	—	3
Potato Race	3	5	—	1
Three Standing Jumps	—	6	—	3
Team Race	3	—	—	5
Totals	23	30	5	22

BASKETBALL

On January 26th, our basketball team played Braintree High School in the latter's gym, and came home victorious, the score being 18 to 8. The game was well-played throughout, and very few fouls were called. Braintree had the advantage of playing in their own gym, and also of having a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators; but, nevertheless, the superior team work and goal throwing of the Brookline boys brought them out the victors.

The summary:—

BROOKLINE.	BRAINTREE.
Cook, r. f.	l. g. Bangs
Davison, l. f.	r. b. Esty
Robinson, c.	c. Rogers
Floyd, r. b.	l. f. Lovejoy
Schlemm, l. b.	r. f. Klingman

Goals—Cook 3, Robinson 3, Floyd 2, Davison, Esty 2, Klingman. Goals from fouls—Bangs 2.

The basketball team played the Boston Latin quintet in our gym February 5th, and rolled up a total of 27 points to their opponents' 3. The gym was packed with loyal supporters of our team, and the fellows seemed to appreciate it by the way they played. The game

was exceedingly rough from start to finish, but was a splendid victory for Brookline.

The summary:—

BROOKLINE.	BOSTON LATIN.
Cook r. f.	l. b. Kneeland
Shine, l. f. (McBrier, Davison)	r. b. Desmond
Robinson, c.	c. Morton
Floyd, r. b.	l. f. Allen
Allen, l. b.	r. f. Sullivan

Referees—Kerrigan, Weber. Timer—Mr. Rich. Time—two 15-min. periods. Goals from floor—Cook 5, Shine 3, Robinson 4, Floyd 2, Allen (B. H. S.), Kneeland. Goals from fouls—Cook 2, Morton.

The basketball team played Roxbury High in our gym February 12th, and again Brookline came out the winner, with a score of 17 to 7. Great indignation was caused in the minds of the spectators by the large number of fouls called on Brookline by the Roxbury referee. No less than ten fouls were called which were wholly unnecessary, and Roxbury scored five of its seven points in this way. A large audience was present, and they were well repaid, for the players put up a fast, clean game, and their team work was excellent.

The summary:—

BROOKLINE.	ROXBURY.
Cook, r. f.	l. b. Masseck
McBriar, l. f.	r. b. Cronin
Robinson, c.	c. Mauser
Floyd, r. b.	l. f. Brackett
Allen, l. b.	r. f. Packard

Score—17 to 7. Goals from floor—Allen 3, Cook 2, Robinson 2, Packard. Goals from fouls—Cook 2, Robinson, Masseck 5. Referees—Pratt, Gohan. Timers—Garret, Cook. Time—15 and 20-min. halves.

On the same afternoon, the second team played Boston Latin second, and won a very close and exciting game by the score of 11 to 6, mainly through the efforts of Tenney and Carlisle.

ICE HOCKEY

Brookline High played the Harvard 'Varsity team on February 11th, at Holmes Field, and succeeded in scoring twice on the college team, and also holding their opponents down to nine points. It was a fine article of hockey, and our team put up a fast game against their heavier and more experienced opponents. Kimball surprised the spectators by shooting the puck into the net, after two minutes of play, for the first tally; and after Harvard had scored five points Brett caged the disc for another point for Brookline.

The college fellows' team work enabled them to score often, but nevertheless Brookline put up a strong defensive game. Townsend, a member of last year's Brookline team, scored four of the goals for his side, while Souther, the captain, got two. Shine and Brett excelled in the offence of Brookline, while the defensive work of Bartlett, Bray, and Brackett was excellent.

The summary:—

HARVARD.		BROOKLINE.
Wilder	r. e.	Kimball
McCloud	l. e.	Brett (capt.)
Souther (capt.)	r. c.	Heintzemann
Townsend	l. c.	Shine
Clothier	c. p.	Bartlett
Carr	p.	Bray
Ivy	g.	Brackett

Score H. 9, B. H. S. 2. Referee—Newhall. Timer—McMasters. Time—20-min. halves. Goals—Townsend 4, Souther 2, Wilder, Clothier, McCloud; Kimball, Brett.

TRACK ATHLETICS

The Brookline High track team defeated the Brighton High team Monday evening, February 8th, at the Cambridgeport gymnasium. The race was run in about average time, and the last Brookline relay finished 15 yards ahead of his opponent. Defriez opened up a gap of 25 yards in the first relay, and Brookline kept the lead throughout the race.

The teams:—

BROOKLINE.	BRIGHTON HIGH.
Defriez	Paul
Skidmore	Doane
Hill	Hickey
Sharp	Featherstone

Time—2 min. 46 2-5s. 1212 yards.

The Cambridge Latin team proved an easy proposition for our relay team at the Newton meet, February 13th, and Brookline won easily.

The teams:—

BROOKLINE HIGH.	CAMBRIDGE LATIN.
Defriez	Gring
Skidmore	Potter
Davison	Paine
Sharp	Sawyer

Time—2 min. 37 1-5s. Distance—1200 yards.

At the Lawrence Light Guard indoor meet, February 27th, the Brookline relay team added another victory to its credit by defeating the team from Noble and Greenough's School. The time made was second only to that of the Brown University team, who bettered it by two seconds. At the end of the first relay, Noble and Greenough was twenty-five yards to the good; but the next Brookline relay caught his man in the quarter mile, and at the finish Brookline had obtained a lead of thirty yards.

The summary:—

BROOKLINE.	NOBLE AND GREENOUGH
Kerrigan	Wendell
Sharp	Bigelow
Treadwell	Ball
Defriez	Weeks

Time—3 min. 59s. Distance 1 mile.

The Small Boy, after a domestic storm,—"*Pater's* finding it hard to be *familias.*

Some books in Room 20 well worth your acquaintance:—

Bob, Son of Battle,
Fires of *St. John*,
Life of *St. Patrick*,
Goody Two-Shoes, (with variations).

Pupil, who has just bisected line PD at Q in a Geometry Class—"What shall I do now?"
Teacher—"Erase that line *P. D. Q.*

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO ?

Overheard in a German Class—"I can't translate that paragraph without the paper I handed in yesterday!"

For I. Chemistry—"If one liter of oxygen weighs 1.43 gm. how much will one Leta Bishop weigh?

"What is so rare as a day in June?"
"The 29th day of February." [Original!]

Student—"I heard that some one in T—y is much interested in me."
Old man—"Er,—they haven't seen you yet, have they?"

Teacher—"Give example of other monopolies."
Pupil (in rear of room)—"Natural agents."
Teacher—"Matches? Yes."

IV. B Algebra. Teacher—"What shall we eliminate first?"
Pupil—"U."

NEWS NOTES

Harry Slack, a former member of '05, won the mile run in the recent dual games between English High and Boston Latin.

R. Townshend, '03, is playing forward on the Harvard hockey team. It will be recalled that he captained our hockey team very successfully for two years.

W. D. Thompson, '03, ran on the Harvard Freshmen relay team at the B. A. A. games.

Several B. H. S., '03, boys are candidates for the Freshmen ball team at Harvard.

Farley, '03, and Christensen, '02, are on the swimming squad.

O. N. Shepherd, '02, and A. C. Judd, '02, are on the 'Varsity crew squad.

L. F. Guilbert, '02, although he has not made the team, is getting to be quite a fencer.

'05 lost a trio of members from its ranks. B. Ullman is going to the DeMerrit School, B. Norcross is preparing for college outside, and E. Kirker is attending Bryant and Stratton's.

J. Quinlan, '03, has left Tech and gone to the Lawrence Scientific School.

Harry LeMoyne has been swimming in remarkable fast time the last month. These trials have been held in private; but in his next few public appearances many records are expected to go by the board.

On the morning of Friday, March 4th, Mr. Osborne Howes, Consul for Japan, spoke to us concerning the struggle between Japan and Russia, from the Japanese standpoint. Briefly, the points he made were these: first, that Japan has always been most exclusive and jealous of her liberty; second, that Russia represents slow, irresistible, on-creeping expansion and despotism; and third, that Japan is resolved to resist the invasion of the dreaded tryant or die in the attempt. The talk was both interesting and instructive.

Friday, March 11th, we heard the other side of the question from Mr. Tsanoff of Bulgaria, now at Harvard College, the three main points against Russia being, first, that she is a "despotic power,"

second, the massacre at Kishenev, and third, her having broken her agreement to withdraw from Manchuria. Mr. Tsanoff showed that the "massacre" was merely a mob riot chiefly by Moldavians in a Moldavian town where there were comparatively few Russians living; then that, granting that Russia is a despotic power, she grants the Finns a few more rights than England grants Ireland; that the treaty on confirmation of which Russia had agreed to withdraw from Manchuria was blocked by the interposition of Japan and England. In justification of Russia's condemned "expansion," Mr. Tsanoff said that it was just as necessary for this great inland continent to get an opening (which she has not now) to the sea, as it would be for the United States to do so if our whole Atlantic and Pacific coasts were in possession of a foreign power; while if Japan feels it necessary to expand there is no reason why she should not populate her own island of Yezo instead of overflowing into the continent, which is already more crowded than Japan.

We are glad to have heard both sides of the great question so ably discussed.

Thomas Edwin McNally, B. H. S., '03, died of pneumonia on the 29th of February, at his home in New York City. He went to New York to spend Washington's Birthday and took a cold, which rapidly developed into pneumonia. Mr. McNally was to have graduated from Harvard in 1907. While at the B. H. S., his frank, gentlemanly bearing made him a favorite with teachers and classmates. The Sagamore extends its sympathy to his sorrowing family.

Brookline has been asked to send specimens of workmanship to the St. Louis Exposition, which shall as fully as possibly represent the manual training taken up in the schools of this town. The various grammar schools and the High School will aid in this work.

The manual training includes the work done by the scholars in art, needlework, domestic science, and in the shop.

To represent the art department, two stained glass windows and articles made of copper and leather are going to be sent to the fair. The constructing of these windows means a considerable amount of labor, as five operations must be performed. First, a drawing is made; second, a water color sketch; third, the glass is cut; fourth, the leading is done; fifth, the pieces of glass are soldered together.

Each of the four classes in needlework is going to be represented

in the following ways: The first class is going to send designs beautifully worked out in various colors. These designs have previously been made by the pupils in their work in art. The second class girls have draughted patterns and cut and made dresses. The third class has worked the alphabet in fancy initial letters, which show twenty-six styles, some of which were used as far back as the sixth century. They are also sending specimens of household linens. The fourth class girls have demonstrated their year's work by making small designs with ornamental stitches, which they have previously learned on a sampler.

The work in domestic science is shown in several ways. In the first place, photographs are to be sent to St. Louis which show classes at work. Samples of dyed goods, analyses of food values, charts showing the costs of food, mechanical drawings of house plans and of plumbing, and some of the pupils' note-books are also going to be exhibited. These papers are mounted on large sheets of cardboard twenty-eight by twenty-two inches, bound in the form of a large album, and hung for the inspection of the visitors.

The boys' work in the shop is to be represented by articles done in carpentry, woodturning, pattern work, foundry work, blacksmithing, chipping, filing, and elementary machine work. The collection of pieces from each department is mounted on cloth-covered boards and presents a very neat appearance. The teachers and pupils have put forth every effort to make the exhibit of Brookline a success.

ALEXANDER

There was a youth who kept a store,
And tho' some might be grander,
He kept a store all thro' the war;
His name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with a cunning hand,
And was a skillèd brander.
Since of his sugar half was sand,
Some called him Alex-sander.

One day his loved one to him came,
Then lovingly he scanned her.
He asked her would she change her name,
And a ring did Alex-hand-her.

"Oh, yes!" she said, with smiling lip,
"If I can be commander."
And so they formed a partnership
And called it Alex-and-her.

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

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THE WINNING RUN

CLINTON and Warren Academies were the two largest in the state. Every spring they had their annual ball game, which had always proved to be a hard fought contest, and the prospect this year seemed to show that there would be no exception to the rule. Each had won about the same number of games, and now everybody anxiously awaited the final game, the victory of which meant so much to the winning team. Last year the game resulted in favor of Warren, and this year Clinton was determined to have its revenge. Jack Williams, the captain of the Clinton team, was only five feet eight inches in height, yet he was as solid as a stone wall. His muscles were like bands of iron, and his grip like that of a Hercules. He played short stop, but his principal distinction lay in his batting. Just four weeks before the important game, however, he was taken sick with pneumonia, to the great sorrow of all his school-mates, and even of his teachers. What was to be done? The fellow who took his place was inexperienced and never could be relied upon. In spite of this fate, the team practised hard every day under the direction of a substitute captain, but, nevertheless, the fellow who took Jack's place was certainly the weak spot, especially as he was not a good batter. Every evening one of the fellows went to see Williams to tell him how things were going; the reports, by the way, were not very encouraging. Jack spent many restless nights worrying over the coming game, especially the night before, when he hardly slept a wink.

Time flew by, and the day of the important game arrived. It was a Saturday in the early part of June, a bright, sunny day, ideal for the game. Fully an hour before the time set for the game, the crowds began to fill the grand-stands, which by two o'clock were packed full. On one side floated the crimson flags and ribbons representing Clinton, and on the other side the blue banners repre-

senting Warren. Each side had a brass band which played popular airs and marches. Amidst all the flutter of flags, and almost lost in the crowd sat Clinton's captain, Jack Williams, who had been out of bed just two days. He was still looking pale from his recent illness, but was determined to see the game.

After much delay, the umpire flipped a coin into the air and the game began, Clinton in the field and Warren at the bat. For the first four innings it was almost even, but in the fifth Warren scored three runs, two of them on account of errors made by the substitute short-stop. In the next inning, each side scored two runs, so that when the last of the ninth inning began the score stood five to four in favor of Warren.

Meanwhile, a large body of Clinton fellows, led by one of their schoolmates, had started to yell, "We want Williams!" "We want Williams!"

Jack could stand it no longer. In spite of all the attempts of his friends to prevent him, he walked out upon the field, tore off his coat and vest, and waited for the "sub's" turn on the batting list to come, when he would have the privilege of taking his place.

Now was the chance for Clinton to show what she was worth, for it was the last of the ninth inning and the score was five to four against them. The first Clinton man at the bat hit a "grounder," got to first base and gradually worked his way around to third. The next two men struck out. The last man "up" was Jack Williams, the popular Clinton captain. As he walked toward the base his jaw was set and his face wore a look of determination.

The crowds were thoroughly excited, and were cheering madly. The Clinton band played "On to victory," but the Warren band was silent. Lawrence, the powerful Warren pitcher, now drew back his arm, and delivered the ball. Williams struck at it but failed to hit it.

"One strike," called the umpire.

Again the pitcher delivered the ball with all his might, and again the batter failed to hit it.

"Two strikes," called the umpire, and once more Lawrence pitched the ball, but this time Williams met it squarely, and with a loud whack the ball sailed clear over the left-fielder's head, while Jack flew around the bases and reached home plate, allowing the other man to score also, and thus saved the day for old Clinton.

His friends and schoolmates immediately rushed out upon the field, lifted him to their shoulders and headed by the band, they marched him all over the town, his efforts to prevent them being all in vain, while crowds followed cheering and yelling.

Then came the dinner in the school hall, which had been promised them by the principal if they were victorious. It was here that Jack Williams was called upon to speak, and in his speech he thanked every member of the team for his hard work throughout the season, alluded to the earnest endeavors of the head coach, which had not proved futile, and expressed his gratitude to the members and teachers of the school for the loyal support which they had given him.

When he sat down he was given a hearty applause. Then some one suggested that three cheers be given for each member of the team, and it is needless to say that they were given with a will.

Meanwhile bonfires burned on the campus and a most glorious day for Clinton was ended.

Anyone visiting that school now can see amongst the other trophies in the corridor a large handsome silver cup, with the names of the winning team engraved upon it, at the head of which are these words,—

"J. W. Williams — Short-stop and Captain."

R. C. F., '05.

The spring moving season arrives at Room 20. Meagher Chambers are provided for several boys, and Miss Frye spends an hour revising the directory.

Reynolds has demonstated most practically that matter may fall upstairs,—if properly propelled from the rear.

Fichtenburg is translated by a precocious III. Class boy *Fishingberg*. Shade of Walton!

While the Swimming Club is breaking records right and left the Gym boys are content themselves with breaking an occasional window, although it is reported that Br—ack—tt's shirt went on a tear during a basketball game early in the year.

H—dn—t translates *Elephantus ornatus*, ornamented elephant.

AN EVENT UPON THE ST. LAWRENCE

A TRUE INCIDENT

ONE evening in the month of August, 1903, a passenger steamer was gliding down the St. Lawrence on its regular trip between Montreal and Quebec.

At one of the numerous landings where the vessel touched during the evening, a crowd of French Canadians was collected. The young people seemed to be in a mischievous humor, and, availing themselves of a pile of coal which was heaped upon the pier, they began to pelt the people on the deck. Several of the missiles were returned, and one happened to hit a young fellow who was standing upon the wharf, and caused a great deal of excitement. A menacing sound rose from the mass of humanity upon the shore. Men were excitedly motioning to one another. Suddenly the ship was invaded. Men and boys, uttering great shouts, rushed across the gangway in their eager effort to find the man who aimed the effective shot; while some, more venturous than their comrades, even climbed up the side of the vessel, landing upon the second deck. Tourists, who had retired early, peeped out of their stateroom windows, and the timid people upon deck hastened within the ship's protecting walls.

A local policeman was attempting to drag the man, whom he supposed to be the culprit, across the gangway, and was on the point of succeeding, when the friends of the victim came to his rescue. The human tide rolled back into the saloon and the captain was called to hear the case. What a confusion ensued as the French and English jabbered together in their native tongues, each party trying to convince the captain of the justice of its cause! He quickly reached a decision, however, and the word "Séperez," pronounced in a firm, clear voice, caused a lull in the noise.

"Séperez?" asked the constable, upon which the captain repeated emphatically the same word.

Now the invaders found themselves forced back upon the shore and, as the people on deck began to cheer, a volley of coal answered from the threatening mob upon the wharf. Haste was made to leave the landing, and as the vessel backed away from the pier lumps of black mineral beat upon the sides of the ship and fell on the partially deserted decks. One man remarked that 'he guessed they would n't have been so wasteful of fuel a year ago.' Soon nothing but an occasional shout reached the travellers' ears, and when the vessel had gained the centre of the stream all on board were returning to their amusements with visible signs of relief. L. E. P., 1905.

VIOLET ATTENDS THE GERMAN PLAY

(WITH GENERAL APOLOGIES.)

WELL, I guess I'm all here at last. Lavendar wrap, satin slippers, vinaigrette, and — — and — — *Oh!* There are twenty periods and fully two lines of dashes gone. It must have happened when I was getting my ticket at the door. I *never* conversed with such a *garrulous* boy. I dislike buying tickets, anyway. I had *such* an experience once — — ... You see Harman, who escorts me tonight, can't come until later, so he put me in the carriage and told James to look after me. Not that *I need it*, you know. Only James is to take us for a moonlight drive afterwards. (I wish this stupid affair were over.) The butler insisted on coming with me for at least one dance,— his name is *Simple* or *Shypole*,— — — something like that with lots of 's's in it,—but I cut him dead, would you believe it, my dear Mrs. Schlegelbickvandyke — — — — ....What? *Of course* that's not your name. How very *very* stupid of me! I didn't notice who was beside me, and getting settled in these miserable pasteboard cages is *such* a nuisance. (I wonder who she is. If she would put her hat on she would really look quite stunning).— — — You say you are interested in the school? — — .. Ye-es, certainly. I know lots who go here — — — well, not exactly *lots*, but there's *Harman* and *John*, he's my brother, and *Mary*, I heard that she is a waitress in the Dutch room at Huyler's now, *quite* independent, you know, all of whom call this their *Alma Mater*. That's a good many, *isn't* it? It looks as if it might be a nice school, — — all except the stage front. Keith's is *much* finer — — — — —

Yes, I suppose they have spent lots of time on the plays — — — yes, and the teachers, too, although Harman, he's my — er — *fiancé*, says his History and Literature teacher was a *fright*,— *dreadfully* cross and all that. And she can't teach *at all*. She tried to suspend him once for putting a bottle of medicine on a teacher's desk! — — — .... I wonder what *can* be keeping Harm. — — — ... Yes, Harman Noll is his *full* name, but *I* call him Harm for short.— *I* don't think it 's funny. I could n't be funny if I tried. Here 's his ring,— or — er — *my* ring now. Is n't it perfectly *scintillatey?* It was *very* romantic, you know.— — — ....

A programme? Thank you ever so much.— — — Oh, is *he* in the cast? I think he's the *dearest* little thing. I should *love* to see him on the stage, the *real* stage, you know. Well, here's the curtain and — — — —

. . . . . .

No, Harm,— — Mr. Noll, I don't care for dancing,—not since last night at the Stimmonses....Ice cream? *Oh, dear no.* It's not *nearly* so nice as — as — — champagne betrothals and — prickly roses.....No, you *can't* — — that is, not *here.* What *would* people say? Such things *always* get out. I think you men must tell them. Oh, *who* is that handsome woman by the door there?———...Miss Wry?— — — WHAT? Not your old TEACHER, the *mean* one, you know?— — — HEAVENS! (I'm glad I have all my capitals with me. (I sat right next to her!— — — — It 's *awful* close in here, Harm. Don't you think that—that—James would *much* rather drive us now? C. D. B., '06.

Teacher, glancing over the class on the 17th of March and seeing all the scholars decked in green — "I am glad to see that you acknowledge your ancestry."

Catching sight of his son similarly decorated —"I take it all back, yes, I take it all back."

Junior—"Say, old man, I smell gas in here."

Senior — "Yes, my physics professor left just before you came in."

Volgo ad arma libertatemque vocato is translated *The crowd was called to arms and children*, by a bright III. A. Latin boy.

"What business did Blank go into after he graduated two years ago?"

"Stationery."

"Ah! That accounts for it. I saw him yesterday, and he had on the same suit he graduated in."

There seems to be a difference of opinion between Mr. Cole and certain study period teachers as to the volume of the B. H. S. voice.

Joker — "How is *no one* written?"

Victim — "Two words."

Joker — "No, one."

The Ornithologist of the III. Greek Class — "*One man was shot in the left wing.*" Verily, physiology should be included in our curriculum.

"FOG's a-rolling up, fast oncoming."

The other three girls looked off toward the east. Far out, beyond the desolate stretch of beach, beyond the leaden colored bay and the Island rising bare and yellow just this side of the wide gray ocean, out where a measureless horizon had been a moment since, a great white something was advancing.

As the four girls watched it with listless interest, it had stealthily shut out the great grayness of waters and formed a white impalpable background, against which the Island loomed in startling relief, so that beyond it lay not an ocean, but a great phantom unknown. Then, for a moment, as the inevitable stole over it, the Island struggled to sight, gaunt and terrible; the next instant it was no more. After a moment the passive bay was with the Island and the ocean, and then soon the great Unknown was upon the watchers.

"Dominie 'll be about coffin-closing," murmured one of the girls, and another of them shivered slightly. The fog grew dense.

"Train's a-slow coming," whispered the girl who had spoken before.

Then a strange stillness lay upon the girls, thickly as the fog. It was perchance that Madelon was grave and silent,— Madelon, the gay — Madelon, the blithe-tongued — Madelon, the laughing-eyed.

Suddenly through the white silence shrilled a long-drawn warning. Through the unseen slowly swelled a deep roar intensifying into a clanking, booming, thunderous menace.

The train rolled in, crudely revealed in part. The mail-bag thumped on the planking; a solitary passenger swung off to the rude platform; the train wound away serpent-like into the mists, and only the far echo of its passing remained.

Briskly the lone passenger materialized out of the fog. He was tall, deep-chested, young. He wore a khaki shooting-suit and carried a long dust coat, a handbag, and a khaki rifle-case. He paused near the girls, and whipping off his hat inquired in a business-like tone,—

"Is Mr. David Donaldson anywhere about?"

There was a pause. One of the girls giggled. Another shuffled her bare feet uneasily. After a moment a third answered,

"Is n't any o' t' men hereabouts. Theyse is gone t' a burying

down track," and she nodded vaguely in the direction from which the train had come.

The young man seemed puzzled. "When will they be back?" he asked.

The same girl answered, "Night train," adding laconically, "Theyse 'll be swigged, though, come a-back."

The young man shifted his rifle-case to the other hand, and then asked, half laughingly and half anxiously, "Well, then, if Mr. Donaldson has gone back on me, how am I to get to camp on the Island this morning?"

The three girls looked questioningly at the fourth, who had not moved or glanced toward the stranger. With the same aloofness this girl now said, sullenly, "Ise 'll take 'ee across."

And, still without a glance at the man, she led the way with free long steps toward the beach, guided only by the faint splashing of the incoming tide against her dory. With quick, strong movements she lifted the stone which served her for an anchor and placed it carefully in the boat. Then she motioned the stranger to step in, at the same time passively extending her arms to take his luggage, as a matter of course. The young man flushed slightly and drew back gently from the proffered assistance. The blood mounted darkly to the girl's neck and face, and she bit her lip. Then she pushed off, leaping agilely into the dory, and seized an oar to pole out of the shallow water. The passenger already had the other oar and was making good use of it.

When finally the water deepened beneath the keel he said, "Will you let me take the oars?"

The sullen passivity which the flush had displaced dropped over her face again, and she said indifferently, "Ise 'll row."

The slight breeze which had brought the fog had died away, and the dank shroud was settling about the two in the little boat, winding them in together.

The young man had laid his bag and cloak in the bottom of the boat, stood his rifle carefully against his knee, and removed his hat with a gesture of relief.

The girl in the bow noticed furtively that his head was handsome, with curly brown hair, that his brow was thoughtful, even stern, his eyes contradictorily merry and boyish, his mouth firm and kind. After that she stared into the mist again.

He was a sociable sort of chap, so he made an attempt at conversation.

"I suppose this fog will blow off by-and-by."

She accepted the statement, so he put a point blank question, with a gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"Is the Island very far out?"

She looked a negative.

He laughed very slightly. "Now, that would be a definite answer, if I knew what your interpretation of 'not very far out' is," he said, and then called himself all sorts of a prig for using such words to a fisherman's daughter.

"Matter o' two miles," she replied indifferently, and he had a distinct sense of feeling startled.

"The Island lies in the mouth of the bay, nearly blocking it, I understand."

Silence assented.

"My friend who lent me the camp bought it two years ago, I think. Was he down here both shooting seasons?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Guesso. Don't know. Ise a never see him."

"Why! I thought you lived with Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson on the Island."

A peculiar expression flitted over the girl's face.

"Does."

"Perhaps you are Miss Donaldson?"

"No."

She seemed to speak with difficulty, and, sensing the near vicinity of unsafe ground, though of what character it was he could not surmise, he hastened to alter his line of march.

"There 'll be only we four on the Island. Is n't it so?" he asked.

She nodded.

"We ought to become pretty good friends, I should think," he hazarded.

A little indefinable hauteur stiffened her whole frame, and she did not even look at him, so he desisted his attempts at sociability. He looked, however, more amused than crestfallen.

For some time her gaze remained persistently averted, so he took the opportunity to survey his interesting vis-à-vis.

She appeared to be tall and straight and well formed. Her shapely

head was crowned with a wealth of bright hair burned to a rich tawny gold on top, for she wore no hat, and gathered roughly together in a long heavy plait that had fallen forward over one shoulder. Her complexion was clear and pretty, and lightly tanned; her eyes, large and dark, and, it seemed to him, strangely mournful and defiant; her features pleasing, and with that delicate refinement which the young man had always contended only gentle birth and breeding bring. She wore a white knitted jersey, whose immaculateness startled him for the moment, because the dimly seen group at the station had impressed him as slatternly in the extreme. Her sleeves were pushed up above the elbow, and he noted with appreciation the soft roundness of the symmetrically developed arm, the delicate wrist, and the small hand, broadened squarely by much rowing. Her skirt was short and gray, whitened here and there with salt. Her feet were bare and brown and graceful. As he glanced at them the girl did not stir; but when he lifted his boyish eyes, a resentful flush had slowly crept over her averted face. The man looked away into the fog.

The tide had turned and the breeze had risen again. The girl rested on her oars for a moment, and let the dory swing slowly sidewise, and rock gently from side to side.

The man smiled slightly and began softly to hum, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," gradually, as the mood grew on him, drifting into the slow, solemn words.

Madelon rested her forehead on her hands and seemed to listen. The man and the girl and the song, swinging slowly between two impenetrable depths, drifting heedlessly into the Unseen.

The last note had died tenderly away when a mournful answering echo wailed through the depths.

"Theyse is blowing t' horn on t' landing for us," explained the girl briefly, beginning, with the words, to pull toward the sound with long sure strokes. A few moments, and the boat grazed a floating raft. The girl shipped her oars and sprang to the unsteady planking, which sank a little beneath her weight, forcing the black water up through the cracks. She knotted her painter through an iron ring, darted up a cleated plank to the dimly seen landing, and instantly was lost to sight.

II.

In the clear autumn sunlight, the dirty sand on the bay side of the Island showed tawdry yellow, freckled with sickly green hummocks and sparsely fringed with scrub-pine. As Dennison emerged from his tiny shooting hut and bent his steps over the ridge of the Island toward the sea-ward side, he began to realize how the friend who had purchased the shooting camp two years before could lend it to him without any particular regret. After climbing a yellow slope, however, he came all at once to a full view of the ocean, from the top of a low cliff. In the bright sunshine the far waters stretched out in long stripes of clear blues and violets shaded with green, and all seen through a sparkling sheen of golden haze.

Far below, the surf was dashing against the jagged rocks, tossing its spray high into the sunlight. Here and there among the rocks were little black pools, chill and mysterious.

As Dennison stood looking downward, apparently out from the solid rock leaped a flash of life, and darted from stone to stone, springing light and agile as a chamois. Dennison surmised it must be the girl who had yesterday befriended him.

Now she stood motionless as a beautiful statue, poised on the tip of a high pointed rock that lay farthest out and surrounded by water. The surf leaped against it with a hollow menace, as of one who bides his time.

Dennison clambered down from the face of the cliff with some slight difficulty and made his way out toward the girl. From a little distance, not to startle her, he called, "Hollo! Can I come out there to you?"

The girl swung slowly around to face him. Jove! What poise she had!

She bestowed on him a slight impersonal stare, which said plainly enough, "I think I have not met you?"

Dennison stared back at her blankly, and suddenly it dawned on his chagrined consciousness that there was a mistake somewhere — this was not — and yet — it must be — but there was a difference. Gradually the difference became defined to his comphrehension as the difference made by the substitution of a glossy pompadour for rough plaits of tawny hair, a trim green linen tub-suit for a sweater and gray skirt, white tennis shoes for graceful bare feet.

Dennison, however, was not easily taken aback when there was a

girl in the question, and he executed a gallant bow, and, hat in hand, flashed her a merry glance, as he replied seriously, "Why, I hope you will forgive me, but I imagined I had met you at one of the Country Club dances last season. Is it possible you are not Miss Suzanne Adams?"

His quick intuition had instantly told him that he had mistaken for a native, a summer visitor at the Island in her fisher girl's garb, and that only by a grand bluff could he retrieve himself in her eyes.

She flashed him a smile appreciative of all this, and replied with sudden abandonment of her hauteur, "It's not only possible but probable, since my name is Madelon Cara. Still," mock-puzzled, "I'm sure I 've seen you somewhere before! Are n't you Mr. John Gaylord Dennison?"

"How did you guess? Is my countenance so open an information bureau? But, I say, do come back here and compare notes with me. This mystery piques my curiosity."

The summer girl leaped lightly from rock to rock until she stood beside him.

"Won't you come into my parlor?" she hummed gayly.

Her high spirits delighted and puzzled Dennison, and he followed readily enough to a shallow cave in the cliff, so shallow and high that the morning sun had free access to it and warmed the chill sea air to a delightful coolness.

Waist-high the rock was scooped out into a narrow, deep aperture, from which the girl drew a couple of steamer rugs, some soft denim pillows and a folding canvas chair.

"All the comforts of modern civilization combined with the wild delights of nature, you see," she laughed, and again Dennison was puzzled by a certain little uninterpretable note in her laugh.

III.

The shooting season — which had been a poor one — was more than over, and it was the day of Dennison's departure for the city. The day lay sultry and lifeless over the yellow Island, but down in the grotto at the foot of the ragged cliffs where the sea called incessantly to the one of them that heard, it was cool and alluring; and as Dennison sprawled lazily on his steamer rug he thought of many things that at the moment of departure he might pleasantly say to the beautiful, contradictory, insolvable human riddle sitting just

within his line of vision, with her chin on her hands and her eyes roving seawards.

The drawback was that Dennison was not sure that he was in love with her. The doubt in his mind on the subject was caused by the little shadow of mystery between them of which he had been uneasily sensible from the very first, and which, he felt, still hovered there, a veil whose rending he desired yet dreaded.

He was still thinking about this when she spoke, and he instinctively knew that the moment of revelation was at hand. What she said was, "We are friends, are we not?"

She waited for his answer, which did not come. She turned and looked at him.

"Are we not?" she repeated, tensely.

He met her gaze squarely, with troubled eyes, and answered slowly, "I do not know."

She looked away again at the sea.

"Tell me what you were going to tell me, and then we shall know —all."

She did not answer him, but sat looking with eyes that saw not. Finally she murmured, "You have felt, then, that there is something to know."

After a time she said, "There was once a girl who lived always by the sea. Two kind old fisher-people fed and sheltered her, but the sea reared her and taught her and loved her.

"There was another who loved her. Ever since her memory began there had come every autumn to his shooting camp the owner of the Island. He brought her always books, books, books, and taught her wonderful things of the sea and stars and earth. And during the long winters she poured over the books, some of which were full of numbers and problems, and some of strange languages, and some of long hard words and great unchildish thoughts. The people in the Latin and the Greek books were like the A, B, C's of the Algebra, and there were seldom any people in the English books, and so she grew to believe that the sea and herself and the Owner were the only three in the world.

"By-and-by, there awoke in her a sudden conviction that there was somewhere a great world which she had never seen, but which she longed to know. So books were brought her that opened to her

that world — a wondrous world of people who worked and dressed and danced and loved and sorrowed.

"It was then that the sea became no longer father and mother to her, but only the sea; and the stars became no longer beckoning hands, but pale cold stars; the girl became wise in the ways of the world which she had never seen, and it became a pastime fascinating to her, to dress and act out a life in a dream-world of her own. He about whom her world revolved encouraged the play, and told her once that sometime when she had conquered her dream-world she should conquer the real world. But as he said it, his deep eyes had seemed to flash defiance at some thought that his words had brought, and in that flash the girl, wise now in the ways of her dream-world, which were the ways of the real world, read a thing which explained much, and suddenly made her one of the great world where they love and sorrow."

She shivered slightly and hastened on; "After that, in her exquisite grief and joy she cared no longer for dreams, and her dream-world became the preparatory school for life, and her acting a study pursued in deadly earnest.

"In the meantime she lived still the wild, free life of her earliest chilhood that she might have strength for her play.

"Then one year the Owner did not come to the camp, nor the next year either, but still she lived and confidently hoped for his return, and kept on, meanwhile, with feverish eagerness, at her play. And then there came the opportunity to test the value of her play — and she tested it—successfully."

The man lay with his face buried in his arms, listening. He seemed to know instinctively that there was something else, and to wish to hear all before comprehending any.

"The girl did not realize that it was a rôle she had no right to assume, for she believed that one day soon it would be no longer a rôle, but reality. And she did not foresee — what — might be the result of her acting."

Her voice had sunk very low at the last words, and she paused for a moment, then continued, "This morning she received a message which should have reached her two long years ago. She had henceforth no right to her dreams, for the sea had taken him —"

Her voice broke suddenly, and fluttered away, like a wounded thing, into the silence.

The sun long since had set and the golden afterglow in the west had paled, and the clear violet of the east was slowly, slowly deepening to a color rich and sombre, and the sea and sky far out at the horizon were already mingled in the darkness of nightfall.

Dennison rose slowly and stiffly. The dark veil had been rent, and Love stood revealed, but also, with Love, Despair.

He looked mechanically at his watch. "It is time for us to go," he said tonelessly.

"It is time for you to go," she repeated solemnly, for the dream-wise maiden had seen the revelation with his eyes, and hope had died within her.

They left the grotto and the cliff, and as they went the sea called hoarsely after them, unheard by him.

Night was almost upon them when they reached the raft.

They made the crossing in silence; he, finding it hard to realize so much in so little a moment; she, struggling in the agony of a renunciation that it was not hers to make.

It was night, black and starless, when they reached the station. A single red lantern glimmered blood-red on the bosom of the night. A merry chorus of voices, with now and then a minor note struck into the gay harmony, floated to meet the man and the girl.

"Tilly, one of the fisher-girls, is going to the city to find a 'place'," Madelon explained in a conversational tone which left a tense strain on both of them.

They mounted the rude platform. The fisher-folk, dimly shadowed now and then about the lantern at the other end of the walk, seemed oblivious of their presence. The blackness fell about them like a heavy pall. Over and over in Dennison's brain kept whirling the question,"The love of a month against the teachings of twenty-six years; truth against falsity or falsity against truth?

A far-away whistle sounded. But suddenly Dennison knew the truth and feared no longer. He took her close to him and laid his face tenderly against her hair— — —

The train thundered in. Tilly, the fisher-girl, tearful and excited, came running up to kiss Madelon good-bye and promise to write to her — for it was Madelon who had taught her to write.

There was opportunity only to look deep into her eyes and read there that she understood all, and forgave all, and had forgotten her renunciation in the perfect love that casteth out fear.

"I will come for you," he said. Then he swung aboard, and she turned hastily away, for if she watched him out of sight into the blackness he would never come back.

. . . . . .

Some days later the station-master called to the old fisherman who lived on the Island: "Hi, Dave! Here's a letter for Miss Madelon!"

Donaldson was drunk and had some difficulty in getting his fingers in contact with the letter. On the way "across," the breeze flipped the letter overboard. Donaldson cried because he could not get hold of it again. He was conscious of carelessness, in a dim, besotted way, and did not mention the circumstance of the letter to Miss Madelon.

IV.

A year had come and gone, and again winter was almost upon them, and still he had made no sign. Ah, the dreary, hopeless waiting!

One morning Madelon received a letter from the girl who had gone to the city the year before. Among all the condescending patronage and cheap affected gossip was one bit—"and I see a Swell coming sailing along with a girl—gee, she was a double-A corker alright - alright — and what do you think? It was the stunner that was fussing you last good-old-summer-time and the lady I help speaks to him and and she and I being very affable to each other I said 'Ain't that Mr. John Dennison?' And she looks kind of surprised and says 'Yes, Mathilde. Why?' And I replied 'Oh, nothink. He looks quite happy, mam.'

"And she says kind of bitter-like around the lips,'He'd ought to be. He's going to get married I hear next week and spend his honeymoon in Italy. What more could he want?' And she laughs in a way I doesn't like to hear. So I guess she was another of his crushes. O these hansome men! You'd ought to of nailed him while you had the chanct—"

The letter dropped into the dark water.

That evening Madelon took her boat as usual. She wore her old white jersey, her hair was roughly plaited, and her feet were bare. It was more than a year since she had dressed thus.

She did not row across to the station, but around the island, through one of the narrow rough channels that separate it from the mainland, and out into the ocean.

The great waves that had so long bided their time caught her light boat and tossed it from crest to crest, now dropping it, now catching it up again in their mad triumphant welcome. Straight across them, straight out toward the storm-cloud that unheeded reared its threatening head above the wide waters, the girl pulled with long firm strokes, her head flung back, her eyes kindled with the wild joy of challenging the storm. The rising wind loosened her heavy hair and blew it forward about her face. No longer through the darkness could she make out where the island lay. All around, below, above, was heaving blackness.

The wind had begun to whistle slightly, ominously, in her ears. She could feel the sea rising.

And suddenly the storm was upon the sea, and the little hills towered suddenly into mountains, and no boat could live for the greatness thereof.

. . . . . .

The night-train was speeding through the darkness. In the parlor-car sat three young men, two of whom seemed to be in excellent spirits and laughed and joked incessantly. "Lucky dog, to get packed off by his firm to Italy and be able to —" The third sat silent and distraught. The shriek of the whistle roused him and he began to gather up his luggage.

"If I am making a mistake—" he said, speaking aloud, abstractedly breaking into the midst of the laughter, "She never answered my letters."

One of his companions, an earnest faced young clergyman, laid his hand gravely on his friend's shoulder.

"John," he said, "A woman's love does not die in a year, and if she loves you she will come to you, and now."

The train was slowing down.

The young man looked out of the dark window and listened for a moment to the dashing of the rain and the sobbing of the wind. He shivered slightly. "Ah," he said, "It must be a bitter night at sea!"

X.

French IV. A. Pupil translating — "He claimed to have killed two immense crocodiles by means of electricity."

Teacher — "Shocking!"

THE SAGAMORE

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EDITORIALS

FIFTY days of school left! If, as we say it, vision, of mountain or seaside rise before our mind's eyes it sounds like "Half a century of days"; but if the mental apparitions aroused are of examinations to be passed and honors to be won, it sounds only too much like "Twice twenty-five." A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together on this last little up-stretch will take us to the summit, from which we may view with delightful anticipation a long, smooth level, unobstructed by those stumbling-blocks to happiness called "conditions." I believe this last little effort is worth while.

Some members of the Senior Class are already beginning to speculate anxiously as to the chance of our Commencement's again falling on the same day as Harvard "Class Day." We do not wish to "rush where angels dare not tread," but it does seem as if more general satisfaction would be given if these two interests could in some way be kept from conflicting.

The great success last week of the Harvard Delta Upsilon play, "The Alchemist," has suggested to us an idea connected with our own "dramatics." For some time our school has had every year a dramatic performance, yet this custom does not seem to have become as yet formally recognized, and springs up almost accidentally each year. The High School "Dramatics" should be recognized as an institution, to be looked forward to from year to year. Participation in the plays would then become an honor to be gained not merely by some slight inclination for acting, but also by cultivated distinctness of articulation, clearness of enunciation, roundness of tone, excellence in declamation, command of facial expression, and ease of manner. As a result, the honor, and perhaps more particularly the genuine fun of "being in the play," would be a stimulus to the cultivation of those graces the value of which is not to be underestimated so long as the greater part of our waking hours is spent in oral communication with people whom we wish to be able to influence legitimately for small ends or great.

There is no doubt that "traditions" help more than anything else to endear and beautify a school. Our own school is not very young;

but it has as yet few traditions. Those that it has, however, are appreciated: Commencement, the Senior Dance, "Prize Speaking," and especially the "Friday Mornings," which are so unique and so much enjoyed. I hope that soon the High School Drama may be added to the list. There is, however, one institution the desirability of which has frequently been discussed among the undergraduates: the establishment of a Class Day. Something of the sort was tried year before last, and failed, because it was in four sections, each of trifling importance, which provoked an unpleasant spirit of rivalry and criticism and excited little interest or enthusiasm. The successful Class Day would be one entire day, separate from Commencement evening, belonging to the Seniors, but of interest to the entire school and to many of the Alumni. It would have the conventional Class Prophet, Class Poet, Class Odist, Historian, and Orator, and the usual Class exercises and receptions, supplemented by some features distinctively our own, and perhaps concluded by the Senior Dance in the evening. I am aware that the idea of a High School Class Day is by no means original. It has been successfully tried and adopted by a great number of enterprising High Schools, and I believe that the time is ripe for its trial in our own.

WE ALL WONDER

About that *birth* in 19.

When the fire will come.

How P. felt when he handed Miss Q. a cigar instead of the requested pencil.

Why O—t—s persists in using the girls' door in Room 19.

How many girls will get lost in the corridors now that linking of arms and holding of hands is forbidden.

THAT HAPPY MOMENT!

When the fire-drill gong rings just as you are about to flunk!

When you are caught throwing crayon!

When you meet the teacher whose class you have just cut!

When you run all the way to school under the impression that it is 8.29 and arrive at 8.14,— *doors still locked!*

Best of all, when you are awakened at eight o'clock on a rainy morning by four gongs. NO SCHOOL!

ATHLETICS

THE basketball team added another victory to its credit by overwhelmingly defeating the team from Braintree High by a score of 38 to 2, March 4th, in the local gymnasium. At no time in the game were the visitors in the running with our fellows, and Cook and Shine threw goals at their pleasure. The game was attended by a large number of spectators, and the team must appreciate the interest taken in their games.

The summary:—

BROOKLINE HIGH.	BRAINTREE HIGH.
Cook, r. f.	l. b. Bangs
Shine, l. f.	r. b. Wood
(High) Robinson, c.	c. Gammon
Floyd, r. b.	l. f. Fogg
McBriar, l. b.	r. f. Lane

Score—Brookline 38, Braintree 2. Referee—Pratt. Timers—Wetherell and Blake. Time—20 and 15 min. halves. Goals from floor—Cook 8, Shine 5, McBriar 3; High, Robinson, Floyd, Gammon.

On the same day, the second team played Mechanics Arts High School second team and were victorious by a score of 19 to 9. Tenney and Carlisle contributed largely to the victory, scoring thirteen out of the nineteen points for Brookline; Tenney getting nine points and Carlisle four.

The summary:—

BROOKLINE HIGH 2nd.	M. A. H. S. 2nd.
Tenny, r. f.	l. b. Randall
Carlisle, l. f.	r. b. Loftus
Hann, c.	c. Coleman
Blodgett, l. b.	r. f. Babcock
Jones, r. b.	l. f. Crump

Score—B. H. S. 19. M. A. H. S. 9. Referee—Jordan, Umpire Pratt. Timer—Blake. Time—15 min. halves. Goals from floor—Tenny 4, Carlisle 2, Hann 2, Blodgett, Coleman 2, Loftus, Crump. Goals from fouls—Tenny, Crump.

The most exciting game of basketball this year was played in the boys' gymnasium, with Mechanics Arts High School, and although it resulted in our defeat, the local team put up an excellent game despite the fact that W. Cook and Allen were both absent. At the end of the second period the score stood 9 to 9, and an additional five minutes was played in which Mechanics Arts scored two field goals.

A. Jordan and O'Connell excelled for the Boston school while Robinson and Shine put up an exceedingly fast game for Brookline.

The summary:—

M. A. H. S.	BROOKLINE H. S.
W. Jordan, r. f.	l. b. McBriar
O'Connell, l. f.	r. b. Floyd
A. Jordan, c.	c. Robinson
Heard, r. b.	l. f. Shine
Baker, l. b.	r. f. Davison

Score—M. A. H. S. 13, B. H. S. 9. Goals from floor—A. Jordan 2, O'Connell 2, W. Jordan, Robinson 2, Shine, Davison. Goals from fouls—W. Jordan 3, Robinson. Referee—Pratt. Time—2, 20 min. periods 5 min. extra period.

The second team played the Y. M. C. A. Intermediate the same afternoon and defeated by the score of 14 to 1. Tenney and Carlisle again gave an exhibition of their accurate goal throwing, and scored all of the points for Brookline. Terhune put up a good game for Y. M. C. A., and saved his team from a whitewash by getting goal from a foul.

The summary:—

B. H. S. 2nd	Y. M. C. A.
Tenney, r. f.	l. b. Fay
Carlisle, l. f.	r. b Terhune
Hann, c.	c. High
Jones, r. b.	l. f. M. Toppan
Blodgett, l. b.	r. f. Cox

Score—B. H. S. 14, Y. M. C. A. 1. Goals from floor—Carlisle 4, Tenney 2- Goals from fouls—Tenney 2. Terhune. Referee—Floyd. Time—15 and 10 min. periods.

TRACK ATHLETICS

At the Interscholastic Indoor Meet, held in the Mechanics Building March 19th, the Brookline High School relay team defeated their old rivals, Newton High School, for the first time in seven years by a most decisive margin. The teams were cheered respectively as they trotted on the track, and breathless silence reigned over the entire hall while Kerrigan and Whitaker toed the mark and at the shot of the starter's pistol they were off, and Kerrigan got the pole on the first corner. He retained it to the end of the three laps and handed over a lead of five yards to Schlem. The latter increased Brookline's advandage to twenty yards, and Sharp, the third relay, stretched the distance on the Newton runner to nearly forty.

The race was going Brookline's way, and the school section cheered heartily, and when Defriez started out for the last set he

had a good forty yards' advantage over his opponent. The Brookline captain fairly flew over the track, and when he crossed the tape he was half a lap ahead of the runner in orange and black. Then it was that the Brookline contingent burst forth again in cheering their victorious team and the team that made second best time at the meet.

The summary:—

BROOKLINE HIGH.	NEWTON HIGH.
W. Kerrigan.	H. Whittaker.
D. Sharp.	C. Wiley.
J. Schlem.	B. Bruce.
T. Defriez.	F. Johnson.

Time—3 min. 19 1-5sec. Distance—1560 yards.

Correction.—The result of the Freshmen 20-yard dash at the High School Indoor Meet were as follows: Won by J. Schelm; second, Davison; third, D. Sharp. Time, 3 1-5 sec.

At the Boston College Preparatory School meet, March 8th, our relay team was beaten by Somerville High through a most deliberate foul by a Somerville runner, although not so called by the referee on account of the track conditions. The hall was packed with spectators inside as well as outside of the track, and in the first relay the Brookline runner was literally lifted over a corner by his opponent and Somerville was able to hold the lead thus obtained to the end.

S. H. S.	BROOKLINE.
Tooling.	Kerrigan.
Wilcutt.	Schelm.
McLaughlin.	Sharp.
Frost.	Defriez.

Distance—1056 yards.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Season of 1904.

April 5 — Cambridge High at Brookline.
April 7 — Open.
April 11 — Roxbury High at Brookline.
April 13 — Mechanics Arts at Brookline.
April 15 — Wellesley High at Brookline.
April 19 — Roxbury Latin (a. m.) at Brookline.
April 22 — Noble and Greenough at Brookline.
April 26 — Arlington High at Brookline.
April 29 — Waltham High at Brookline.
May 4 — Rindge Manual Training at Brookline.
May 5 — Harvard, 1907, at Cambridge.

May 14 — St. Marks at Southboro.
May 21 — Middlesex High at Concord.
May 24 — Brighton High at Brookline.
May 28 — Dorchester High at Dorchester.

LEAGUE GAMES.

May 10 — Boston Latin (place undecided).
May 13 — Hopkinson (place undecided.)
May 18 — Cambride Latin at Newton.
May 30 — Newton High at Newton.

HER SMILE

Not like the ripple of a woodland pool,
  Not like the budding rose,
Unlike all these is her sweet smile,
  That smile of joys and woes.
It has had victims by the score
And will have twice as many more.

Coy, seductive, and withal so sweet,
  Shyly it dimples, till you seem
To quaff from Lethe's sparkling tide,
  And, work forgot, to dream;
Then, called on, all surprised, you fail,
And "popper" gets a note by next day's mail.

So, not of the ripple of the limpid pool,
  Not of rose-bud fair,
Nor e'en of the drowsy poppy's blush;
  Thy smile reminds me most (whate'er
Of simile a poet's art might form)
Of the sleepy drug called chloroform.— *Anonymous.*

"Oh dear," exclaimed the would-be mathematician, "I don't believe I ever saw a proportion as mean as this one."

Mr. W. St—l—s will make a test of his newest invention, the flying Centicylce, on April 24th, from the tower of the High School.

Pupil, explaining the word *equivocator* — "Not exactly a liar, but the next thing to it."

Chemistry I. Teacher — "Explain the action of soda water."
Pupil—"I was n't here! I did n't have it!"

NEWS NOTES

On Thursday evening, March 17th, Shailer Hall was crowded to the doors with an enthusiastic audience in the mood to appreciate to the utmost this year's presentation of the High School's annual "Dramatics." And their expectations were not disappointed. The German play "Als Verlobte Empfehlen Sich—", was a clever little farce given so effectively by six members of Miss Adams' German classes, that even those in the audience who could not understand the conversation, could follow the course of the plot very easily and enjoy its ridiculous climax. The farce "My Turn Next," given by seven Seniors who had been coached by Mr. Brooks, was received with well-merited enthusiasm, and was pronounced the most successful dramatic production that has been given in the High School for a long time. Before and after the plays and during the intermission, the audience was given a musical treat. Mrs. Packard played several solos upon the piano; Miss Florence Hallett sang a German song, "Behüt dich Gott," and a pretty song in English as an encore; and Miss Katherine Stillings rendered with admirable technique and delicacy of expression a violin solo. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Packard. At the completion of the programme the floor was cleared for dancing, which continued until twelve o'clock.

On Friday morning, March 25th, Mr. Burnham, a gentleman well known as a promoter of true athletic interests, and as one of the founders of the Boston Athletic Association, addressed the school upon his pet subject. Among many entertaining anecdotes, he told us of the revival of the Olympic games which were held in 1896 in Greece, in 1900 in France, and will take place this year in our own country.

We are again, on pleasant days, enjoying the long recess. It is however, only an experimental privilege, and may be summarily withdrawn unless good use is made of it, by the boys on the playground, or by the girls in the various walks about the neighborhood. Loitering about the building or lounging on the stone wall will be likely to be fatal to the continuance of the experiment.

Alumni notes are earnestly requested for this column.

BITS ABOUT THE WORLD

It is an interesting fact that wasps when hard pressed commit suicide by stinging themselves.

The cinematograph, or moving-picture machine, is used in Paris to show medical students how an operation should be conducted.

The new Union Station, building at Washington, will cost fourteen million dollars and be the most complete structure of its sort in the world. It will contain a dining-room, lunch-room, smoking-room, parcel-room, four waiting-rooms, dressing-rooms, Turkish baths, invalid's room, and a library and recreation room for employees. Twenty-nine tracks enter the depot.

We hear much of the ills of Russian administration; but that country has done a thing of which no other nation can boast. She has made the theater a thing of the people. Every Russian village has its little playhouse, and the price being but a penny is within the means of the poorest. The actors are themselves peasants and thus the influence of the drama, the good drama, is, in Russia, a great factor in the intellectual development of the masses.

The Eiffel Tower will soon be torn down. It has been discovered that it is tipping dangerously.

A unique method of felling trees is being practised successfully in France. It consists of heating a platinum wire by an electric current and drawing it through the trunk.

It is reported that fruit-growers have obtained seedless cherries and white blackberries, and are confident of getting seedless lemons and peaches. We have known of seedless oranges and grapes for some time, but have not heard the prospects for a seedless watermelon!

Conundrum for those who attended the big meet:—
What were the policemen standing around at the start of the 40-yard dash for?
To keep the fellows from stealing on the start.

Gym student, wearily — "That wand drill is an awful BORE!"

THE KING OF SPORTS

CREATE a stretch of ice, perhaps twenty miles in length and two in width; break the surface at intervals with airholes and "rot spots"; plentifully distribute well-packed snowbanks along the course; sprinkle the whole with two or three inches of light, dry snow; produce a fifteen-knot wind blowing from nowhere in particular, send the mercury to zero, and you have ideal conditions for the most exciting sport obtainable, — ice-boating.

Your boat should be constructed of the strongest woods and joined with the greatest care. The rigging must be light and simple and the sail very durable. Unless desirous of an accident you had best take a companion, and in the interests of comfort it is well to "bundle up" thoroughly. Now you are ready to start. Let your mate act as lookout. You yourself should steer and handle the sail.

There will be times when the tiller will go hard-about with a bang and the boat veer around with a great crunching and scraping underneath. If you are fortunate, you may climb a snow drift, or, better still, tunnel through one; if unfortunate, you may drop into freezing water or be thrown a rod or two upon the ice. It will have been a tame day indeed if you escape without injury to boat or occupants. But the exhilaration of the ride will well repay you for the risks. The exercise will make up in health whatever is lost by way of bruises. The excitement will stimulate you to an interest in existence, the wintry wind will counteract the effects of the enervating life of the city, the necessity for prompt action and prompter thought will quicken every faculty; and all these elements, expressed by man in the single word "sport," will instil an appetite for healthful exertion which, even in these strenuous times, is certainly flagging.

Take the ride and you will clasp hands with me as we dub ice-boating the "King of Sports." C. D. B., '06.

In the French class: —

Master — "Do you know what "our sisters" is in French?"

Scholar—"Nos sœurs," and there was a look of blank astonishment on his face when he was advised to "stay after school then, and find out."

LOCALS

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE BASSES

I.

Oh! King Koal was a leader bold,
A leader bald was he,
He called for some noise
From his musical boys,
But their jaws were as stiff as could be.

II.

Humpty Dumpty sat in the hall,
Humpty's mouth wouldn't open at all.
All the king's forces got after him then,
Till Humpty's jaw was working again. C. D. B., '06.

A new scholar named Blossom recently attained honors in a prep. school athletic meet. "Say," complimented an enthusiastic friend, "You 're a peach, Blossom."

I. English B. $500 Reward. Paradise — Lost.
Finder please return to Saint Peter or agent, Room 9.

Fellow who is sledging for another boy at the shops, "If you don't stop talking so I 'll strike."

Utinam fortuna favet William!
Cui femina est nunc,
Tam omnes nostrum erant beati
Cum Willam "took the plunge"— kerplunk!

The fire gong! But no, Mr. Snow was not getting fired — not quite as bad as that — he was only getting married.

It would be well if all Room 19 would imitate the manner of Ot—s. When he recites even the angles are equal "respectfully."

After the fire drill the other day, the I. French B. class went "back to the Woods."

F—l—nb—rg shatters the gravity of the III. B. Math. Class by speaking of the *triangles of an angle.*

WANTED

A muscular elocutionist to teach the chorus boys how to use their "jaws." Apply to Mr. C—l—.

A large audience on the first floor watched with great interest F—lk—nb—rg's rapid descent from the second *via* the "Air Line! We heard later that he used a week's growth of beard as a brake and it broke.

Here is the last line of a popular parody of an old college song much in vogue just now in the Freshmen ranks:—

"T'was a chilly day for Freshy when *Snow* came down."

H—dn—t, '06, gravely gives as his reason for not being in athletics this year that his heart is weak, and a certain fair maid asked him to take good care of it for her. We thought the article, such as it is, was already in the young lady's keeping.

I say, H—dn—t is becoming a chestnut.

Capt. Sargeant of the III. A Gym Class explains how easy it is to get in position. "One may *fall in* or *line up*."

HIS VALUE

Two tramps were "counting ties" between Chicago and Detroit one day when they came to a bridge over a deep and treacherous stream. On a telegraph pole at one side of the track was this sign:—

NOTICE!
$25 REWARD OFFERED
For the Saving of a Drowning Person.

Jack studied the announcement in silence for a minute. He was thoroughly at home in the water, while his companion could not swim a stroke.

"Bill, d'yer want 'a make some money widout wukkin'? he asked.

"Wot yer givin' us?"

"Dat sign sez as 'ow twenty-foive dollars'll be giv' to de bloke wot saves a drownin' man. All yer 'as ter do is ter drop in 'ere and lemme fish yer out an' we'll divide de tin."

After some argument, Bill jumped in and yelled for help. No answer. Jack was reading another sign. Bill went down the first time, came up, hollered. No answer. Jack was still reading. Bill sank, rose, sputtered. Still no answer. Jack was thinking. Bill went down the third time and came up blubbering. Jack turned slowly around.

"'Im sorry bloke. Yer got ter croak. Dis 'ere sign reads dat fifty dollars reward 'll cum ter de man wot recuvers a dead body. Yer 'll hev ter die."

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1904

THE SAGAMORE

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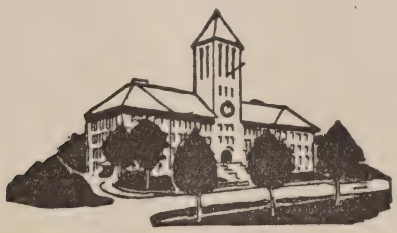

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 10 MAY, 1904 NUMBER 7

THE FIRST RUN OF THE MISSION MAIL

THE old Okonic Bridge was a thorn in the flesh to the company. It was an old "turnstile" drawbridge spanning the Manning River at Little Gem, a small railroad town with round-house and yard. Although it stood firm enough, engineers who did not yearn for a bath in the muddy water slowed to a five-mile gait when crossing, for it had been built in the days of twenty-ton locomotives and cast-iron rails. Moreover, in that state — we will not name it — among other antiquated laws, stood one stating that in the case of railway draws the boat should have the right of way. So the bridge keeper was in the employ of the government, and two or three times a day, usually at train-time, he would open the draw to let through a dirty little schooner bound for the mill town above. While this operation was in progress, the engineer would sit on the edge of the string-piece and exchange compliments with the crew of the passing lighter in language that made the fish stop biting a mile up and down stream. Green engineers fell into the error of making for the bridge-tender's little cabin, if they approached from that side of the river, but the bridge-tender, after being half killed once, bought a husky bull-pup and chained him to the door-post, and this was ample protection.

The engineers kicked singly and as a body. They threatened to strike and even to appeal to the Brotherhood. They said they could n't be expected to make time, but still the general manager would not build a new, high bridge, and the things that were said about him would have made him sleep badly, at least. Then

the incident happened that changed matters and got the engineers their new bridge.

The Pacific and Southern was a new road backed by plenty of money, and when they saw a possible chance for gain they took it. Casting about for new worlds to conquer, their board of directors noticed the condition of affairs in the company we have been speaking of, the Sacramento and Eastern. The latter was an old road with a reputation for steadiness, but on account of recent heavy expenditures the company was poorly off financially — witness the condition of the bridge. Now the other road looked into the matter, and the deeper they probed, the more eager they became to control the traffic that the Sacramento and Eastern then held. First, they offered a generous sum for the whole concern; and when that was rejected decided that it would be worth their while to build a rival road between the same terminals. They were persuaded that, with their superior backing, they could win the traffic over from the older company and then increase it to such an extent that the extra right of way would pay for itself. The Pacific and Southern had taken many chances in building up its great system and had always come out ahead, but their over-confidence deceived them at last.

So the other road was built, running for the most part parallel to the tracks of the S. & E., and the larger towns en route were entered by both roads. The older road had the advantage of the best right of way with fewer grades and cuts and curves, and with much less cost of maintenance; for they had first choice. Old railroaders shook their heads at the audacity of the encroaching company and subscribed to the papers of the interested towns, that they might follow the fight step by step.

On the last of April the new road was ready and was opened May 2d. The struggle was on! To describe it in detail would be tedious; for, after the first fierce set-to, it was a fight between magnates, and conducted and controlled on the long tables of the Board rooms of the respective offices. The newcomer began with the usual cutting of rates. Down, down, down they went; but at each drop the new company made, the S. & E. hung on like grim death. You could actually travel for a cent a mile on either, and freight rates sunk correspondingly. But the expense of operating and maintaining a new road was too much for the P. & S. and they gave up with a gasp,

sending over a committee to treat for common rates, as they resumed a normal tariff. The S. & E. had withstood the first attack.

Thus the fight went on for six months. Somehow the invader found difficulty in stealing away the traffic as she had intended; and enemies of the arrogant P. & S. chuckled at the check—we might almost say defeat — she was receiving at the hands of her rival. The fine new trains were but half filled, people preferred the old road, and the travellers who rode on the P. &. S. did so from mere curiosity and only once.

It was only a matter of time before the new company would have to close up shop; for even the richest railroad west of the Mississippi cannot afford to run 524 miles of double track on a loss. The old financiers could say, "I told you so!" for the P. & S. had tempted fortune once too often and had been beaten, and beaten badly, with a loss of hundreds of thousands. For, unless the other road offered to buy, the new right of way would be as valuable as so many second-hand steel rails, and that was all. But the S. & E. would not offer to buy; and the other company hung despairingly on, hoping against hope, for a change of fortune.

That fickle goddess did not desert her former favorite without giving a last chance — the Mission Mail. The U. S. Government announced a new mail service between X — and M —, the terminals of these two railroads. They were informed there were two roads eligible for a daily fast mail train to perform this service, and they would give the contract to the company which made the fastest time. The new train was to be called the Mission Mail.

The P. & S. snatched eagerly at this last chance. Winning the contract might mean winning the traffic, and anyway it meant beating the S. & E. So great preparations were put under way on both roads. A representative of the government was to witness the starting of each train and telegraph the man at the other end the exact time. "When the mail was delivered at the other terminal," the official there was to snap his stop-watch, set by receiving of the message of departure. Thus there would be perfect fairness.

As has been said, the S. & E. had the better right of way and slightly less distance; so that if it had equally good locomotives and engineers as the rival road, it seemed as if it must give the final blow to the crushing of the unfortunate P. & S.

The latter road tried first, on a clear October day, and covered the

distance in 9 hours and 43 minutes with three stops. The engineer of the last relay fainted when he finished the run. He did his 260 miles in 4 hours and 8 minutes, or at an average of about 65 miles an hour!

The men of the S. & E. whistled. So they were up against something after all. The fact that they had to deal with a company desperate, fighting its last fight for existence, began to impress itself on their minds. Yet they should be able to win; to do 520 miles in 583 minutes. "Buck" Harvey took the "Mustang," an eight-car Pullman train, over the same route in 10 hours and a quarter and he should be able to do the distance in a half hour less, with only three vestibuled mail cars and one stop. Little Gem was that stop.

The trial was set for the fourteenth; and on the twelfth, Buck Harvey came down with pneumonia. Several of the older men were offered the job, but they shook their heads and declined quietly but firmly. Finally Billy Greening, young, but a hummer, accepted the place and pulled out on the fourteenth, early in the morning. As conductor he had Old Henry Dibbs, red-headed and Hibernian, who held a reputation of doing what he started out to do.

On the front of the cab was tacked a schedule that the despatcher had made out, keeping to which meant coming in with eight minutes to spare. Greening managed to keep to it for the first 250 miles, while Old Dibbs chuckled between lurches as he sat in the forward mail car, watch in hand. There was no load, only four empty pouches representing the freight of the future Mission Mail.

The train ran down the grade to Little Gem at an eighty-mile clip; and confidence filled Greening's heart as he thought of the fresh engine and fireman that awaited him on the other side of the Okonic River. Then the fireman yelled suddenly, "Bridge signal down!" With the jar of the brakes every man's heart sank. Each remembered the old drawbridge nuisance and black rage and grief possessed their souls; for the chance of winning the contract faded away at the prospect of twenty minutes delay. All their hopes crushed by one blow of fate!

A big, new ferry-boat was scraping through the draw, barely finding room for her broad, white-painted wheel boxes in the narrow channel. When the train came to a stop, actually within sight of the station and waiting locomotive across the gap, the train-crew, sob-

bing with rage, tumbled off and rushed with wrenches and crowbars at the bridge-tender's cabin. All but Billy Greening.

While the rest were avenging themselves on the poor old man, he took in the situation at a glance. The open draw was practically filled by the steamer. Greening dashed back to the mail-car and seized the four mail-bags in his arms, stumbling back to the bridge end just as one of the huge, arched paddle-boxes glided by four feet away. With a fervent prayer, or as near as he could come to one, the man, half smothered in his burden, hurled himself blindly at the smooth, white surface, trusting to luck that he would land on the top, and not slide down under the thrashing paddles. He landed on top, and he landed on his stomach, and the mail-bags landed on him; but he gripped them like grim death and stumbled across the upper deck. The brass padlocks on the pouches had gouged out large sections of fresh paint where Greening landed, and several deck hands, armed with camp stools, rushed to head him off. He reached the side and flung the bags across the gap before they caught him, however, and then he grappled the first assailant, who went overboard like a sack of meal. Before the rest could attack him, he jumped to the rail, and, poising for a moment, sprang to the bridge.

In two minutes Billy Greening was pulling out of Little Gem with the pouches in the tender of his fresh engine and five empty box-cars in place of his train. All included, the Mission Mail had lost just five minutes at the Okonic Bridge.

When Billy Greening ran into the terminal at three minutes before the allotted time, with his five dirty box cars half yanked off their trucks by the unaccustomed speed, the official of the U. S. M. S. looked first astonished, then doubtful. But when the four precious racks were flung to the platform, he snapped his watch and joined the mob of officials that swarmed questioning about the engineer. They got never a word in reply; for Greening took the arm of the U. S. M. S. official and pushed through the crowd to a ground-glass door behind which a little man with gray whiskers sat waiting. Then Greening made his report, and the U. S. M. S. man made his; after which the President nodded dismissal to the engineer, with a curt, "thank you," and Greening turned in and slept the clock round.

A day later the President called him in again and told him what soon became public property, that the P. & S. had sold out their new

division to the S. & E. at about half the cost of construction. As the latter road had been long contemplating an additional double track line, Greening had saved the S. & E. some nine hundred thousand dollars. When the engineer went out the president presented him with a box of the very finest Havana cigars.

And — by the way — they built a new bridge over the Okonic at Little Gem. R. E. A., '06.

WHAT THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS SAW

I am certainly getting to be a feeble old clock now. My hands are shaky, and my face is yellow, and has lost all its sprightly expression, I fear, with nobody to smile at and tick to but old Miss Lucy and Miss Eustaphia, as they trudge slowly upstairs every night at nine o'clock, with their candles in their withered hands. Time was, when my strike would bring the young feet hurrying up the stair. The young master was always my favorite. Ah! what a pair he and Miss Nancy used to make! I always tried to tick more cheerfully when they came by me. But then the war came, and all the life and sunlight left the house when Master Ralph went away. Old Madam used to search through the list of dead every day, turning the paper with trembling hands, dreading lest she should find Master Ralph's name in the fatal list. One day she found it there. I remember well the day they brought him home. It was bleak November, and the dry leaves fluttered into the dark hall as they opened the door to carry in the lad who had gone out so bonny. And then Miss Nancy came; and from that visit she went home an aged woman. Many years have passed since then; silent, lifeless years, with one day like another. It is only I who realize that the days do pass; for to Miss Lucy and Miss Eustaphia, it is only yesterday that Master Ralph left us. M. S., '06.

Attendant, delivering books—"Livy, sir?"

Hungry, but absent-minded poet in reference library—"Er—no! no! rump steak with mushrooms!"

"YOUR TURN NEXT."

DID you ever try to write a story? Well, all those who read this paper and have not yet attempted such a step have a treat before them. (The last number comes out in June.) All you have to do is think of something to write on — paper is about the best thing to use, some of that school punched paper that you have at home will do. Now, after you have your paper you have to get a pencil or a pen, a stub pen is all right, but if you are going to write a story of the farm, a pig-pen might perhaps do. Now you have your pen and paper, and, of course, ink goes with it, and then you must sit down, for it is always easier to write sitting down. When you are seated, not necessarily receipted unless you have forgotten something, you are ready to begin.

In the first place (nothing to do with decimals), your story must have movement; this does n't mean that the author must get up and walk around, nor that the pen must move, but it does mean that your story must be exciting enough to draw interest (6 per cent is a mighty good rate).

Before this, however, you must have something to write on (yes, we know that you have your paper) but we mean the subject. Of course all stories are subject to certain things, but as you have never written one before, these are not necessary to know.

Now suppose that you have your subject, after you have bitten off your pen (this is a stub-pen with a wooden handle, of course) you must get your characters together — no, not all in one room — but think of whom you are going to write. To make your story strong (no, not with "Force"), you must give your characters character. On this hangs your story, but it does not have to be a murderous one. The next step is to lay the scene. You may have seen the lays last summer when you went out to get the eggs, but this is different. Now you have the main facts (it does not have to be in Maine, you understand), but this is only the outline, cheer up, the worst is yet to come (nor does this have to be a German tale), your story is about to be begun (perhaps your gun does not take B B shot, but that is immaterial to the story). The more material you have the better for the tale, especially if it is an angora cat.

Presume now that your story is nearly completed, which is not likely, and you have to give it a strong ending (after-dinner coffee

is usually a strong ending to a dinner, but this is a different kind of an ending).

When your story is finished, you must append your whole name, class, age, etc., and hand it to one of the editors, and he will give it to the editor-in-chief to be read at the next meeting. Such a fine story was not written to blush unseen; but if you happen to be one of The Sagamore board and are present when your story is read, you turn red and wish that you could change the scene or something. With these few instructions in story writing it is hoped that the editors will be overloaded with contributions next month.

W. M. B.

During a German recitation in III. D, Mr. Brooks made the following suggestion: "Make small i's to go with your big I good."

A III. Greek boy gives some novel information about the Parthians, "Their horsemen when flying often wounded and killed their prisoners."

PROOF CONCLUSIVE.

The small boy was not feeling very well, and his father decided that it was a case of chicken-pox. The youngster made light of his ailment and retired. The next morning he came down to breakfast with a very sober face.

"You were right, Dad," he said, "It was chicken-pox, 'cause I found a *feather* in my bed."

AN ODE TO DUNCAN AND TORREY

Brothers in prosperity,
Wealth of hair.
Friends in adversity,
No barber's fare.

It is widely supposed that Force is practically a new creation; but Milton says in his "Paradise Lost" that Satan used Force when he was expelled from Heaven.

In the same work we find, "Who overcomes by Force hath overcome but half his foe." It is suggested that Cream of Wheat might have better results.

TEN MINUTES TOO LATE

THE little church in Rockland was one of the dreariest buildings I had ever seen, and an old farmer once told me that no one ever went near it, because it was haunted. When I heard this, I longed to see the interior. Going to the door, which was on the level with the ground, I turned the knob; but the door would not open. I was about to raise a window when my attention was attracted by the following sign:—

"Let no ONE enter
Under Pane of Glass;
You are Ten Minutes too Late."

This was a very interesting inscription. An idea struck me. I lowered the top of the window and entered over the glass. As soon as I was inside, I beheld an ugly, old man looking at me from an opposite corner. I was going to get out, but he suddenly perched himself on the window, and I ran into an adjoining room.

Imagine my surprise when I saw an Ancient Greek sitting at a table reading. I was more than delighted.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but would you kindly tell me your name?"

"Xenophon," he replied, as he offered me a chair.

I sat down. That name was very familiar to me, but I tried in vain to recollect where I had heard it.

Suddenly he looked up; "H'm! A very interesting book," he remarked.

"What 's the name?" I asked.

"The 'Anabasis.' They say I wrote it, but I 'm blamed if I ever saw it before."

"You don 't say!" I cried. Here was something to tell my less fortunate friends at home. I always did have a slight suspicion that Xenophon never wrote that story.

He suddenly rose. "Let me intoduce you to my friend, Julius Cæsar."

I followed him into the next room. As I entered, I beheld a Roman gentleman, dressed in toga fashion, and farther away a lady.

"Hello, Cæsar," said Xenophon, "let me introduce you to my new friend."

"Delighted," said Cæsar.

"I am greatly pleased," said I, "to meet the gentleman who wrote the beautiful 'Commentaries,' "

"Those beautiful what?" he asked.

"The 'Commentaries.' "

"Oh, I did n't write them."

"Well, who did?"

"I suppose one of my enemies did, I would n't be mean enough to leave such truck for poor bewildered students to read. But let me introduce you to Mrs. Parallel Line." And Cæsar continued, "Mr. and Mrs. Parallel Line lived with me until 42 B. C. You see they quarrelled because the former never kept an appointment, but was always ten minutes too late, and so they were separated forever."

"Will they ever meet again?" I asked sympathetically.

"Don't you know that two parallel lines can never meet?" cried Cæsar, in great anger.

"Oh! that 's so," I admitted humbly; "but there is one more question I 'd like to ask; you say they lived with you until 42 B. C."

"Yes."

"But you were assassinated in 44 B. C."

"Who said I was assassinated?"

"Why, I read it in Shakspere's 'Julius Cæsar.' "

"What!" he thundered, "has that fellow been lying again? I 'll fix him."

He ordered the old man to call Shakspere.

In a minute the messenger returned, saying, "Mr. Cæsar, I am very sorry, sir, but if your friend had been here just ten minutes earlier I should—"

"Here, stop," I yelled; for Mr. —— was shaking me with all his might. When at last I managed to stand up straight I was informed that I not only had slept through the whole geometry period, but was already "Ten Minutes too Late" for my next recitation.

H. B., '06.

In the Political Economy Class illustrating rotation in office: "A, B and C will be the selectmen for the first year; D, E and F will hold the office the second year; and G, H and I will be the selectmen for the third year." We wonder if Mr. S. intends to "run" for that position.

SUCCESS?

I.

MALCOLM Conant entered his master's study with a nervous air, quite uncommon to him. Even a cheery "Good morning" failed to reassure him, and he fidgeted nervously with his cap before he spoke.

"It 's about my boy, if you please, sir. You see I do n't know what to do myself," he said at length.

"What 's he been doing now? Poaching?" asked the Laird kindly.

"God forbid," answered Malcolm, "You see, it 's like this; all his teachers write me to have him study music. But it 's this way to me — my father served your father faithfully, here I 'm serving you; and I 'd give my heart to have the boy do the same."

"I wager it will be a sorry day for Rothsay Manor when the Conants leave us. But, Malcolm, the boy deserves a trial; send him to Procter, the organist of 'Our Lady,' he 'll soon find out if the lad has talent."

"Thank you, sir. You see he gets it all from his mother, she was a singer. Why, she 'd have made a fortune if she had n't married me."

The Laird, with a puzzled smile, watched the man as he stepped from the room and across the lawn. "So I may one day be asked to meet the famous musician, Donald Conant, my tenant's son. Well, well, there 's nothing like ambition and talent."

Suddenly a pretty girl came running into the room, followed by a huge collie.

"Father, father," she cried, "Is it true Donald's going to be a great musician?"

"That 's rather a big prophecy to make as yet, said her father, smiling; "but he is certainly talented."

"Won't it be splendid when people ask me if I know the celebrated Mr. Donald Conant? I'll raise my eyebrows like this, and say, 'Oh, intimately, we were play fellows, don't you know,' " and the child drew up her slender figure with a most haughty look at the place where the imaginary questioner stood.

II.

A tall, stalwart looking man was tramping along the road toward Rothsay one day toward evening, some fifteen years later. The

birds were twittering softly, the crickets chirped, and now and then the croak of a bullfrog broke in upon the harmony. The man laughed for pure joy, and throwing back his head he stood still and breathed in the fresh evening air. Then he resumed his journey and walked quickly along the road, glancing from side to side, as though looking for old familiar landmarks. As he entered the driveway of the Manor house an old collie which was lying on the path growled, and then sprang up with a glad bark and frisked like a pup when the man spoke to him. With the dog jumping about him, he turned the corner of the house and came face to face with a young girl.

For an instant she looked at him, then, "Donald!" she cried, and dropped the flowers she was carrying.

A few minutes later she entered her father's study, and, making him a deep courtesy, she said, smiling, "Father, let me introduce to you the famous organist, Mr. Donald Conant, just returned from a most successful trip on the Continent."

The Laird warmly grasped the young man's hand. "I 'm glad you 've come home, my boy. Eline and I have missed you sadly. You stay now, don't you?" he added, wistfully.

"Yes, I 'm home for keeps, as the boys say," said Malcolm, smiling. "My trip has made me independent financially."

'Oh, we 've heard all about the marvellous successes that awaited you every where, eh Eline?"

"Yes," said the girl, "and, would you believe it, Donald, Father went down to Edinburgh to talk to people about you, his adopted son."

"My boy, your father could not have been more proud of you than I am. I wish he could have lived to see your triumphs."

A look of sorrow passed over Donald's face. "Do you know, I had my fortune told in Paris by a gypsy. She predicted brilliant triumphs for me; yet she said I was to see my dear ones die before me; for God rarely grants success and happiness to one man."

III.

The sun shone brightly on the old Manor, the bees buzzed idly around the flowers and all seemed life and joy. But upstairs in the Laird's room Donald and Eline sat silently, watching, waiting; for the Laird was dying. Suddenly he stirred. They rose and bent over him. Feebly he reached for Donald's hand, and, with his remaining

strength he placed it on Eline's. The curtain flapped in the summer breeze, the birds sang, the bees hummed about the roses drooping in at the windows — but the Laird lay still.

IV.

Theirs had been the prettiest wedding the village had ever seen. The great men of the outside world had come to wish them joy, and for once Rothsay was taxed to its utmost capacity. Now this was all over; and once more dull monotony had settled on the little village. Yet the children loved to look through the big gates at the bride as she moved among her flowers, or to listen to the new Laird's music as he filled the air with the beauty and sweetness of his playing. But as the summer heat increased the little crowd about the gates grew less and less, until at last no one came to see or to listen — the awful heat had brought the fever in its wake.

No one was more sympathetic in caring for the sick or dying than Eline. It was her hand that cooled their fevered brows or gently closed their eyes forever.

But one morning the sufferers waited in vain; for the fever had entered the Manor, and of all its possible victims the Lady alone was chosen.

Every day one of the villagers rode over the dusty road to the Manor to make inquiries; every morning his report was anxiously awaited for by the village. One morning they waited until noon for him to return; and, when at length they saw him come slowly riding towards them, they knew without asking what tidings he brought.

The gypsy's prophecy had come true.

V.

For five years Rothsay Manor had stood desolate. The once well-kept garden was filled with weeds, the flowers each year bloomed unpicked, for people whispered that at twilight the form of the dead Lady could be seen walking to and fro in the garden.

News came now and then to the village of the wonderful career of the new Laird; but he never came back to see them or the house.

One evening the postmaster stumbled into the room in the inn were all the men sat drinking their ale. His face was white with terror and his eyes stared wildly around. When he had regained his

courage, he said that he had been obliged to pass by the Manor, and just when he reached the gate he heard music coming from the house; yet the house was in pitchy blackness. As he listened, terror-stricken, the music gradually grew softer until it seemed to have stopped, then suddenly it changed and increased in volume until the notes seemed to wail and howl like a host of demons. Suddenly, with one awful discord it ceased. How he got back to the inn he could not tell.

At first the men were inclined to laugh at him; but as he clung to his story, and his fright was all too apparent, they were at length convinced of his sincerity. They agreed to go in a body next day and investigate.

Early next morning they set out for the Manor. When they reached the gates, they found them open. Glancing questioningly at each other, they went around to the front of the house. The door also was open.

After a brief conference, five of the boldest went into the house. Within all was gloom and darkness; but the sunlight streaming through the open door lit up the gilded pipes of the organ; and there, fallen forward over the keyboard lay Donald Conant, the great musician. W. P., '04.

"Seniors, B English. Please bring Chaucer, Spenser, Milton." This request was quite impossible; but we can oblige by referring the teacher to the "Interviews of John K. Bangs" in the Sunday Herald.

From the class in Civil Government:—
Teacher—"What are the difficulties in this system."
Pupil—"I don't know."
Teacher—"Why, you do not seem to Shine at all!"

The member of I. French who translated, "Va dedans les enfers" "go below," might have been a little more explicit.

The I. English class is becoming remarkably well acquainted with the "warmer regions" according to Milton's account in Paradise Lost.

DECOY

RALPH Ireland took a flying leap from the veranda to the beach. "Well," said he, "A confounded little cold is n't so bad when the medicine 's so out-of-all-proportion agreeable. Hello! There 's a girl."

There were three of them, in fact, sprawling on the sand, tanning and freckling their arms and faces in a desperate attempt at looking as youthful as their clothes. Ralph Ireland's heart sank. It was five years since he had left college — that is to say, since he had had a whole summer "off," — and during those five years of earnest application to business he had n't found so very much leisure to cultivate girls; so that now, during his enforced rest, he was minded to make the most of his holiday. He thrust his hands into the pockets of his outing flannels and strolled off, whistling away his grievous disappointment. Opportunely he caught sight, just then, of half a dozen girls approaching along the beach in ones and twos and threes, a group which an indescribable something — perhaps a dainty jauntiness of attire, perhaps a certain delicate, swaying, hovering butterfly poise — marked, even at that distance, as legitimate game for a summer's stalking.

Ireland's pulse quickened (maybe). At any rate, he decided to stroll down the beach.

There was, however, game nearer at hand. A frivolous looking parasol first put him on the scent; next appeared a skirt-edge of just the evanescent, ephemeral pinkish tinge to go with a frivolous parasol, then a bit of black patent leather of peculiar daintiness; and, finally, the prettiest white hand in the world toying with a great pale pink La France.

Ireland approached covertly. He saw that behind the frivolous parasol was a girl, and that she was absorbed in a book; so he took a good look at her. Her hair was soft and very dark, like her lashes.

She was pretty, and more than pretty—she was beautiful. Ireland knew the difference.

At the last moment of passing, he glanced down at the book in which she was so engrossed to see whether it was "Truth Dexter" or "Miss Petticoats." Neither. It was "Oehler's Old Testament Theology;" it was huge, it was musty, and *it was upside down.*

This appealed rather forcibly to Ireland's sense of the humorous; and he hastily quickened his steps.

By so doing he precipitated himself, as it were, upon the six young ladies above mentioned. Perhaps because of this, perhaps because he was a remarkably fine specimen of summer man, the head young lady looked kindly at Ralph.

It is possible that this confused Ralph; for, as he did n't know exactly what to do with his eyes, he looked kindly at the young lady. Her eyes fell. She was greatly shocked. Ireland persevered, however, and received, at just the last available minute, in the outermost corner of his eye, a cornerwise twinkler from the young lady — one of the kind you can get a dozen of any day down in Huyler's during one café mousse.

Ireland repeated the same manœuvre with the five succeeding young ladies; so that in the end he had six various-colored twinklers stored up as trophies to begin his summer's collection with.

Then, leaving a decent space between the last young lady and himself, he wheeled about, and sauntered back to the hotel. On the steps he met a boy of nineteen or so, Billy Pattison, with whom he had renewed an old acquaintance at luncheon. He used to know him in the days when Billy, in kilts and unwelcome to "the fellows," used to tag along at Ralph's heels for protection.

"Pretty good line of girls, eh, Ralph?" drawled Billy, nodding toward the fair sextet now artistically grouped near the sad sea waves.

"You bet!" assented Ralph, heartily.

"Want to meet them?"

"Sure, man!"

Ralph met the sextet, and, being the kind of chap that people like and trust from the start, he added six gentle hand-pressures to his collection of trophies.

During the afternoon quite a goodly number of men drifted up and beached near the sextet. It is important to say that there was "a goodly number" of them. Quantity frequently has to be considered by girls a compensation.

Meanwhile the dark-eyed girl sat aloof under the frivolous parasol and read diligently in "Oehler's Old Testament Theology."

Three days passed, and Ralph's collection of trophies was increasing at a flattering rate of speed. That evening he left the men finishing their after-dinner cigars, and came out to stand among the pines and breathe the pure air and idly watch the moon rise.

The thoughts and impulses of the last few days dropped from him like a painted mask, and when he slowly turned homeward again he was feeling a touch of mystical solemnity. As he neared the hotel, he saw, high on the tiny balcony outside her window, the Madonna of the Book. She was half kneeling, her arms resting on the low balustrade, her hands clasped under her chin. Soft whiteness drooped from her shoulders, her dark hair hung heavily about her brows and throat, her dark eyes seemed uplifted, waiting. At that moment the moon rose over the pines. It flung a ray of clear cold light across the girl's face.

Ireland unconsciously removed his hat.

A moment later, her eyes dropped slowly. She saw him, and the sight struck from her face the look that the moonlight had brought. She rose quietly and stepped through the long window into her room.

Ireland was stung by the undeserved rebuke. He did not enter the house, but turned back again through the pines to the ridge of the hill. He sat down on his favorite stump, jammed his hat over his eyes, and communed with himself for five minutes in silence. Then he spoke.

"Ireland," he said, "you 've been making more or less of a fool of yourself for three days. You 're not conscience stricken, because you know you have n't done a thing which could possibly harm those shallow empty bits of bric-à-brac down there, and you would n't have if you 'd kept up the game all summer. But you 're ashamed of yourself, Ireland, because you 're anxious to stand for something in this old world a little nobler than flirtation."

"Ralph! O Ralph!" came Billy Pattison's lazy call. "Oh, are you mooning here? Say, the girls are going to the Glen, and want us fellows to tag along so they can have something to spoon with."

"Billy," said Ireland gravely, but laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, "Billy, the man is not worth the name who uses a girl as a pastime, and then speaks contemptuously of her to another man. Don't forget that by encouraging the pastime yourself, you lose the right to condemn it in others. If you want to spoon, spoon; but don't affect to despise what you appear to find amusing. Make my excuses to the girls. I am not going."

Billy stared, and went off without a word.

A half-hour later, Ireland went down to the beach. The girl whom he had seen on the balcony was there. She had gathered up

her hair and wound a white shawl about her throat and shoulders. Evidently she thought that, as usual, the whole crowd of men and girls had gone and left the night to her.

Ireland approached determinedly. "Miss Wilding," he said, "My name is Ralph Ireland. I wish to ask your pardon for, unintentionally, believe me, annoying you this evening."

The girl had risen, looking distinctly startled and very haughty. Then, perhaps because the blue eyes that met hers were frank and sincere, she relented, and, as he finished, she laughed unaccountably.

"Why do you laugh?" he demanded a trifle brusquely.

She hesitated, and then answered, flushing a little, "From sheer light-heartedness, I guess. You see it 's so long — so tragically long — since anybody has spoken to me. And I 'm naturally a sociable person."

Ralph felt a sudden shock of dismay. After crediting this girl with lofty self-sufficiency and a fine scorn of all the trivialities of promiscuous flirtation, after witnessing the scene in the moonlight, then to discover her splendid hauteur to be a mask for powerless desire for companionship, the mysticism to be commonplace lonesomeness!

The next instant he felt ashamed of his disappointment. Great Scott! The girl was only human after all, what could you expect — nay, more, what could you desire? Why, it would be monstrous to wish a pretty girl like this to be wasted on the moon and Oehler's Old Testament Theology!

Therefore, in his changed mood, he spoke more kindly, if less reverently, than before.

"Well, if you 'd like things different, why don't you have them so? You could if you would. When I asked my young friend, Billy Pattison, about you, he said, regretfully, 'I know her name 's Clare Wilding, and that 's all I do know. The girls won't know her, and the fellows can't.' Why don't you get in with the fellows? The girls will follow where they lead."

Miss Wilding stiffened perceptibly. "I should n't wish to form acquaintanceships irregularly."

"Should n't wish to—! Ha, ha! I mean — I beg your pardon!"

For a moment Miss Wilding looked doubtful. Then she laughed with him.

"Of course," she said, "I make exceptions — as you doubtless per-

ceive. I hear your friends returning. Perhaps — tomorrow — on the beach — you will — ?"

"It shall be my first care if it is your pleasure to meet them, Miss Wilding."

"I thank you. Good night, Mr. Ireland."

She paused just a second as if wavering; then, with a look that at the same time intoxicated and discomforted him, "Aufwiedersehen!" and she was gone.

"Confound it!" said Ralph, "I wish she 'd been a little more difficult. I 'm very much afraid, Ireland, that she already regards you as a door-mat to diversion in other quarters. Well, then, decoy you shall be, if that will make her happy, in gratitude for that vision of her as she is not; but not decoy and game both, remember. It 's a silly bird that is that."

Next morning Miss Wilding came down to the beach without her "Oehler." Ireland greeted her at once, and stood chatting with her, his eyes frankly admiring.

In no time at all Billy Pattison strolled up — to borrow a match of Ralph, I believe. Incidentally he met Miss Wilding.

This was an excellent nucleus. Inside of a week Miss Wilding was "the thing." Ralph's skilful decoying, not less than Clare's own grace and brilliancy and kindly tact, had brought every "eligible" to her feet, and the sextet, having held out obstinately, at last, in despair, were forced to follow with a very poor grace.

Clare wisely received them into favor — it would have been merely a matter of days how long her supremacy could have lasted had she not converted the hostile powers into at least nominal allies — and proceeded to queen it for the rest of the summer, always with Ireland as prime minister.

The two grew to be the best of friends. If Clare regretted that her prime minister would not swear fealty as a subject, she never showed her regret. If Ireland wished that she were not a queen and he a prime minister, he never betrayed the wish, but watched and executed with amused and friendly interest her little political caprices.

One night, however, he came all unobserved upon Clare and Billy Pattison sitting very close together and holding hands. He stole away again in silence, went up to his room, and took fifteen minutes

exercise upon his punching-bag. At the end of that time he heard Billy enter his room next door.

Ireland followed him in without ceremony, and omitting an introduction, gave Billy a straight plain address that sounded very much like punching-bag exercise transferred.

Billy sprang at him in a white heat. Then some little memory strayed in between them of the days when Ralph had carried him through the swampy places to save him the spanking inevitably attendant upon muddy dresses; and Billy fell back, all the passion dying out and only the whiteness remaining.

"Ralph," he said brokenly, "I don't know how I can bring myself to seem to explain after what you said. God! Do you suppose I 'd lead her to be like the others? I love her."

Ireland drew a quick deep breath. "Billy," he said, "Forgive me. I — have loved her, myself — too well to endure the thought that came to me."

He walked heavily from the room.

After that he avoided Clare and the boy. He feared to discomfort either of them by inadverently betraying his own feelings. He never saw Billy alone; and with Clare he was kinder, but more distant than before.

A few days after this occurrence, Billy took a run down to the city "on business."

Ireland found Clare on the ridge of the hill, curled up under a wild plum bush and supremely unhappy.

"May I humbly beg to inquire the cause of your majesty's disaffection to life?" he asked, with a flourish which but poorly concealed his dangerous solicitude.

"I 'm bored," declared her majesty, turning her face away abruptly.

"It grieves me to the heart," cried the prime minister; and then, his tone sounding a little too sincere for mock courtliness, he hastened to add, "Will you that I go down and decoy up some of the vulgar herd to pass the time for your majesty with jest and buffoonery?"

"No!" cried Clare, sitting bolt upright so suddenly that Ireland fell back in mock alarm.

"I do *not* wish you to decoy for me. *Never* any more. I hate you for ever having offered it, and I despise myself for ever having

accepted it. I despise them all — shallow, vain, insincere, contemptible. Why, they are n't even conscious of their own souls! They have no life above that of their own pitiful bodies. They eat and smoke and flirt. The girls spoon because they used to like it, and there 's nothing better to do now, and it 's some fun to see how many fellows they can make fools of; and the fellows spoon because they used to like it, and they flatter themselves they're 'obliging the girls,' and it 's some fun to see what a varied collection of 'trophies' they can get."

Ralph smiled slightly.

"And I — let Billy Pattison — hold — hold my hands the other night," the tragedy in her tone made Ireland want to laugh in spite of his conflicting emotions, "the girls used to — to talk about such things at the Friends' School, and I — I — I — wanted to know — what it — felt like. And in consequence Billy had to go and imagine himself in love with me, and — and — "

At last Clare was crying.

Ireland choked down some words that would come, and stroked her hair as gently as a woman might have done, as he said, "Clare, the boy is only nineteen, and he will recover from the hurt very, very soon, and make the better man for having given his boyish love to a good and noble girl. You won't see him for a month or two, and when you do you will find him as true a friend as — as I."

Ireland was beginning to look distracted. The longer he patted her head and said, "There, there, my dear — my dear — my —," in a truly fatherly tone, the less able he seemed to be to stop it, and the more agonized became his entreaty.

But Clare still wept, lying on the ground with her face buried on her arm in the wild cranberry.

And then, just because he could n't help it, Ralph followed the great and gloriously unreasonable impulse of his life, at a moment, to all appearance, fatally inauspicious.

But Clare raised her head and answered him as she would have answered him if her lashes had not been heavy with tears for the boy; as she would have answered him at any moment of his coming to her, from the evening when she had said to him,

"Aufwiedersehen."

x.

THE SAGAMORE

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EDITORIALS

IF members of the School find an opportunity during their summer vacation to gather any odd or primitive tools we hope they will do so. These old implements are earnestly desired, as gifts or loans, for the collection started by Mr. Hutchinson in our manual training school.

Certain notices on the bulletin boards remind us that it is once more time to take an interest in competing for the J. Murray Kay Prizes and for the William H. Lincoln medals. The former are for excellence in elocution and for the best essays on subjects given out some months ago; the latter are for proficiency in English, Latin, French, Physics and Mathematics. The Seniors compete in the first three subjects; the Juniors in the last two.

It is to be hoped that all those who are eligible and have the least chance, not necessarily of winning the prizes, but of doing credit to the school, will compete. It is a matter of school loyalty that those who can, should help the school make a good showing in these competitions. It is always to be regretted when a school is forced to award a prize to some one who deserves it only comparatively. This would be particularly unfortunate at so public an occasion as the contest in elocution, when everybody interested in the school has an opportunity to see what its strength in this valuable accomplishment is. Don't go in for the prize, but because you believe you can do credit to yourself and to the school. Aside from the consideration of school loyalty, it is a good thing to measure yourself occasionally in a fair trial. If you are conceited, it will teach you a wholesome lesson; if you are depreciating your own value, it will give you a standard for fairer appreciation of yourself. Moreover, it will be good practice for you: it will tend to make you steady-headed, quick-witted, and self-controlled—three qualities invaluable in any position in life.

F-lk-nb-g approached the master's desk. "Please, sir, I could n't finish my —" But the teacher did n't hear him, and continued, "Today we have a little unprepared German!" Ha! Ha!

ATHLETICS

AFTER a lapse of four years, Brookline High School is again to be represented by a crew in the Interscholastic Rowing Association when the first race is rowed, May 30th. This will have been accomplished mainly through the efforts of Emile Erhard and William Cook, the former acting captain *pro tem.* Twenty-five fellows responded to the call for candidates, and the first real work was done April 19th, on the machines. The next day the boys took to the water and three crews went for a spin on the river. Since then the number of candidates has been cut to 14, and the crews have had practice three times a week.

Captain Erhard reports good progress in the work and fair prospects of Brookline's being well represented in the regatta.

At a meeting of the basketball team held last month, Richard Floyd, 1905, was elected captain for next year. Here's wishing good luck and support for the team in 1904 and 1905!

It was at a baseball game on the common that the following bloodthirsty scene was enacted, viz.: When the locals went to the bat in the thirteenth inning, the score stood 30 to 0 in their favor; but the outcome of the game was yet doubtful. The fatal moment arrived and the question whether the home team would win or the visiting team lose was to be decided by the man at the bat. There were five men out and four men on bases and a home run would bring in seven runs and win the game. The spectators were cheering loudly in the grand stand, and the man with the bat looked defiant when six balls and eight strikes were called on him. The pitcher threw the ball, which went three feet behind the batter, who met it squarely, and the missle sailed over the High School tower. The manipulator of the bat had knocked in five runs, and he himself scooted around the bases on a motor cycle and the game was won 37 to 0. And then, and then the clock in the tower struck seven.

In the first game of the season, April 8th, on the playground, the High School team completely overwhelmed the team from Cambridge High by a score of 28 to 2. With Brookline at the bat, the bases appeared a veritable merry-go-round, and run after run was scored, the total of the first two innings being 15. Shine pitched

excellent ball, and Marshall, Richey, Lincoln and Fogerty batted in first class shape.

The score:—

Brookline.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Marshall, 3b.	5	2	1	1	0
Harkins, 1b.	3	0	6	1	0
Bray, 2b.	3	1	1	0	0
Jones, l.f.	5	4	0	0	0
Aechtler, c.f.	3	1	2	0	0
Kerrigan, ss.	4	1	0	0	1
Fogerty, r.f.	5	2	0	0	0
Carlisle, c.	3	0	14	0	1
Lincoln, p.	2	2	0	1	0
Shine, p.	3	1	0	3	0
Richey, 2b.	3	2	3	1	0
Kimball, c.f.	2	1	0	0	0
Totals	41	18	27	7	2

Cambridge.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Davis, c.f.	5	0	2	0	0
Mullen, 3b.	3	1	0	1	0
Ryan, p.	1	1	0	0	0
McCologh, c.	2	1	9	0	1
Pierce, l.f.	3	0	1	0	1
McBride, 2b.	3	1	3	0	0
Murray, ss.	4	0	1	3	3
Cunningham, r.f.	4	0	0	0	1
Ellis, 1b.	2	0	7	1	1
MacDowell, p.	3	0	1	3	0
Totals	19	4	24	8	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	8	7	0	1	2	3	2	5		—28
Cambridge	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	— 2

On April 13th, the High School team defeated Mechanic Arts High School on the common by a score of 12 to 8. The game was featureless except for the hard hitting by the local boys and the all-round playing of Weints for M. A. H. S. Kerrigan carried off the batting honors with two singles and a double while Bray, Jones and Bartlett reached first twice on timely hits. The game was called in the sixth inning on account of darkness.

The score:—

Brookline High.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Marshall, 3b.	3	0	2	2	0
Jones, l.f.	4	2	0	0	0
Bray, 2b.	4	2	0	2	1
Fogerty, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0
Carlisle, c.	4	0	5	1	1
Lincoln, p.	3	1	2	1	0
Kerrigan, ss.	4	3	2	0	0
Hann, 1b.	4	1	5	0	0
Bartlett, c.f.	3	2	0	0	0
Shine, p.	1	1	2	1	0
Aechtler, c.f.	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	34	13	18	7	2

M. A. H. S.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Andrews, 2b.	3	0	2	0	1
Cleary, 3b.	2	1	1	0	2
Anderson, ss.	4	0	1	2	2
Decker, c.f.	3	1	1	0	0
Weints, 1b.	4	2	6	0	1
Miller, l, f.	2	0	0	0	0
Baker, c.	2	0	1	2	0
Barry, r.f.	3	1	2	0	1
Harriman, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Fitzgerald, p.	3	1	0	3	2
Totals	26	6	15	7	9

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Brookline	0	4	2	4	2		—12
M. A. H. S.	0	3	0	0	0	5	— 8

On Patriots' Day, the High School team played the annual game with the Alumni and was victorious by a score of 12 to 10. The regulars obtained a good lead in the first two innings, but the graduates tied the score in the seventh, and it was only a batting rally in the eighth, netting the officials four runs, that won them the game. The batting of D. Dexter was easily the feature of the game. Lewis and W. Dexter also put up a fine game for the Alumni, while Carlisle, Shine, Richey and Marshall played first class ball for the undergraduates.

The score:—

Brookline.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Marshall, 3b.	3	1	0	1	0
Jones, l.f.	5	0	2	0	0
Richey, 2b., ss.	4	2	1	1	0
Kerrigan, ss., 1b.,	3	0	7	2	2
Shine, p.	5	1	1	2	1
Carlisle, c.	5	2	10	1	1
Bartlett, c.f.	1	1	0	0	0
Hann, 1b.	2	0	4	0	0
Bray, 2b.	1	0	2	3	0
Fogerty, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0
Aechtler, c.f.	2	1	0	0	0
Totals	35	8	27	10	4

Alumni.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Bunting, 2b, ss.	5	2	0	1	1
Downes, c., 2b.	4	0	4	0	3
Lewis, p.	5	0	0	5	1
D. Dexter, 3b.	5	5	4	0	0
W. Dexter, 1b.	3	0	10	0	1
Cahill, r.f., c.	4	0	5	2	2
Kirker, l.f.	5	0	1	0	0
Rich, c.f	4	0	0	0	0
O'Loughlin, ss, r.f.	5	1	0	1	0
Totals	40	8	24	9	8

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	4	2	0	1	0	1	0	4		—12
Alumni	1	1	0	0	0	1	5	0	2	—10

Brookline defeated Noble and Greenough April 22d, by a score of 7 to 2, on the common. The locals landed on Kennedy in the first two innings for seven runs; but after that his pitching was very effective. Shine pitched a fine game, striking out eleven men, and in only one inning could the visitors tally. Shine and McNeil contributed the features, both making grand one hand catches of difficult balls. For Brookline the most effective work was done by Bartlett, Richey, Shine and Carlisle, while Kennard, Inches, Wendall, and McNeil excelled for Noble and Greenough.

The score:—

Brookline.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Marshall, 3b.	4	0	2	2	0
Kerrigan, ss.	4	1	2	0	0
Jones, l.f.	4	1	2	0	0
Richey, 2b.	2	2	1	1	1
Carlisle, c.	4	1	12	2	0
Bartlett, c.f.	3	2	0	0	0
Kimball, r.f.	4	1	0	0	0
Aechtler, 1b.	3	1	5	0	1
Shine, p.	4	1	1	3	0
Bray, 2b.	0	0	0	0	0
Hann, 1b.	1	1	2	0	0
Totals	33	11	27	8	2

Noble and Greenough.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
E. Minot, 3b.	5	0	0	0	0
Field, r.f.	3	2	0	0	0
Dana, c.f.	4	0	2	0	0
Inches, 1.b.	3	1	7	2	0
W. Minot, 2b.	4	1	0	1	1
Pickman, l.f.	4	1	5	0	0
Wendell, c.	4	1	6	2	1
McNeil, ss.	3	1	4	1	0
Kennard, p.	4	1	0	4	0
Totals	34	8	24	10	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	4	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	7
N. & G.	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—	2

The High School team scored its fifth consecutive victory April 26th, by defeating Arlington High 2 to 8 on the home grounds. The game was the most exciting one played this year, and it was not until the seventh inning that Brookline got a decisive lead. Up to the sixth inning both teams has scored twice and in the first of the sixth Arlington tallied five times, but Brookline, in its turn, scored six runs, by timely singles and clever base running, and took the lead. In the seventh, Arlington was balked while Brookline scored four more runs, which gave them a comfortable lead and ultimate victory. For the home team, Bartlett, Bray, Carlisle and Kimball excelled, while the best playing for Arlington was registered by Kelly, Banks, Hicks and Hendricks; the latter making a grand running catch.

The summary:—

Brookline.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Marshall, 3b.	4	0	5	3	2
Kerrigan, ss.	6	1	2	2	1
Jones, l.f.	5	1	2	0	0
Bray, 2b., r.f.	4	1	4	1	0
Carlisle, c.	3	2	6	2	0
Bartlett, c.f.	5	3	0	0	0
Kimball, r.f.	3	2	0	0	0
Aechtler, 1b.	2	0	3	0	1
Lincoln, p.	4	0	1	0	0
Richey, 2b.	2	0	0	1	0
Hann, 1b.	2	1	3	0	0
Totals	40	11*26		9	4

Arlington.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
M. Taylor, 2b.	3	1	3	1	0
Kelley, c.	3	2	3	2	0
Hicks, ss., p.	5	2	4	7	1
Mawll, 3.	4	0	0	0	0
Hendricks, l.f.	4	1	2	1	1
Livingstone, c.f.	5	1	0	0	1
Banks, p., c.f.	4	3	0	5	2
P. Taylor, 1.	4	1	12	0	3
Wood, r.f.	4	1	0	0	1
Hilliard, ss.	4	0	0	1	0
Totals	37	12	24	17	9

*Kelley out hit by batted ball.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	0	2	0	0	0	6	4	0	—12	
Arlington	2	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	1—	8

NEWS NOTES

Olive McMackin, well remembered as the fly-away "Patty" of "Mr. Bobs," and the winner of the Murray Kay elocutionary prize in 1901, has completed her course of dramatic study and is about to enter upon her professional career under the stage name of "Olive Temple."

On Friday evening, May thirteenth, the Seniors had their dance in Shailer Hall. The hall was perhaps a trifle too crowded for entire comfort, but this is an annual fault and one not easy to avoid, so that on the whole the committee is to be congratulated upon the great success of the dance.

May 26—Preliminary contest for Murray Kay elocution prizes.
June 1—Murray Kay essays due.
June 3—Essays for Lincoln prize must be in hands of judges.
June 8—French examination for Lincoln medal.
June 16—Final contest for Murray Kay elocution prizes.
June 23—Commencement.

Hard luck stories are very numerous and often groundless; but here is one that concerns not only the school and the base-ball team but an individual. William Shine, 1904, has been taken down by pneumonia. It is especially hard luck for "Bill", and also for the base-ball team, as he was a very promising pitcher and it was believed by many that with Shine twirling the sphere the Championship of 1904 would be brought to Brookline.

Now a word as to what this means. It means that every fellow on the team will have to play harder ball than heretofore, if that be possible, to bring the trophy to Brookline; and that every boy and girl from the Freshman to the Senior classes should turn out at the league games and give that support which encourages so many teams to victory.

As the crew is about to take position in the shell, Ch'dler and Rob'son talking together:—

Captain—"Ch'dler in the shell, Robinson in the barge."
Coxswain—"Which is Ch'dler?

Why is a ship like a girl in bathing? Supposed answer won't do. Real answer, Because her waist is always above the water line.

LOCALS

We wonder why:—
A rooster grows black if he sees a crow.
A door must have a mouth in order to shut up.
A ship has eyes when it goes to sea.
A tree must have a trunk when it is going to leave.
Thunder must have fruit in order to peal.

Now what 's the use o' kicking,
Nothing's going to break,
The world will go on just the same
What e'er you do or make.—Ex.

Under the auspices of Messrs. H-ntzm-n, N-sb-t and A-dr-s, there have been some tests in Room 20 as to the penetrating ability of inch thumb tacks. Results may be had from M-gh-r.

"A classical machine, that sausage grinder at Katzenjammer's."
"Why?"
"A Teutonic Sausagemeater."

BLIND JUSTICE

Your room.
8.27 a. m.
Exit teacher.

A student hastily perusing a three-page Latin lesson which he has not prepared and which he is supposed to recite upon during the first period. In the next seat forward a damsel removing her gloves. Directly back of him, ditto. They converse over his shoulder.

Either—"Was n't the party just *elegant*?"

The Other—"Yes, but the boys were *awfully* horrid and—"

Both—"Mrs. Van der Van is simply a *dear*—And that *cunning* little ba—Was n't the fudge *great* and—Don't you *hate* the sil—That *was* swagger—*Bully!*"—*! etc., etc., etc.*

The one between, losing his patience, shouts in an admirable imitation of a phonograph—

"The line is busy. Please ring off. The line is—"

Enter Teacher.

"No talking after 8.25, Blank. Remain at the close of the session."

Gong.

Curtain.

THE SENIOR GRAVEYARD

ADMISSION FREE

Here lies the body of Earle Hobart
Who managed the track team well from the start.
His features forsooth, were so rosy and nice
That he ran for Vice-President once or twice.

Here lies the body of Wolcott Hill,
Who of High School life got more than his fill.
But now that he's wafted over the river,
For his "Poly Con" he'll no more shiver.

Here's our Editor-in-Chief
But, stranger, 'tis beyond belief
That while she read some Freshman's story,
She fainted dead and went to glory.

Here lies the body of Walter Carlisle,
Whose fame is established by the run of one mile;
But now he's set out on a very long run,
May he not be too hot, when the goal it is won.

Here lies little Ernst Dutton,
Talking of talking, to him it was mutton;
But he alas! "chewed the rag" so fast
That one day it choked him; the die was cast.

Here lies the body of Roger Tenney,
His laugh will not now disturb us any,
As oft it did in High School days
At any joke that Br—ks would raise.

Here lies the body of the Chemists'
" Leta ; "
If you change one letter you'll go where
you'll " meeta, "
She may be in heaven ; but you can't
always tell
If she's not ; why, this epitaph's only a
sell.

Here lies one by name of Blake
Who left this earth for his own sake
The thought of that postgraduate
course
Became too much for his brain's
resource.

Here lies the body of Charlie Kickham,
It sounds a fib, but it isn't one
And when, at last, the act he did
The bucket broke, and down he slid.

Here lies the body of Warren Smith
To whom the Photo Com. was a myth,
But Warren, be sure, was not very slow
He got his pictures without any
" dough."

Here lies the body of Dexter Young
And " got your quarter " was all he
" sung, "
He must have succumbed to an awful
fate
The shock of that " 70 " was so great.

Here lies the body of Winthrop, dear
Whose mouth it stretched from ear to
ear ;
Tread softly, stranger, o'er this wonder
For if he yawns you're gone, by
Thunder !

Here lies the body of Mary McGrath
Who to the Library wore a path,
She gave as her reason, " Her Murray Kay";
Concerning her *other* we will not say.

Here lies the body of William C. Shine
Who was also fond of the Library's clime,
But was it to read that he journeyed down there
Or was it to see those red cheeks and crimped hair?

Here lies the body of Thomas Love
Who is, perhaps, by now above
Playing " Bedelia " on a harp
While angels round him sigh and gape.

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1904

GRADUATION NUMBER

THE SAGAMORE

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THE CLASS OF 1904

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 10 JUNE, 1904 NUMBER 8

BROOKLINE

Sung at the Commencement Exercises, June 22, 1904.

Alma Mater, loved and dear,
Brookline, best and fairest, hear!
Thou hast striven for our good
In thy faithful motherhood,
Through the years of trial still
Yearning wisdom's aims to fill.

Now be love's requital thine!
May our deeds, thy glory, shine!
Stanch may we defend thy name!
Bear afar fair Brookline's fame!
Noblest efforts may we dare,
To reward thy patient care!

When below the heights we kneel
Which a growing dawn conceal,
Darkly blinded by the night,
Worn with doubt, we grope for light,
Inspiration shalt thou be,
Leading upward, constantly.

GRACE KELLOGG

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE CLASS-DAY EXERCISES

Friday, June 3, 1904.

LADIES and Gentlemen:—We are gathered here this afternoon to inaugurate a new feature in the Brookline High School, that of Class Day. Such a day is one of sorrow and of joy. Of sorrow when we stop to think that we are meeting together for one of the

last times, and that four years of pleasant times are come to a conclusion, and that many dear and cherished acquaintances are about to separate. It is a day of joy when we consider that we have had the honor and pleasure of taking a course in the Brookline High School, and that we have grown to love the school and will have the privilege of looking upon it as our Alma Mater. It is not my pleasant duty to give you an oration, the history or prophecy of our class, nor read you a class poem,—all these are left to others far more capable than I; but it is my privilege and honor to welcome you, one and all, to these, our Class Day exercises.

CARL BRADLEE WETHERELL

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1904

BY WINTHROP STILES . . . . . CLASS HISTORIAN

ON September 9, 1900, the Class of 1904 entered High School to begin a course which, for some, was to end very soon, but which, for others, meant four years of (more or less) hard work. With some it was mostly the latter in the Freshman and Sophomore years.

Naughty-four consisted of one hundred and eighteen members. We held our first class meeting soon after entrance, and in spite of the "ballot stuffing" in which some of the members seemed to delight, we managed to elect the following officers: John Weeks, president; Grace Downs, vice-president; Margaret Jones, secretary; and Clifford Bartlett, treasurer. We only had one question for which we could call a class meeting, and that was for the class pin. Inasmuch as many of the class voted for rather odd, not to say ridiculous, colors for the pin, we had hard work in choosing one.

Our class was not represented in athletics that year, as there was no ice-hockey and our fellows were not large enough or skillful enough to play football or baseball.

Well, June came quickly, and after being introduced to those pleasant little exams called finals, we parted for the summer.

When we assembled again in September, we found that thirty-four of our members had either left school or had, with the advice (?) of Mr. Sanford, availed themselves of the opportunity to study in the Freshman class another year. Twenty-nine new scholars came to

join us, however. Among them were Miss Kellogg, our editor-in-chief, Barndollar, and Carlisle, the baseball battery, Erhard, the captain of the crew, and Lincoln, our football captain.

We elected the following officers for the year: Carl Wetherell, president; Florence Moore, vice president; Louise Andrews, secretary; and Clifford Bartlett, treasurer.

We still retained our knowledge of ways and means to excite, if not anger, our classmates. One member probably still remembers how surprised he was when he opened his desk one morning and a black cat jumped out. Others may recollect how mysterious impressionistic sketches used to appear on the crowns of the derbies hung in an orderly row outside rooms 19 and 20.

This year we had Barndollar, Lincoln, Perry, and Kemp on the football team, and the first also represented at baseball, hockey, and on the track team. We also had Miss Morse and Miss Barndollar on the girl's basketball team.

Upon our return in September, 1902, we found that twenty-eight more had left us and that only five new ones, Cape, MacBriar, McKissock, Smith, and Miss Beard had come in. Being larger in numbers than any previous class, we filled up rooms 7 and 8 pretty well. This year, beyond decorating Socrates with an old bonnet and a bright red bandanna, we did few things worthy of mention in The Sagamore.

We had for class officers for this year, Carl Wetherell, president; Leila Tuckerman, vice-president; Grace Kellogg, secretary; and William Brownell, treasurer.

We were represented on the football team by Perry, Beard, Lincoln, and Travers. On the track we had Hobart, Kerrigan, Erhard, Bartlett, and Stranahan; while Misses Morse, Tuckerman, Henry, Burpee and Jolly played on the girls' basketball team.

Bartlett and Weeks were associate editors on The Sagamore to Miss Kellogg, who was class editor.

We went away this year feeling that we were entitled to a vacation after those awful finals. When we returned, sixteen more classmates had left us, but we were joined by Fanning, Bray, and Miss Bailey.

The class officers we chose were Carl Wetherell, president; Miss Tuckerman, vice-president; Miss Kellogg, secretary; and Dexter Young, treasurer. Miss Tuckerman left us early in the year and Miss Cumston was chosen in her place.

We found the position of Seniors a rather empty honor, after all. We received a good deal of advice on deportment, that we might set a good example to the lower classes. Few of us wasted any time this year, although one of our classmates wrote a few epitaphs and did some original research work in chemistry. In the course of this he found that hot sulphuric acid burns the hands.

Miss Kellogg was appointed editor-in-chief, and the class editor was John Weeks. He had Miss Morse, Miss Phinney and Brownell for associate editors.

We had Lincoln, Cook, Bartlett, J. Shine, W. Shine, and Kerrigan, on the football team; while Kerrigan, Bartlett, Shine, Bray, Lincoln and Carlisle were on the baseball team. The first was captain, and although the team has had hard luck in losing its pitchers, he stepped into that position and has pulled them through a very successful season.

Cook was captain of the basketball team and had a very successful series of games. MacBriar and Robinson also played on this team. Cook was our only representative on the crew. Misses Morse, McGrath, Bailey, Burpee and Phinney played on the girls' basketball team.

Kerrigan was on the relay team, and Bray, Shine, Bartlett and Dutton were the '04 players on the hockey team.

This year our class carried through the adoption of a school pin, something which '03 was unable to do last year.

On May 13 we held our senior dance, which all agreed was a great success. The matrons were Mrs. Wetherell, Mrs. Kellogg, and Mrs. Fanning.

On June 22 we shall complete our last year at the Brookline High, and while some will go to higher institutions of learning, others must step out into that greater college of the world, and build their life's work on what they have learned in this school. But no matter how far hence we may meet, we shall always be glad to give a cheer for our old alma mater and all our patient teachers, who have dealt with us far better than we deserved, over and over again.

SENIOR CLASS DAY OFFICERS

Grace Kellogg
Warren Smith

Frank Robinson
Carl Wetherell
Warren C. Weeks
Winthrop Stiles

Hattie Kopf
William Brownell

POEM

BY HATTIE L. KOPF . . . . . CLASS POET

A ship! a ship! that drives the wind before!
  Her sort? her name? What says her green ensign?
  Cheer, comrades, cheer, 'tis the good ship Brookline,
And on the field of green a gold Naught Four.

Her crew upon her deck bewail their loss,
  Alas! what sadness fills each youthful heart!
  No longer will the helmsman steer their bark;
Alone, each now directs his separate course!

Each steers his bark towards a different port
  Along the shores of man and womanhood;
  Each parts then from his ship, his comrades good,
His heavy heart with mournful feelings fraught.

Thus separate the crew of Nineteen Four;
  The chosen life work each will now begin;
  From life's hard battles, well resolved to win
Knowledge, success, and honor, more and more.

Yet each once more, with gratitude, looks back
  To teachers kind and friendship's budding flow'rs,
  To those fair days and profitable hours
Which now are passed, n'er to return, alack!

But when new cares shall come to fill each mind,
  And we no longer dwell in childhood's clime,
  Let none forget, as onward speeds the time,
Commanders, crew, nor the good ship Brookline.

ORATION

BY FRANK ASBURY ROBINSON . . . . . CLASS ORATOR

THERE comes a time in the rush and turmoil of everyday life when it is our duty to stop and consider the great benefits and blessings which we are enjoying in this glorious Republic of ours. Their very magnitude makes us insensible to their great value, but if we take time to look about us we cannot but realize what a magnificent country we have, rich in deep valleys and lofty mountains, abounding in vast prairies where we may ever breathe the spirit of freedom. Nowhere on earth is the grass greener, the sky bluer; nowhere is the calm more serenely quiet, the storm more awfully sublime; nowhere does the sun shine forth with more dazzling splendor or the stars look down with brighter lustre. The fields are teeming with plenty; health lives in the breeze; the rivers, the lakes and the forests sing with prosperity!

All these have we, but what more? We have free schools, a free press, just laws, freedom to worship God, and a government of the people, by the people, and for the people!

This is our country—but our country is God's. He has ennobled this land with these grand objects and it is He who speaks through them to us. His voice sounds through the melodious murmurings of the woods and streams, the infinite majesty of the waterfalls, and the terrific grandeur of His thunder and lightnings—and it is a voice for patriotism worthy of this country, worthy of its advantages, worthy of its duties to the World, a patriotism which means not only glorious sacrifice of life in defence of the flag but glorious living in behalf of the needs and interests of the Nation.

Nathan Hale struck the note of patriotism, when he said at the scaffold, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country!" But Theodore Roosevelt has had as his motto, "I have but one life to live for my country!" And how he has lived it! When beset by the corruption of New York politics, he attacked single-handed that monster of bribery and graft, and taught us Henry Clay's memorable lesson, that there is one thing even better than to be President, and that is to be right!

Lincoln was to be confronted by the crisis of a great Civil War, and when he saw that it could be no longer averted, he took the

responsibility of the Nation upon himself, and standing at the helm, guided the ship of state through the perils of that great conflict, until the safe harbor was reached at last and the Union preserved to us forever.

What greater loyalty or devotion than that can be found? Thousands of gallant men went forth to die for their country, but he stayed to live for it, and afterwards as heroically to die. It is by the patriotism of such men that America has been raised to its exalted position among the world-powers of today.

Now, we are confronted by a problem which is likely to prove as fatal to the Republic as did Civil War to the Union. It is a pestilence which is eating out the heart of the Nation, the sin of corrupted politics. It is hard to believe that in such a magnificent country, endowed with such blessings and advantages, with such means of intelligence, virtue, and happiness, the standard of manliness should fall so low that men would sell their name, their honor, for mere glitter of gold!

Lord Macaulay said when he read the life of Thomas Jefferson: "I do not share your enthusiasm for the author of the Declaration of Independence nor for the government which he represents. Your constitution is all sail and no anchor! Your success lies chiefly in your splendid physical resources. Wait until you have a surplus of population, until New England is as crowded as old England, until the streets of your cities are thronged with men crying for bread, then will come the real test of your vaunted democracy, then your institutions will be shattered by a worse horde of vandals than ever ravaged ancient Rome, only in this case the barbarians will be the offspring of these your own institutions." This is the prophecy uttered by Lord Macaulay over half a century ago. The answer to it was given by another great American who too has proved that he could live and die for his country. James A. Garfield arose in the United States Senate and said: "Lord Macaulay will prove a false prophet because he has no conception of the magnificent work done by our public schools. They are the great agency which is transforming the youth in every corner of this Republic into loyal, law-abiding American citizens!"

Now if this be true, every member of this, our class of Nineteen Hundred and Four, as well as every one of the thousands of students who are going out from the schools, academies, and colleges through-

out this broad land, can plainly see the path of duty, and, though it may lead through the greatest of trials and hardships, we may not falter, but must ever press on. There let our loyal hands ever maintain the dignity, the power, the glory, of our country, and let us see that from within its borders honesty, equity, and justice, shall never perish!

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1904

BY GRACE KELLOGG AND WILLIAM BROWNELL . . CLASS PROPHETS

Read by William Brownell

ONE afternoon when Grace Kellogg and I were watching a baseball game on the campus, a hard liner came straight towards us. Disaster was inevitable. She closed her eyes and waited the shock with heroic composure. A dull thud, and she fell at my horror-stricken feet. The crowd was surging up when the sonorous note of an automobile horn commanded them to give way. A serious-looking man stepped out of the auto and lifted Grace into it, merely saying to the crowd, "I am a physician."

I followed, of course.

We started off. I did not notice my surroundings for a while, and when I looked up it was to find that we were crossing at lightning speed a desolate prairie-land. The sun, which had been setting when we started, was now directly overhead, and in less time than an instant we had left it far behind, reached the Pacific coast, taken the ocean at a flying leap, landed in Asia, and found ourselves in darkness. Only for a second, though; a moment later we were in America again, had again caught up with the sun, again passed it. Faster and faster. Now the sun made a continuous streak of light, we kept catching up and passing it at such velocity. The blood on my companion's forehead dried away, the wound healed, and the scar was fast disappearing. Speechless with horror, I groped for the toolbox for some implement with which to put a stop to our mad flight. I found a dial, an hour glass, a Waterbury watch, and a scythe. The truth dawned upon me. Our chauffeur was Time, the great Physician, and we were riding into the Future. Desperately seizing the scythe, I slashed the tire.

. . . . . .

SNAP SHOTS: LILAC DAY AND FIELD DAY, 1904

"Where am I?"

"This is the Jessie Kerr Free Hospital for Children. You were brought in here unconscious when your automobile broke down in front of the door."

"Where are my friend and the chauffeur?"

"Your friend is here. The chauffeur was not hurt and went off in his auto."

"What year is this?"

"1924!"

"Good heavens! What city?"

"Brookline."

"Ah! Thank you."

Grace and I had not walked far from the Children's Hospital when we came to a red brick building, which, in spite of the fact that it was covered with ivy, looked familiar. We entered with old-time joy and found a basketball game in progress in the girls' gymnasium. I recognized the coach, Mary Hill, and a woman who I am sure was Ida Bailey was pointed out to me as the girls' gym teacher. Grace was especially interested to see up behind the stall-bars a Mrs. Somebody-or-other (Carol Burpee she used to be) whom the girls idolized and who, they said, paid some of the expenses of the team, as she used to do in olden days, I recollect.

As we could not cross the gym to speak to Carol, we went upstairs to explore. Hearing a great commotion in Room 9 we bent our steps thither. Our old friend Robart was on his knees outside the door upholstering a big easy chair. It seems Kickham had gotten a bill through Parliament to furnish all class rooms with one or two easy chairs.

"What's the row in there?" said I.

"Oh!" says Robart, "Young Warren Smith, Junior, has just made a Greek recitation."

We looked in and beheld, of all people, Hazel Allen in widow's weeds, coaching a class of boys in Greek.

"She's got matrimonial designs on 'em," said Robart. "Her husband — a minister, I think he was — has just died. There was too great a difference in their ages. By-the-way, you 'll find a friend of yours in the library. He 's a master mechanic in a great machine shop; I was in his class in shop-work and he is well suited for

his position. Nevertheless, he spends quite a good deal of his time here."

The person he referred to was Winthrop Stiles, writing away so busily that he did not hear us. We peered over his shoulder and read these awe-inspiring words: *The value of the Merit System in High Schools.* We hurried noiselessly away, only to run into the arms of a benevolent looking old gentleman.

"I say! *I want a quarter* to help get a poor boy through school, and a quarter for a worthy baseball team, and a quarter to help give a charity ball for the Senior Class, and a quarter for —"

"Stop it!" I yelled. "Dexter Young, you old rascal!"

Meanwhile Grace had been turning the pages of a book she had picked up. She handed it to me with a smile. Upon the title page I read the name, Clifford Bartlett (Farmer Wheatears), author of "Poultry Farming" and others. I turned to the first page and read these words,—

As an interesting and valuable study, nothing is to be compared to Senior English.

I threw the book down in horror, and picked up another: "The Man of Leisure," a tragedy, by Wolcott Hill.

As we passed the bulletin board we read this notice:—

"Walter Carlisle, '04, has introduced a bill to the school board to the effect that morning papers be supplied to pupils, especially during the baseball season, as they would be a source of widespread and valuable information."

Reluctantly we left the dear old High School, in front of which stood a little wagon labelled "Kenrick's Select Ice Cream."

Just as we stepped out upon the front steps an air ship flew by. Grace instantly recognized in one of its occupants her old chum, Charlotte Cumston, and called to her, but she did not hear. Beside her sat a gentleman in long curls and a sweet smile. As they glided by, this personage dropped a tin visiting card at the High School, which read, *Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. Trap.*

As Grace was musing over this strange freak of fate, an automobile stopped at the school. The chauffeur gave a loud laugh when he saw me, by which I easily recognized, in spite of the goggles, our noisy little friend Roger Tenney. He was President of the Massachusetts Automobile Club, whose interest in automobiles originated in his Senior year, when he used to collect auto numbers.

Out of the auto, laden with music rolls, baton, etc., stepped, not Mr. Cole and Miss Snow, but Warren Smith and Ethel Downer.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Ethel. "Grace Kellogg!"

"This is a surprise!" replied my companion. "How are you, and how is everybody? What has become of Nettie Foley?"

"Nettie? Oh! her husband has left his big cigarette factory to the care of his cousin, Harold, and taken her off on a trip South for his health."

"And Elizabeth Howley?"

"She has gained a world-wide reputation by her heartfelt rendering of the leading part in a tragedy called "Ten Minutes too Late.'"

"And Stella Hayes?'

"Ha! ha! She 's making a fortune exhibiting some cats trained to play basketball without scratching."

"Anna McCarty?"

"She's exhibiting herself as a living advertisement for 'Faker Oats,' 'The Giggle that won't dry up,' you know."

Meanwhile Warren had been showing me a piece of music by William Shine and Thomas Love, which was a remarkable blending of their favorite melodies "Bedelia" and "Hiawatha." They claimed that this piece would be impossible to "kill" and it was on that that they staked their success.

Warren also showed me a classic "Love Song" to a *sufficiently dignified and familiar tune* of his own composition. He confided to me however, that he could not decide to whom to dedicate it, and wished to know if I thought it would give general satisfaction if he dedicated it "To all Brookline and Wellesley Sweethearts," as then nobody could feel hurt at being left out.

Grace had meanwhile sidled away with a pained expression of countenance, so I said good-bye to Smith and we proceeded Villageward.

On our way we passed a splendid new edifice labelled "Bethany," and hearing the strains of a pipe organ we stepped within. It was Alice Bentley, who was playing "Holy, holy, holy," with wonderful expression, while her little boy was trying his best to sit on the keyboard. Among other bits of gossip, she told us that Minna Hirshberg had thought best to provide against any more conflagrations by wedding a brave fire laddie. They say it was very romantic. Burning

dwelling — imperilled maiden — daring rescue — love at first sight — and an elopement on the hook-and-ladder team.

After leaving Bethany we went into the Brookline Penny Savings Bank, of which Howard Stetson was the *capable* President. We found that Warren Weeks was teller, and we stopped to let him *tell* us about some of the boys.

Francis Blake, he said, member of the Senior track team, was coaching the Harvard track team; Bray was coaching the baseball team, and still holding forth that it is all right to have a fly ball bounce out of one player's hands into the glove of another who is backing him up. Cook and Fanning were celebrated chefs, having formed a partnership in which the former does all the cooking of the food and the latter the cooling; Mr. K_2SO_{63} Gibson was not an algebra teacher nor a chemistry professor, as one might think to see him at work: he was an official scorer at the American grounds.

After leaving the Bank an auction attracted our attention. We stepped inside, and beheld, in the auctioneer, our little friend, Ernst Dutton. Just now he was auctioning off at about three for one cent copies of "*Jo-hash*, a Liberal Translation of *Athalie*, by one who is *no poet.*"

On the street once more, we bought a newspaper. First to strike my eye was this startling advertisement:—

> Naughty children treated to Athletic
> Discipline by an Experienced Mother.
> Please apply to Mrs. Shine.

Below this appeared a very neat little ad:—

> [Omitted in print by request of
> Misses
> Barry, Cochrane, and McMahon.]

But I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw this:—

> PercyLyndon,
> Instructor in
> Athletic Dancing.

On the fifth page was the following:—

> Dance Invitations
> Artistically Designed
> Also Baseball teams
> successfully supplied with
> Pitchers on short notice.
> William Kerrigan.

Next some startling headlines attracted my eye:—

CAUGHT AT LAST.
JUNIOR WEEKS
DauntlessBrigand
Who has for twenty years
TERRORIZED
The Western Prairies.

On the same page was this:—

Charming Brookline Brunhilde
will at last give her
Beautiful Hand and Alluring Fortune
to the man who can look at her
as he drinks a glass of water
And not choke.
First to fail in the trial
was
Mr. A. C. Robjent.

In a none too prominent position for such an article I read the following:—

> Smith College regrets the recent loss of its literary genius, Grace Kellogg. Miss Kellogg became interested in missionary work during her last year in High School, and she is now actively engaged as assistant to one of the principal mission houses in Cambridge for the conversion of Harvard students.

So absorbed was I in this paragraph that a gentleman driving a fat little horse nearly ran us down.

"Hello, Will!" exclaimed a familiar voice.

"Well, Frank!" Grace had replied before I had fully recovered from the effects of the paragraph, "I am glad to see you again!"

"Well, you get right into the back seat with Marjorie, and Bill, you come in here and I will drive you wherever you want to go."

Marjorie, plumper and rosier than of yore, told us a great deal about our old friends. Grace Holton, she said, had been voted the most perfect figure in the United States, and the deciding ballot had been cast by Mr. P— F—, formerly of Denver.

"What *has* become of Paul Fanning, by the way?" my companion asked, rather eagerly, I noticed.

"Methodist minister," replied Frank.

At this instant the roll of drums was heard and a detachment of the United States navy appeared, headed by Captain Arthur

McBriar, who, as he was used to the "C" when in High School, took to his new calling like a duck to water.

A moment later we saw a huge poster pasted on a private dwelling and stopped to read it: —

Third Annual Convention,
Anti-Tobacco League.
All friends cordially invited.
J. Mitchell, President.

"The house it is pasted on belongs to Walter Quinlan, who is down South with his wife at present. He bought the magnificent house with cigarette coupons." "Gee! Would n't that poster jar him?"

"Speaking of Walter Quinlan," added Marjorie, "perhaps you would like to see this Sis Hopkins. Harold Quinlan is editor of it now, you know. It is really awfully funny.

At this moment the high, clear notes of a girl's voice from the house opposite Walter Quinlan's attracted our attention. In front of the house was pacing up and down, as if torn by some inward emotion, a man who was making jottings in a little note book.

"Poor Waldo!" sighed Marjorie, "he 's been in love with that girl in there for twenty years, and has never yet gotten up spunk enough to propose to her. But every day he comes down here and takes shorthand notes of her voice.'"

"Speaking of sentimentality," said Grace, "what has become of Carl Wetherell?'

Frank wiped his eyes. "He was sent to Sing Sing," replied he huskily, "for *Cradle Snatching*. They say he entirely made way with a whole Freshman class of girls in *one year*."

"Poor Carl!" said Grace, dropping a tear. "I think I should like now to go to see Winifred."

Marjorie looked at her curiously.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"You will find out soon enough," replied Marjorie. "This is the house."

We said good-bye to Marjorie and Frank, and were approaching the house, when my old affectionate friend, Earl Hobart, threw his arms about my neck.

"Dear old Will!" he cried, "*don't* you want a copy of my Beauty Book? And *say*, old man, let me give you a couple of my tracts,

'How to get into a secret society,' and 'How to invite a girl to a Senior Dance.' "

With difficulty escaping these instructive pamphlets, I followed Grace up the steps of a large, sorrowful looking house.

As we stood waiting for an answer to our ring, a woman about eight feet tall paused on the sidewalk and looked at Grace earnestly and mournfully. At last, as if nearly satisfied, she asked sadly, "Are you not Grace Kellogg?"

"Yes," answered Grace. "But you—I seem to know your face?'

"I am Hattie Kopf," she moaned.

"What!" gasped my friend, falling back against the door-post.

"Yes. Not satisfied with wearing French heels to increase my stature, I at last had recourse to other means. I now support myself and husband by writing testimonials for Mme. Yale's Height Increaser."

At this moment the door was flung open and a harsh voice cried, "Now, wotcher leaning up agin that door-post for? — Why, Mrs. Twitters!"

"No," said Grace wearily, "that was only an alias. I am Miss — Why, Flossie Morse! What has brought you to this condition?"

Her hair was stringing over her shoulders, her blue check apron smirched with stove blacking and flour.

"It was all for love of that young Tim Bolus, mum. Him as I met at the 'pothecary's shop. As soon as his *love's young dream* had gone and faded he runs away to the stage and leaves me to take care of myself. If it was n't for that blessed Winifred —"

She started back as if a sudden thought had occurred to her.

"You ain't agoing to try and see Winifred?"

"Certainly. That's what I came here for, Flossie."

"You! After taking Mr. Twitters away from her and her nearly mad with grief and crying day and night for twenty year!"

"Winifred — Twitters — Oh, this is some terrible — I must see her at once!"

"That you can't, mum. There 's a certain young man whom she never could a—bear, because she thought him *conceited*; but who 's adored of her ever since twenty year ago when they used to squabble over *who was right.* She has got a doctor who is giving her some medicine to make her forget everything that ever happened to her,

because as long as she remembers Mr. Twitters she never will marry of nobody else."

At this moment there came a swish of silken skirts. We turned abruptly.

"Winifred!" cried Grace, "Don't you remember me? Don't you know me? Grace — Grace Kellogg?"

The woman passed her hand across her forehead.

"Grace," she repeated. "I knew a girl of that name once, I think. The last I knew of her she was erecting an Altar to Platonic Friendship."

Grace burst into tears. Peggy led her gently from the room. "There, there, don't you cry," she said, "once she's happily married, all the pleasant memories will come back to her."

We went out upon the street. Just as we turned a corner we almost ran into a neat little lady.

"Oh, Will!" she cried, "I was just looking for you! A telegram has come to the house saying that you have been made Assistant Editor to Mr. Hearst."

"Jehosophat!" I cried. "But how did they happen to send it to your house, Leta?"

"Why! To whose house *should* they send it but ours?"

"*By gravy*!" said I.

At this unlucky moment up came the auto. We were hurried into it, and a few moments later drew up twenty years back upon the playground. The Senior team had just beaten the Freshmen, and, as usual, the air was ringing with cheers for 1904.

AT THE PLANTING OF THE IVY

BY WARREN WEEKS

NOW that we are so soon to leave the High School, we have cut our class numerals upon this stone so that we may always feel that there is a little corner of the old school that belongs to us alone. To-day we are planting an ivy above the numerals. As it grows and spreads, mantling the old walls, so may our growing affection tenderly cling to the memories of days gone by, when we were all together as the Class of 1904.

CLASS SONG

— 1904 —

MUSIC BY WARREN STOREY SMITH . WORDS BY GRACE KELLOGG

We 're standing here where life's broad view
First flashes on our sight,
All veiled in mist touched gold with hope,
And sparkling dazzling bright,
And sparkling dazzling bright.
A hundred thoughts and memories
Within our hearts now dwell;
We 're glad to go, yet loathe to say
To the Past a last farewell.

Farewell to dear old Brookline!
Forward lies our way,
Brightly glows the Future,
Yet would we still delay —
Farewell to dear old Brookline!
Though we should meet no more,
Years after this, dear Brookline,
You'll be proud of Nineteen-Four!

No longer guided, now henceforth
We toil our way alone.
The Past is dear with tender care,
The Future all unknown —
The Future all unknown.
We 'll make that future great and true;
O'er man's will is no spell.
With nobler toil comes fuller joy —
To the Past a blithe farewell!

Farewell to dear old Brookline!
Forward lies our way,
Brightly glows the Future,
Yet would we still delay —
Farewell to dear old Brookline!
Though we should meet no more,
Years after this dear Brookline,
You 'll be proud of NINETEEN-FOUR!

CLASS RECORD AND DIRECTORY

Addresses given are for 1905

Hazel Laberta Allen: Pomeroy House, Northampton, Mass.; Pierce Grammar School; favorite recreation, horse-back riding and attending prayer-meeting; Smith College, 1908.

Ida Faunce Bailey: 195 Davis avenue; Pierce School; member basket-ball team in 1901 and 1904; favorite recreation, tennis; Boston Normal School of Gymnastics next year.

Grace Alma Barry: 1244 Boylston street, Chestnut Hill; Heath Grammar School; favorite recreation, field hockey.

Alice Jane Bentley: 11 Kendall street; Lincoln Grammar School; favorite diversion, attending musical concerts; New England Conservatory next year.

Leta Howard Bishop: 4 Marion terrace; Lawrence Grammar School; member Photo Committee, 1904; chief delight, baseball games; Simmons College.

Carolyn May Burpee: 1 Hatfield House, Northampton, Mass.; Lawrence School; member basket ball team, 1903 and 1904; member Tau Beta Beta; favorite diversion, taking mathematics (doubtless); Smith, 1908.

Catherine Agnes Cochrane: 14 Morss avenue; Lincoln School; favorite recreation, baseball; Roxbury Academy, 1905.

Charlotte Cumston: 44 Albright House, Northampton, Mass.; Lawrence School; Class Vice-president, Chairman Senior Dance Committee, took part in High School "Dramatics," 1904; member Tau Beta Beta; favorite pastime, studying; Smith, 1908.

Ethel Susan Downer: 10 Davis avenue; Lawrence School; favorite recreation, skating; piano accompanist next year.

Frances Annetta Foley: 5 Kemble street; Lincoln School; especially fond of dancing; studies domestic science, 1905.

Stella Beatrice Hayes: 24 White place; Pierce School; especially fond of dancing; future occupation undecided.

Marjorie Louise Henry: Bedford terrace, Northampton, Mass.; Pierce School; President Hockey Club, member basketball team, Editor on Sagamore, 1903; member Class-Day Committee, won Lincoln silver medal for excellence in French, 1904; member Tau Beta Beta; favorite recreation, horseback riding; Smith, 1908.

Mary Frances Hill: 102 Cypress street; Lincoln School; fond of music; School of Oratory, 1905.

Minna Eloise Hirshberg: 1553 Beacon street: Pierce School; vice-president Hockey Club, 1903; favorite pastime, athletics in general; Simmons College next year.

Grace Wardwell Dolton: 135 Addington road; Russell Grammar School, Cambridge; chiefly interested in athletics; studies music next year.

Elizabeth Gertrude Howley; 20 Winthrop place; Lincoln School; favorite diversion, canoeing; Boston Conservatory of Music, 1905.

Grace Kellogg: 44 Albright House, Northampton, Mass.; Dorchester High School to B. H. S. in 1902; won first prize in Sagamore story competition, 1902; Class Secretary, Class Editor, member School Song Committee, 1903; Editor-in-chief Sagamore, Class Secretary, Class Prophetess, member Class-Day Committee, took part in High School "Dramatics," wrote School Song and Class Song, won Lincoln gold medal for excellence in English, won J. Murray Kay prize for excellence in elocution, 1904; member Tau Beta Beta; favorite occupation, observation; Smith, 1908.

Jessie Kerr: 27 Littell road; Lawrence Grammar School; favorite occupation, teaching Sunday school; Kindergarten work in future.

Hattie L. Kopf: 240 Babcock street; Central High School, Washington, to B. H. S. in 1902; Class Poet, 1904; chief delight, sodas at Huyler's; Radcliffe, 1908.

Helen M. Leary: Prospect place; Pierce School; favorite occupation, painting (art work); future occupation unacknowledged.

Anna Louise McCarty: Walnut place; Lincoln School; most interested in athletics; Boston Normal School.

Mary Veronica McGrath: 53 Walter avenue; Lincoln School; Master's Cup for Gymnastics, 1903; member Senior Dance Committee, member basketball team, 1904; chiefly interested in basketball; Boston Normal School of Gymnastics next year.

Margaret Ellen MacMahon: 14 Kerrigan place; Pierce School; favorite diversion, practicing (?); Brighton Academy, 1905.

Florence Anita Morse: 49 Sumner road; Pierce School; Class Vice-President, 1902; member basketball team, 1902 and 1903; Captain basketball team, Editor on Sagamore, 1904; member Tau Beta Beta; chiefly interested in basketball.

Winifred Anna Phinney: 32 Kent Square; Prince School; won first prize in Sagamore Story Competition, 1903; member basketball team, member Senior Dance Committee, Editor on Sagamore, 1904; member Tau Beta Beta; chief pastime, slumbering; Museum of Fine Arts, 1905.

Clifford Bartlett: 12 Kent street; Lawrence School; Class Treasurer, 1901; Editor on Sagamore, 1903; member Class track-teams, 1903 and 1904; End on football team, 1904; member hockey teams, 1903 and 1904; Outfielder on baseball teams, 1903 and 1904; Secretary Athletic Association, 1904; took part in High School "Dramatics"; member Gamma Delta Psi; favorite pastime, baseball; future occupation undecided.

Francis Gillman Blake: 57 Addington road; Williamstown High School to B. H. S., 1901; Junior Mathematics prize; member Class pentathlon teams, 1903 and 1904; Coxswain 2d crew, 1904; won Lincoln silver medal for excellence in Latin, 1904; favorite occupation, studying birds; Harvard, 1908.

George Bray: Corner Emerson and Waverly streets; member hockey team, and baseball team, 1904; favorite pastime, strolling; Burdett Business College.

William Martin Brownell: 62 Pleasant street; Edward Devotion School; Class Treasurer, 1903; Editor on Sagamore, 1902 and 1904; Chairman Photograph Committee, 1904; Class Prophet, 1904; 2d prize, 880 outdoor run, 1904; member Class pentathlon teams, 1903 and 1904; favorite occupation, reporting for newspapers; future occupation undecided.

Walter Gordon Carlisle: Corner Centre and Shailer streets; Boston Latin School to B. H. S., 1901; 2d prize, mile indoor run, 1903; 2d prize, 1,000 yard indoor run, 1904; 1st prize, mile outdoor run, 1904; Catcher on School baseball teams, 1903 and 1904; member 2d basketball team, 1904; favorite pastime, reading morning papers; Harvard, 1908.

William W. Cook: Goodwin place; Pierce School; member basketball team, 1903; Captain basketball team, 1904; 2d prize, potato race, indoor, 1904; Captain Class pentathlon team, 1904; member crew, 1904; favorite occupation, bunking English; business occupation undecided.

Ernst Dutton: 1614 Beacon street; Lawrence School; Captain Class pentathlon teams, 1902 and 1903; favorite pastime, boating; Harvard, 1908.

Paul Revere Fanning: 155 Kilsyth road; Denver Manual Training High School to B. H. S., 1903; member Dance Committee, 1904; took part in High School "Dramatics"; member Delta Omicron; chief delight, avoiding German lessons; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1908.

Alec Cushing Gibson: Cape Vincent, N. Y.; Oxford School, Worcester; member Class pentathlon teams, 1903 and 1904; member 2d basketball team, 1904; favorite pastime, watching a football game; future occupation undecided.

Wolcott F. Hill: 386 Washington street; Pierce School; Centre on football team, 1904; member Class pentathlon team, 1904; favorite pastimes, hunting and fishing; future business occupation undecided.

Earle T. Hobart: 19 Stetson street; Lawrence School; manager track team, 1904; took part in High School "Dramatics"; favorite pastime, attending Math. class; Cornell, 1908.

Charles Kenrick: 15 Searle avenue; Pierce School; Junior Physics prize; favorite pastime, playing baseball; enters hardware business.

William V. Kerrigan: 4 Gordon street; Boston Latin School to B. H. S., 1902; outfielder baseball team, 1902; shortstop, 1903; Captain, pitcher and shortstop, 1904; member Class track teams, 1902 and 1904; member school track team, 1904; member basketball teams, 1903 and 1904; member Dance Committee, 1904; favorite pastime, playing baseball; undecided as to future business occupation.

Charles J. Kickham: 19 Kendall street; Lincoln School; favorite occupation, bill-collecting; undecided as to future business occupation.

Thomas M. Love: Chestnut Hill avenue; Heath School; chief delight, studying arithmetic; future business undecided.

Percy Emmons Lyndon: 115 School street; Pierce School; favorite pastime, reading French; will be instructor of penmanship, from present appearances.

Arthur Hamilton MacBriar: 1 Williams street; Melrose High School to B. H. S., 1903; member basketball team, 1904; favorite occupation, studying German; undecided as to business.

Waldo R. Mason: Madison, Wis.; Lincoln School; favorite occupation, taking short-hand notes; University of Wisconsin, 1908.

John W. Mitchell: 5 Milton road; Pierce School; Offices? principally Mr. Sanford's office; favorite amusement, going to the Howard; Harvard, 1908.

Harold Quinlan: 52 High street; Pierce School; chief delight, raising a laugh; Lawrence Scientific School, 1908.

Walter Quinlan: 137 Walnut street; Pierce School; Director Debating Club, 1901; chief delight, smoking; Harvard, 1908.

Edwin A. Robart: 5 Holden street; Pierce School; member Class baseball teams, 1903 and 1904; member 2d crew, 1904; favorite occupation, studying Political Economy; enters upholstering business.

Frank Asbury Robinson: Hanover, N. H., Edward Devotion School; 2d prize, Sagamore story contest, 1902; member Photographic Committee, 1904; member Class-Day Committee, Class orator, 1904; member Mandolin Club, won J. Murray Kay prize for excellence in elocution, 1904; favorite occupation, stooping down to talk or to hear; Dartmouth, 1908.

William C. Shine: 216 Freeman street; Edward Devotion School; 2d prize, hammer throw, 1902; 1st prize, pole vault, 1902 and 1903; right tackle on football team, 1904; member basketball team, 1904; pitcher baseball team, 1904; favorite pastime, playing football; undecided as to future business occupation.

Warren Storey Smith: 21 Addington road; Hartford Public High School to B. H. S., 1902; member Photograph Committee, 1904; Chairman Class Day Committee, 1904; composer Class Song, 1904; member Gamma Delta Psi; favorite amusement, listening to hurdy-gurdies; will study music.

Winthrop Alan Stiles: 112 Davis avenue; Pierce School; Class historian, 1904; favorite amusement, copying Gibson pictures; undecided as to future life.

Howard Stetson: 1988 Commonwealth avenue, Boston; Prince School; favorite pastime, tennis; Harvard, 1908.

Roger Creighton Tenney: 1470 Beacon street; Wellesley High School to B. H. S., 1901; Captain 2d basketball team, 1904; 2d prize, 600-yard indoor run; member Class pentathlon team, 1904; favorite amusement, giving the merry Ha! Ha! Business in life, undecided.

John Herbert Weeks: 25 Waverly street; Pierce School; Class President, 1901; Editor on Sagamore, 1903; Class Editor on Sagamore, 1904; Class pentathlon teams, 1903 and 1904; member School-pin Committee, 1904; member Mandolin Club; took part in High School "Dramatics"; chief pleasure, playing music; undecided as to business occupation.

Warren Weeks: 25 Waverly street; Pierce School; Assistant business manager Sagamore, 1903; business manager Sagamore, 1904; favorite pastime, driving; enters some banking or wholesale house.

Carl Bradlee Wetherell; 9 Hilliard street, Cambridge, Edward Devotion School; Class President, 1902, 1903 and 1904; member Class-pin Committee, 1904; member Class-Day Committee, 1904; manager baseball team, 1904; member Class pentathlon team, 1903; took part in High School "Dramatics"; member Gamma Delta Psi; greatest pleasure, fussing; Harvard, 1908.

Dexter Young: 57 Toxteth street; Pierce School; Class Treasurer, 1904; favorite amusement, golf; enters some boot and shoe supplies manufactory.

The actors in "My Turn Next" were all supposed to be Seniors, but there was one Junior—Weeks.

They were translating Latin together in the corner. The room was darkening as the sun set. But the talk was evidently quite impersonal, for I heard her say, doubtless quoting her vocabulary, "*Cis*, on this side."

THE SAGAMORE

Published throughout the school year, from November to June inclusive, regularly on the 15th of the month, at the High School Building, Brookline Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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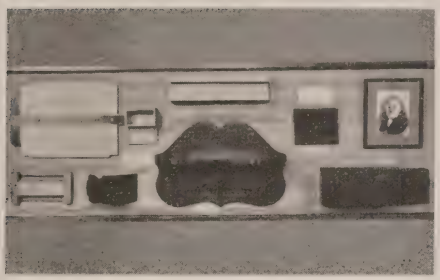
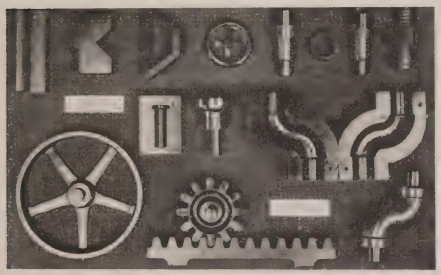
IV. and III. Art Classes — Copper Work and Stained Glass

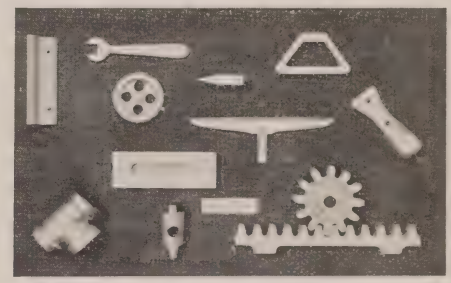


IV. Class — Joinery

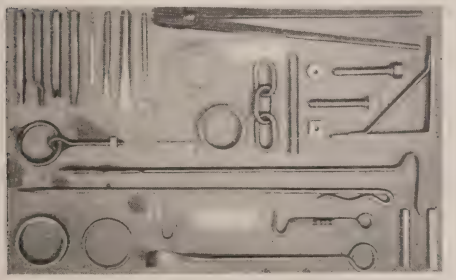
III. Class—Wood Turning



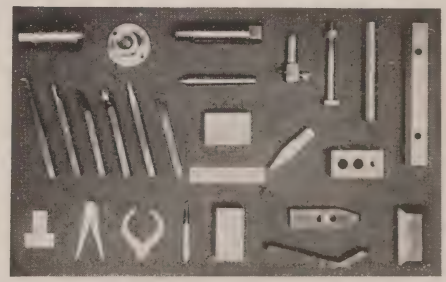
III. Class — Pattern Work.



III. Class — Foundry Work



II. Class — Forging



I. Class — Bench and Machine Work

PART OF THE MANUAL TRAINING EXHIBIT SENT TO ST. LOUIS

EDITORIALS

WITH the writing of this last word, our guardianship over The Sagamore ceases. The care has demanded thought and hard work, but never for one moment have these been grudged it. We have realized that the guardianship of a school-paper is a trust that should not be lightly held. The paper is the voice of the school to outsiders, and the editors must take care that its utterances be always true, honorable, and generous. More important than this, the paper is the great unifying element in the school, and should also be capable of organizing and disciplining the unified force. If it could do that, it would become, to the school, the commanding voice of justice and wisdom. Our ambition has been to make The Sagamore a power in the school. Our efforts have met with some success in this direction, as the new School Emblem and the Senior Class-Day, legacies which the Class of Nineteen-Four leave to the school, testify. But the success has not been very marked, as our failure to raise the Anthony Watson scholarship fund announces. May next year see The Sagamore the power we had hoped to make it this year!

This was our ambition. Our aspiration has been to raise the literary standard of the paper higher than it has ever before been lifted. Pure literature is a moral force whose subtle influence can not be overestimated. Realizing this, we have endeavored, while providing interesting reading in our paper, to keep it pure from coarseness, pure from sensationalism, pure from harmful sentimentality of any sort, pure from clumsy profanation of the great mysteries. We have, I think, raised our standard very high. May our successors never lower it!

To our contributors, particularly to the two or three very faithful ones, we wish to express our sincerest gratitude, and to ask that they give next year's editor a chance to be as grateful. We wish to thank all our exchanges for their courtesy. They have been sometimes an encouragement, and always a stimulus to us. Those on our board of editors who have been energetic and reliable know how very much we have appreciated their constancy. May next year's Editor-in-chief have as faithful contributors, as notable exchanges, as helpful a board, as appreciative subscribers, and be worthy of them!

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

HARVARD Freshman defeated Brookline in a close and exciting game, May 5th, at Soldiers' Field, by the score of 15 to 11. Bray was between the points for Brookline and pitched good ball; but in spite of the fact that the schoolboys' fielding was better than the University boys, the latter won on hits. Richey, Bartlett and Bray excelled for Brookline.

The score:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Harvard 1907	0	0	6	0	2	3	0	4		—15
Brookline High	0	0	4	0	0	0	4	3	0	—11

Batteries,— H. '07, Hall and Sullivan; B. H. S., Bray and Carlisle. Hits,— H. '07, 12; B. H. S., 8. Erorrs,— H. '07, 8; B. H. S., 6.

Brookline defeated Boston Latin easily, May 10th, in the first league game played at Cedar Street grounds, Newton. Kerrigan pitched excellent ball for Brookline, and although not receiving such good support as did the Latin School pitcher, the batting of the Brookline boys more than made up for the loose fielding. Kerrigan, Richey, Bartlett and Parker carried off the honors with the willow, while the catching of Carlisle and the fielding of Marshall, Estabrook and McLaughlin was of the extraordinary kind.

The score:—

Brookline.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.	Boston Latin.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Kimball, r.f.	3	1	1	0	0	McLaughlin, r.f.	4	0	3	0	0
Bartlett, c.f	5	2	2	1	0	Johnson, 3b.	4	1	2	1	1
Jones, l.f.	4	1	0	0	0	Rogers, 2b.	4	1	2	0	0
Richey, ss.	4	3	2	3	1	Mahan, ss.	4	0	2	0	0
Kerrigan, p.	5	3	0	4	1	Ramsey, l.f.	4	1	0	0	0
Carlisle, c.	3	0	8	1	0	Norton, c.	3	1	11	1	2
Bray, 2b.	4	1	3	3	1	Lane, c.f.	4	0	1	0	0
Marshall, 3b.	3	1	5	2	1	Estabrook, 1b.	4	0	6	2	0
Aechtler, 1b.	1	0	4	0	2	Parker, p.	4	3	0	4	0
Hann, 1b.	3	0	1	0	0						
Totals	35	12	26	14	6	Totals	35	7	27	8	3

Mahan out, illegal batting.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	0	0	4	4	0	0	2	0	0	—10
Boston Latin	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	— 3

Hopkinson was overwhelmingly defeated May 14th, at the Reservoir grounds, by the score of 29 to 6. Runs were scored by Brookline in all innings except the first, and in the fourth eleven men crossed the plate. Kerrigan again pitched masterly ball and allowed but one solitary hit. The feature of the game was the heavy hitting by the Brookline aggregation with Richey and Bray carrying off the honors and Bartlett and Jones following closely. The best playing for "Hoppy" was done by Goodale, Hatch and Robinson. The score:—

Brookline High.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Kimball, r.f. . .	5	2	1	0	0
Bartlett, c. f. . .	5	1	0	0	1
Jones, l.f. . . .	5	2	2	0	0
Richey, ss. . . .	7	4	1	4	2
Kerrigan, p. . .	5	2	0	3	2
Carlisle, c. . . .	3	1	9	1	0
Bray, 2b.	6	4	3	3	2
Marshall, 3b. . .	3	1	1	0	2
Aechtler, 1b. . .	3	0	8	0	0
Hann, 1b. . . .	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	43	18	26	11	9

Hopkinson.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Goodale, l.f. . .	3	1	0	0	0
Brown, 2b. and p.	4	0	1	3	1
Morse, ss. . . .	2	0	1	0	2
Chertuck, 2b. . .	2	0	1	0	1
Hammond, 1b. .	3	0	7	1	2
Hatch, c.	3	0	10	4	0
Robinson, p. & 3b.	4	0	2	3	1
Shauck, r.f. . .	4	0	0	0	0
Lawrence, c.f. & 2b	3	0	1	0	2
Rowe, ss.	1	0	0	0	0
Knapp, c.f. . . .	3	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	1	24	11	9

Lawrence out, hit by batted ball.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	0	1	1	11	6	2	3	5		—29
Hopkinson	0	0	0	0	0	5	1	0	0	— 6

Brookline and Brighton High Schools clashed May 24th, and the game ended abruptly in the ninth inning by Brighton's leaving the field disputing a decision of the umpire. It was a close and exciting game, with the score 5 to 4 in our favor.

Brookline and Dorchester played an exciting game May 28th, at Dorchester, in which the home team scored a 3 to 2 victory.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Dorchester High . . .	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0		—3
Brookline High . . .	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Batteries,— D. H. S., Brayley, Light and Hayes. B. H. S., Kerrigan and Carlisle.

Brookline went down to defeat at the hands of Newton High, May 30th, at Cedar street grounds, by the score of 12 to 1. Shine was in the box for the losers, and considering his long absence from the team occasioned by sickness, pitched good ball, but his support was poor. Kerrigan was back in his old berth at short-stop, and found it difficult work to accustom himself to the vicious drives directed at him. Newton started in for the game with a rush, and scored six runs in the first two innings, while the best Brookline could do in that line was to score one run in the fourth on a base on balls and two errors. Leonard was the most brilliant player on the field and covered his position finely, while Cushing and Schofield ran him closely for first honors. For Brookline, Kimball, Marshall and Jones excelled.

The score:—

Newton High.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Leonard, ss. . .	6	3	1	7	0
Sullivan, c.f. . .	4	1	2	0	0
Stephenson, 1b. .	5	1	9	0	1
Cushing, l.f. . .	4	2	2	0	0
Thomas, 3b. . .	4	0	2	0	0
Bacon, 2b. . . .	5	0	4	1	0
Hobart, l.f. . . .	4	0	2	0	1
Schofield, c. . .	5	2	5	0	1
Woodward, p. .	3	0	0	1	1
Totals	40	9	27	9	4

Brookline High.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Kimball, r.f. . .	4	2	2	0	0
Bartlett, c.f. . .	4	0	1	0	0
Kerrigan, ss. . .	3	1	2	3	4
Bray, 2b.	4	0	0	2	1
Jones, l.f. . . .	4	0	2	0	0
Aechtler, 1b. . .	2	0	11	0	1
Carlisle, c. . . .	3	0	3	1	0
Marshall, 3b. . .	3	0	4	3	4
Shine, p.	3	0	0	4	0
Hann, 1b.	1	0	2	0	0
Totals	31	3	27	13	10

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Newton High	2	4	0	0	1	0	0	4	1	—12
Brookline High . . .	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	— 1

Brookline High School closed her baseball season with a ten-inning game with Cambridge Latin, June 7th, at the American grounds. Although our team lost, it was a grand game and one in which there was no disgrace in losing. Leading for eight innings, Brookline lost the lead in the ninth, when Cambridge scored one run and tied the score, and later, in the tenth, lost the game, when the Latin School players sent four men across the plate by a grand batting rally, score 6 to 2. It was by far the most exciting game of the year, and the large body of students enjoyed it greatly. Kerrigan pitched fine ball, but Cambridge was equal to the emergency when hits meant the game.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ROWING TEAM

Cambridge Latin.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Taylor, ss.	4	1	1	2	1
Stiles, 2b.	5	2	4	4	0
Conlin, c.	5	1	11	5	0
Harman, 1b.	3	2	12	0	0
Roger, r.f.	4	2	0	0	0
Boyer, l.f.	4	0	1	0	0
Currie, c.f.	4	1	1	0	0
Paine, 3b.	4	1	0	3	1
Nash, p.	4	1	0	0	0
Totals	37	11	30	14	2

Brookline High	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Kimball, ss.	5	3	5	1	0
Bartlett, c.f.	4	0	1	0	0
Kerrigan, p.	4	0	0	3	0
Bray, 2b.	4	0	3	2	0
Jones, l.f.	4	2	1	0	0
Aechtler, 1b.	3	0	11	1	0
Carlisle, c.	2	0	6	5	1
Hann, r.f.	4	0	1	0	0
Marshall, 3b.	3	1	2	4	2
Totals	33	6	30	16	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Cambridge	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	4	—6
Brookline	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

TRACK ATHLETICS

The Athletic Association held its annual outdoor meet May 21st, and the series of twelve events were hotly contested for by the competitors, and thoroughly enjoyed by the spectators. The Freshmen carried off first honors with 57 points, while the class of 1905 was second with 34. The Senior and Sophomore classes finished third and fourth with 10 and 7 points respectively. No records were broken, but several of the races were run in exceptionally fast time.

The summary of events:—

100-yd. Dash — Won by Sharp, '07; Schlem, '07, second; Fanning, '04, third. Time, 10 3-5s.

120-yd. Hurdle — Won by Defriez, '05; Davison, '07, second; High, '07, third. Time, 15 2-5s.

220-yd. Dash — Won by Sharp, '07; Schlem, '07, second; Treadwell, '07, third. Time, 24 1-5s.

440-yd. Dash — Won by Defriez, '05; Treadwell, '07, second; Kerr, '07, third. Time, 55 2-5s.

880-yd. Dash — Won by Daniels, '07; Brownell, '04, second; Tenney, '04, third. Time, 2m. 19s.

Mile Run — Won by Carlisle, '04; Crocker, '05, second; Fogerty, '06, third. Time, 5m. 15s.

Discus Throw — Won by Heilborn, '06; Holbrook, '05, second; Price, '06, third. Distance, 70 ft. 6 in.

Shot Put — Won by Schlem, '07; Brett, '05, second; Potter, '05, third. Distance, 31 ft. 1 in.

High Jump — Won by Chandler, '05; Schlem, '07, second; Stevens, '07, third. Height, 4 ft. 2 1-2 in.

Broad Jump — Won by Davison, '07; Chandler, '05, second; High, '07, third Height, 19 ft. 10 in.

Hop Step and Jump — Won by High, '07; Davison, '07, second; Chandler, '05, third. Distance, 38 ft. 7 in.

Pole Vault — Won by Defriez, '05; Davison, '07, second; Schlem, '07, third. Height, 9 ft. 3-4 in.

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

	1904.	1905.	1906.	1907.
100-yard Dash	1	—	—	8
120-yard Hurdle	—	5	—	4
220-yard Dash	—	—	—	9
440-yard Dash	—	5	—	4
880-yard Run	4	—	—	5
Mile Run	5	3	1	—
Discus	—	3	6	—
Shot Put	—	4	—	5
High Jump	—	5	—	4
Broad Jump	—	3	—	6
Hop Step	—	1	—	8
Pole Vault	—	5	—	4
Totals	10	34	7	57

At the Interscholastic meet held at Cambridge, June 4th, Sharp, 1907, captured second place in the 220-yard dash, and Defriez fourth place in the 220-yard low hurdles.

NEWS NOTES

Mr. Gardner H. Carpenter, '97, was married to Miss Ethel Leach of Cambridge on April 6th.

Miss Clara Sumner Hall, '99, was married, on June 1st, to Mr. Joseph McKey, Jr.

Mr. Joseph A. Hall, '95, married Miss Helen L. Parker, '96, on Thursday, June 2d.

Mr. Charles Henry Clough, '97, married Miss Ella C. Jenno, '98, on Thursday, June 9th.

Miss Mary S. Whitcomb, '95, was married to Mr. Alden Clarke on May 14th.

Marjorie Bouvé, '97, is physical director of Bradford Academy.

Miss Elise Coffin, '98, is visiting in Colorado Springs.

Marion Hay, '98, is prominent in dramatics at Radcliffe. She has recently appeared as "Beatrice" in "Much Ado About Nothing," in which she showed much artistic ability.

Mr. Walter A. Parker, '97, will be married this June to Miss Annie Beals of New York.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Eleanor Rutan, 1900, to Mr. Sidney Strickland, 1900.

On Tuesday, May 31st, the Freshman had their Lilac Day. The weather was propitious and the exercises were much enjoyed by the friends who gathered out among the lilacs. This little card was handed to the Editor as a sincere expression of the gratitude of the Fourth Class officers:—

"Congratulations have been showered upon the members of the Freshman Class because of their success on 'Lilac Day;' but when one stops to think the matter over, he wonders how much of a farce it might have been had not the teachers and other friends of the school joined in with helping hands and brains. So the Class of 1907 takes this opportunity of using The Sagamore as the vehicle through which to convey its sincerest thanks and appreciation to all who, even in the slightest degree, helped to make their class-day festival a success."

There is frequently, at Memorial Day exercises, an expression of sincerest gloom upon youthful faces before the reminiscent orator reaches the conclusion of his speech. Mr. Lovett, who spoke to us on Monday morning, May thirtieth, entirely failed to produce this mournful atmosphere. It was the unanimous opinion of the school that this Memorial Day speech was the most remarkable, wonderful, and gloriously delightful of any they had ever had the fortune to hear.

Dellie Bartlett, '05, has been elected captain of the girl's basketball team for 1904–'05.

The Class of 1904 won the cup for class championship in girls' basketball, on Saturday, May 28th.

THE LINCOLN PRIZES

For Excellence in English, gold medal, won by Grace Kellogg.

For Excellence in French, silver medal, won by Marjorie L. Henry.

For Excellence in Latin, silver medal, won by Francis G. Blake.

For Excellence in Physics, silver medal, won by Emile H. Erhard.

For Excellence in Mathematics, silver medal, won by Herbert J. Stiebel.

THE J. MURRAY KAY PRIZES

For Elocution, girls' prize, awarded to Grace Kellogg.

For Elocution, boys' prize, awarded to Frank A. Robinson.

Historical Essay, "Historical Reasons for the Growth of Brookline in Wealth and Population," prize awarded to Stella Beatrice Hayes.

Historical Essay, "The History of Civil Service Reform and the Desirability of Extending the Merit System in Brookline," prize awarded to Winthrop Alan Stiles.

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